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THE BIBLE AND THE REFORMATION.

BY C. F. B. ALLNATT.

THERE has long existed amongst Protestants of all denominations a wide-spread delusion, that the "glorious Reformation" in this and other countries was mainly brought about by the printing of the Holy Scriptures in the vernacular, and the copious dissemination of copies of the same amongst the people. No sooner, we are often told, had the laity been put in possession of "an open Bible," than they at once discovered the errors of Popery, and hastened to embrace the true Gospel preached by the Reformers.

Now history tells us a very different tale. As regards our own country, for instance,—for it is with that we are now mainly concerned,—the Presbyterian Lord MACAULAY has observed: "A King, whose character may be best described by saying that he was despotism itself personified, unprincipled ministers, a rapacious aristocracy, a servile Parliament, *such* were the instruments by which England was delivered from the yoke of Rome. The work which had been begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, was continued

by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth, the murderer of her guest. . . . Of those who had any important share in bringing the Reformation about, Ridley was perhaps the only person who did not consider it as *a mere political job*" (*Essay on Hallam*).

I will not now stop to inquire into the *motives*—whether political or personal—which actuated the leaders of the revolt against the Church: it will be enough to state, in the words of another non-Catholic historian, what were the chief *means* by which their revolutionary work was accomplished. On this point Mr. LECKY says: "With the exception of Zuinglius and Socinus [the founder of the Socinian sect], all the most eminent Reformers advocated *persecution;* and in nearly every country where their boasted Reformation triumphed, the result is mainly to be attributed to *coercion*" (*Hist. of Ration. in Europe*, vol. ii. p. 45). This is confirmed by HALLAM, who remarks: "Persecution is the deadly original sin of the Reformed Churches, that which cools every honest man's zeal for their cause, in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive" (*Constit. Hist. of Eng.* vol. i. ch. 3).

It is perfectly true that the royal tyrants named by Macaulay, and those who aided and abetted them in their nefarious designs, endeavoured to give a religious colour and sanction to their doings by the publication of English Bibles, and by hypocritical exhortations to the multitude to

read the same for themselves; but it has long been a notorious fact that all these Protestant versions of the Bible literally swarmed with the grossest and most flagrant corruptions—corruptions consisting in the wilful and deliberate mistranslation of various passages of the sacred text, and all directly aimed against those doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church which the "Reformers" were most anxious to uproot. They did give the people "an open Bible," but *what* a Bible! I will now give only the following specimens of it:—

1. We have heard a good deal of late about the "continuity" of the Anglican Establishment with the old Catholic Church of this country. The "Reformers" held no such doctrine. They taught that "the whole of Christendom had been altogether drowned in damnable idolatry for the space of eight hundred years and more" (*Hom. on Peril of Idolatry*, part iii.), and they so abhorred the very name of the "CHURCH," that they expunged it from almost every passage of the New Testament in which it occurs, and substituted in the place of it the word "*congregation!*" Thus, in St. Matt. xvi. 18, instead of "On this rock I will build My *Church*," Tyndall's Bible, Cranmer's Bible, the Geneva Bible, and the Bishops' Bible read: "On this rock I will build My CONGREGATION"! "Tell it unto the *Church*" (St. Matt. xviii. 17) is in the three first of these versions corrupted into, "Tell it unto the CONGREGATION;"

and the same heretical perversion of course occurs in Ephes. i. 22; ch. v. 23—25; 1 Tim. iii. 15; Heb. xii. 23, and various other passages. In the first English Bible the word "Church" did not once occur! It was not until a considerable number of the English people had been deceived, betrayed, and coerced into abandoning the ancient faith, and formed what might outwardly *resemble* a national Church, that their Protestant rulers ventured to restore the word "Church" to the English Bible!

2. So again, wherever the word "idols," or "idolatry" occurred in the New Testament, the early Protestant translators substituted instead "*images*," and "*image-worship*"—with the intention, of course, of inducing the ignorant people to believe that all images of our Lord and the saints had been forbidden in the Word of God! Where we now read, "Little children, keep yourselves from *idols*" (1 St. John v. 21), there the "open Bibles" of the Reformation had, "Babes, keep yourselves from *images*!"

"Covetousness, which is *idolatry*" (Col. iii. 5), is, in the Bibles of 1534, 1539, 1568, turned into "covetousness, which is *worshipping of images*." "How agreeth the temple of God with *idols*" (2 Cor. vi. 16) reads, in the Bibles of 1534, 1539, 1557, 1562, "How agreeth the temple of God with *images?*"

3. Wherever Apostolic "*Traditions*" were commended in the New Testament, the word was

carefully expunged, and the word "*ordinances*" put in its place; whilst, on the other hand, the word "traditions" was in several instances foisted into the text (as in 1 St. Peter i. 18), where it did not occur in the original Greek, for the purpose of making the very name odious in the eyes of the ignorant Protestant multitude! St. Paul says: "Hold fast the *Traditions* ye have received of us" (2 Thess. ii. 15; iii. 6); but this did not at all suit the doctrine or conduct of Tyndall, Cranmer, and the rest; so, as I have said, they expunged the word in these texts (see also 1 Cor. xi. 2, corrected in the "Revised Version"), though they took care to retain it in those passages of the Gospels in which the *false* "traditions" of the Pharisees were condemned by our Lord.

Protestant writers and lecturers would have us believe that the earlier Bible of WICKLIFFE had been prohibited by the Church authorities of his time simply on account of their general hostility to the Word of God in the vernacular. Nothing could be more contrary to the truth. A better informed Protestant writer, the Rev. E. CUTTS, D.D., in a work published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, observes:—"There is a good deal of popular misapprehension about the way in which the Bible was regarded in the middle ages. Some people think that it was very little read, even by the clergy; whereas the fact is that the sermons of the mediæval preachers are more full of Scripture quotations and allu-

sions than any sermons in these days; and the writers on other subjects are so full of Scriptural allusion, that it is evident their minds were saturated with Scriptural diction. . . . Another common error is, that the clergy were unwilling that the laity should read the Bible for themselves, and carefully kept it in an unknown tongue, that the people might not be able to read it. The truth is, that most people who could read at all could read Latin, and would certainly prefer to read the authorized Vulgate to any vernacular version. But it is also true that translations into the vernacular were made. . . . We have the authority of Sir Thomas More for saying that 'the whole Bible was, long before Wycliff's days, by virtuous and well-learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people with devotion and soberness well and reverently read.' . . . Again, on another occasion he says: 'The clergy keep no Bibles from the laity but such translations as be either not yet approved for good, or such as be already reproved for naught (bad), as Wycliffe's was. For as for old ones that were before Wicliffe's days, they remain lawful, and be in some folk's hands.'" (*Turning Points of English Church History*, pp. 200, 201).

Another Protestant writer, the late Dr. Hook of Leeds, says: "It was not from hostility to a translated Bible, considered abstractedly, that the conduct of Wicliff, in translating it, was con-

demned. Long before his time there had been translators of Holy Writ. There is no reason to suppose that any objection would have been offered to the circulation of the Bible, if the object of the translator had only been the edification and sanctification of the reader. It was not till the designs of the Lollards were discovered, that Wicliff's version was proscribed" (*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vol. iii. p. 83). Of the Lollards he says: "When we speak of them as martyrs, we ought to regard them as *political* martyrs rather than religious. They made religion their plea, in order to swell the number of the discontented; but their actions tended to a revolution in the State as well as in the Church. . . Both parties regarded their principles as subversive of all order, in things temporal as well as in things spiritual" (p. 94). (See also the Protestant Canon DIXON'S *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*, vol. i. p. 451).

The same class of Protestant lecturers, above referred to, generally follow DAUBIGNÉ, the "Historian of the Reformation," in speaking of even the *Latin* Bible as "a rare book, unknown in those days" when Luther "discovered" a copy of the same in his monastery at Erfurt. This absurd falsehood was exposed, forty years ago, by Dr. MAITLAND, in the Appendix to his *Essays on the Dark Ages;* but even that learned writer gave but an imperfect list of the editions of the Latin Bible that had been published before the

time of Luther's alleged "discovery"; whilst of the numerous Catholic *vernacular* versions of the Bible that had appeared before the year 1520 in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and other countries of Europe, Dr. Maitland does not say a word.

Reuss, a leading Rationalist of Germany, says that "No book was so frequently published, immediately after the first invention of printing, as the Latin Bible; *more than one hundred editions* of it being struck off before the year 1520" (*Die Geschichte der Heiligen Schriften, N.T.* Brunswick, 1853, p. 458). Hain, in his *Repertorium Bibliographicum*, printed at Tubingen, reckons consecutively *ninety-eight distinct editions before the year* 1500, independently of *twelve other editions*, which, together with the Latin text, presented the Glossa Ordinaria, or the Postillas of Lyranus. From the year 1475, when the first Venetian edition appeared, to the close of the century, that city alone yielded no fewer than *twenty-two complete editions* of the Latin Bible, besides some others with the notes of Lyranus.

I have elsewhere* given a list of the early Catholic *vernacular* versions of the Bible, part of which is appended to the present tract.

Writing in *The Academy* of August 7, 1886, Mr. Karl Pearson says: "The Catholic Church has quite enough to answer for; . . . but *in the fifteenth century it certainly did not hold back the Bible from the folk;* and it gave them in the vernacular a

* *Which is the True Church?* pp. 57—60.

long series of devotional works, which for language and religious sentiment have never been surpassed. Indeed, we are inclined to think it made a mistake in allowing the masses such ready access to the Bible. It ought to have recognized the Bible once for all as a work absolutely unintelligible without a long course of historical study; and, so far as it was supposed to be inspired, very dangerous in the hands of the ignorant."

Mr. Pearson seems here to have overlooked the fact—that no ill results had followed the authorized use of vernacular versions of the Bible amongst the Catholics of the fifteenth century. It was the religious *vertigo* consequent on the Protestant proclamation of "Liberty of Private Judgment," and the unbridled licentiousness which everywhere attended the footsteps of the "Reformers," that ought to have made it plain to all rational people on which side the misuse of the Bible really lay.

The evils which necessarily resulted from the first principle of Protestantism in regard to the Bible, were not slow in manifesting themselves. King HENRY VIII. himself declared in his last speech to Parliament: "I am extremely sorry to find how much the Word of God is abused, with how little reverence it is mentioned; how people squabble about the sense; how it is turned into wretched rhymes, sung and jangled in every alehouse and tavern: and all this in a false construction, and counter-meaning to the inspired

writers. I am sorry to perceive the readers of the Bible discover so little of it in their practice: for I am sure charity was never in a more languishing condition, virtue never at a lower ebb, nor God Himself never less honoured and worse served in Christendom" (Collier's *Ecclesiast. Hist.* part ii. book iii. vol. v. p. 208, ed. Lond. 1852).

Before the end of the sixteenth century, 270 Protestant sects were enumerated by Staphylus and Cardinal Hosius. In our own country, at the present time, *Whitaker's Almanack* reckons about 200 Protestant denominations; but, according to a leading article in *The Times* of January 13, 1885, "England alone is reported to contain some *seven hundred* sects, each of whom proves a whole system of theology and morals from the Bible!" The Arian heresy, which, as HALLAM remarks, had been for centuries extinct, revived immediately after the appearance of Luther, and, under the name of Socinianism, has ever since been flourishing and spreading in all Protestant lands. In the present day, the two countries—Germany and England—which had always boasted most loudly of the "open Bible" of Protestantism, are foremost in manifesting the evidences of religious decay, and of wide-spread unbelief in the divine origin of the Christian Religion. Of *England* it was remarked by Canon MONEY, at the Plymouth Church Congress in 1876, that "However the sections of the working class might differ in intelligence, in sobriety, in honesty, they nearly all

agreed in this—*they were alienated from Christianity. Barely 5 per cent. attended public worship.*" To which, in a paper read at the Leicester Church Congress (in 1880) he added: "It is well that we should think of Heathenism abroad, but we do not need to be constantly reminded of that Heathenism at home, which threatens to submerge this dear land of ours beneath a flood of ungodliness, vice, and intemperance." Of *Germany*, the *Edinburgh Review*, of October, 1880, remarked: "The land which was the cradle of the Reformation has become the grave of the Reformed faith. . . . All comparatively recent works on Germany, as well as all personal observation, tell the same tale. *Denial of every tenet of the Protestant faith among the thinking classes, and indifference in the masses, are the positive and negative agencies beneath which the Church of Luther and Melancthon has succumbed*. . . . In contiguous parishes of Catholic and Protestant populations, one invariable distinction has long been patent to all eyes and conclusions. *The path to the Catholic Church is trodden bare, that to the Protestant Church is rank with grasses and weeds to the very door*" (pp. 530, 539).

We need say no more at present about "The Bible and the Reformation," or the misuse of the former by Protestants of all denominations. The few facts stated in this tract may at least suffice to recall to the minds of some earnest inquirers

those solemn words of warning uttered by St. Peter—that "*No prophecy of Scripture is of any private interpretation*"* (2 St. Peter v. 20); and that in the Epistles of St. Paul "*are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction*" (2 St. Peter iii. 16).

But Protestants tell us that their Rule of Faith —"the Bible and the Bible only"—is expressly sanctioned in certain passages of the New Testament itself—viz., St. John v. 39; Acts xvii. 11; and 2 Tim. iii. 14. It is necessary, therefore, to say a few words on each of these texts.

I. The words "*Search the Scriptures*" (St. John v. 39), even if we admit this to be the correct translation of the Greek text, were not a command addressed to Christians, but simply a reproof to the *unbelieving Jews*, who,—glorying in their possession of, and strict adherence to, the sacred writings of the Old Testament, and erroneously and superstis-

* To escape the force of this text Protestants often allege that the words rendered "*private interpretation*" signify "*private divulgement*," *i.e.*, on the part of the prophet himself. But that standard Protestant work—*The Speaker's Commentary*—remarks: "The word rendered 'interpretation' is only found here in the New Testament, but the verb from which it is derived is used in St. Mark (iv. 34), 'He *expounded* all things to His disciples,' and that sense is no doubt the correct one" (Note *in loc.*). This is shown at greater length by the Protestant Bishop Wordsworth (*Greek Test.*, note *in loc.*), who also remarks that "this is the sense given to the word ἐπιλύσις in the *Vulgate, Syriac, Arabic, and Œthiopic Versions.*" He explains that St. Peter was warning his readers against a device of the Gnostic heretics, who "grounded their errors on arbitrary *false interpretations* of the word of prophecy; contravening the *public testimony* and received doctrine of the Universal Church of Christ."

tiously "*thinking* that *in them* they had eternal life,"—refused to receive that Divine Teacher Who was then present before them,—Who alone could give them eternal life,—and of Whom the Old Testament Scriptures plainly "gave testimony." "In *them*," said our Lord, "ye *think** that ye have eternal life; but ye will not come *unto Me* that ye may have life."

This text, however,—to which Protestants have during three centuries and a half so confidently appealed in support of their inadequate Rule of Faith,—is now generally acknowledged, by the best Protestant commentators themselves, to be a mistranslation. We are told by such high authorities as Bloomfield, Alford, *The Speaker's Commentary*, Bishop Ellicott's *Bible Commentary*, &c., that the passage should not be translated "*Search* the Scriptures" (in the imperative), but simply "*Ye search*" (*i.e.*, ye Jews *are in the habit of searching*) "the Scriptures, for in them ye think, &c." Thus rendered, the text implies the very opposite of what Protestants have generally sup-

* Throughout the Gospels, the Greek verb rendered "*to think*" is not once used affirmatively by Christ or the Evangelists as expressive of anything else than *an erroneous and unfounded opinion*—as in the following texts:—"They (the heathen) *think* that they shall be heard for their much speaking" (St. Matt. vi. 7); "*Think* not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham for our father" (St. Matt. iii. 3); "From him shall be taken even that which he *thinketh* he hath" (St. Luke viii. 18); "They *thought* that they had seen a Spirit" (St. Luke xxiv. 37); see also St. John xi. 13; xx. 15, &c. In all these passages the *same* Greek word is used as in Christ's reproof to the Jews:—"In the Scriptures ye *think* that ye have eternal life"; and in all of them *an erroneous and unfounded* opinion or thinking is denoted.

posed. "The intense, misplaced diligence of research," says the *Speaker's Commentary*, "is contrasted with the futile result." Dr. Ellicott remarks that "all the parallel verbs are in the Indicative"; and paraphrases the text:—"Ye search because ye think ye have: if ye were willing to come, ye should really have."

It may be added, that if the word "search" were imperative, it would be emphatic, and would signify:—"*Search* the Scriptures, your pretended highest, your exclusive authority,—to which you so confidently appeal to *disprove* My Divine mission (cf. St. John vii. 52): examine carefully your own witness; and you will find that this same witness,—this same Scripture,—*testifies of Me*." "If ye had believed Moses, ye would have believed Me; for he wrote of Me" (v. 46).

II. Protestants appeal to Acts xvii. 11, where we read:—"*These* (the Jews of Berœa) *were more noble than those of Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.*" This is supposed to be a clear approbation of the Protestant principle that every individual should satisfy himself of the truth of any doctrine taught, by his own personal study and private interpretation of the Scriptures.

But this inference will not stand for a moment; for (1) the persons spoken of were not as yet Christians, but simply honest *Jewish inquirers* about the Christian religion; (2) the Scriptures

referred to, consequently, were those of *the Old Testament alone;* (3) the *object* with which they searched these writings was that they might see whether St. Paul had rightly appealed to them in order to show that Jesus Christ was the true Messias (see verse 2). They did not "search the Scriptures" in order to learn all revealed truth (as Protestants pretend to do), but simply to satisfy themselves that He Whom Paul preached unto them was the Divinely commissioned Founder of that Church which the same Apostle elsewhere calls "the Pillar and Foundation of the truth."

The Protestant inference would prove far too much; for, as Cardinal Wiseman observes (*Lectures*, vol. i. p. 314), "These Beræans are supposed to be commended for searching in the Scriptures—to verify whose doctrines? Why, the very Apostles'! the very writers of the New Testament! Will any one push the principle of Bible-investigation to this point—to say that not even the word of an inspired Apostle was to be received, but was to be subjected to the private scrutiny of every ordinary Christian layman? Surely not: what then are we to understand by this passage? Clearly that persons *not yet* Christians, like the Jews of Beræa, and not convinced of the divine mission of those who preach to them, have a right, nay a duty of investigating the evidence which they bring. The Apostles, speaking to Jews, naturally appealed to the prophecies of the Old Testament, as the simplest

and strongest evidence of the truth which they proclaimed. Their hearers naturally, and most justly verified their quotations, and satisfied themselves of their correct application. But surely when once convinced by these means, that those who addressed them were sent by God, this task was at an end; and nothing more remained, but that they should with docility attend to their teaching."

III. The third text cited by Protestants is 2 Tim. iii. 14, in which St. Paul says to Bishop Timothy:—"*From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which can instruct thee unto salvation by the faith that is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture, inspired by God, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished unto every good work.*" On this text we remark—

1. That the Scriptures which Timothy had "known from a child" were the Jewish Scriptures of the Old Testament only; consequently St. Paul's words can have no reference to those of the *New* Testament,—regarding the preparation or circulation of which he does not give the slightest hint.

2. When he adds that these Scriptures of the Old Testament were "able to instruct Timothy unto salvation through the faith which is in Christ Jesus," he means simply that, by the study of the ancient prophecies, &c., Timothy had been led to find in our Lord the true Messias, and that, by embracing the faith which He revealed (and

which Timothy had learned, not from any written documents, but by the *oral* instruction of St. Paul himself,—whose "son in the faith" he was), he was truly "instructed or made wise unto salvation."

3. In the words which follow in the "Authorized Version,"—viz., "All Scripture *is* given by inspiration of God,"—there is a mistranslation,—corrected in the "Revised" Version. St. Paul does not say that "all Scripture (i.e., "*every writing*") is inspired,"—which would be nonsense; but that "all Scripture, inspired by God" (i.e., *which is* inspired by Him), is profitable, etc.

4. All Scripture, then, which is thus inspired "is profitable,"—but for whom, and for what purposes? St. Paul goes on to say:—"*to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished unto every good work.*" There is not a word in all this of the use of the Scriptures by the laity; and the purposes for which St. Paul here declares them to be "*profitable*" (observe, he does not say *all-sufficient*) are exclusively *the functions of the ministry*—"to teach, to reprove, to correct, etc.," and that the "*man of God*" (i.e. Timothy himself, or any other Christian Bishop or pastor; cf. 1 Tim. vi. 11) may become himself "perfect, furnished unto every good work."

No doubt the reading of the Holy Scriptures is also very *profitable* to intelligent and well-disposed laymen; but St. Paul does not say anything

about it in this text; and what Protestants have to prove is—that such reading by the laity is not only *profitable*, but *necessary* and *all-sufficient* for their instruction in the whole revelation of Jesus Christ.

When citing these words, Protestants forget, also, that at that time nearly all of the New Testament Scriptures *had yet to be written;* and that after these writings did appear—one after another, at distant intervals of time, and addressed for the most part to particular individuals or congregations who had been already *orally* indoctrinated in the Christian religion—no provision whatever was made by the Apostles for their being *translated* into the languages of nations to whom Greek was an unknown tongue, or even for their *general diffusion* amongst the faithful of neighbouring Churches. It must be acknowledged that the private study of the Scriptures was altogether impossible in the case of those who did not possess them, or were unable to read them; and Protestants invariably keep out of sight the plain facts—that not only had the New Testament writings to be *collected*, *canonized* (i.e. separated from numerous spurious and heretical compositions that were attributed to the Apostles and their disciples, and inserted in the *Canon* of genuine Gospels and Epistles), *translated*, and *diffused* amongst all nations; but also that, previous to the invention of *printing*—which did not occur until the middle of the 15th century—not

one person in a thousand could possibly have *possessed* a copy of the Scriptures, or have READ it even had it been accessible to him.

But does not what has just been said tend to confirm the Protestant suspicion as to the Catholic Church's hostility to the reading of the Holy Scriptures by the laity in the present day? As a sufficient answer to this question I will merely cite the following passage from the *Pastoral Letter of all the Bishops of the United States, assembled in Plenary Council at Baltimore, in December*, 1884:—

"But it can hardly be necessary for us to remind you, beloved brethren, that the most highly valued treasure of every family library, and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, should be the Holy Scriptures. Doubtless you have often read A'Kempis's burning thanksgiving to our Lord for having bestowed on us not only the adorable treasure of His Body in the Holy Eucharist, but also that of the Holy Scriptures, 'the Holy Books, for the comfort and direction of our life.' And you have before your eyes, prefixed to the Douay version of the Holy Bible, the exhortation of Pope Pius VI. in his letter to the Archbishop of Florence, that 'The faithful should be moved to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; for these,' he says, 'are most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, to eradicate the

errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times.' And St. Paul declares that 'What things soever were written, were written for our learning; that through patience and the comfort of the Scriptures we might have hope.' We hope that no family can be found amongst us without a correct version of the Holy Scripture."—

* In a Declaration of the principles of the Catholic Religion, published half a century ago by the ten Catholic Bishops, Vicars Apostolic in England and Scotland, it is said :

"As to translations of the Holy Scriptures into modern languages, the Catholic Church requires that none shall be put into the hands of the faithful but such as are acknowledged by ecclesiastical authority to be accurate, and conformable to the sense of the originals. There never was a general law of the Catholic Church prohibiting the reading of authorized translations of the Scriptures; but considering that many, by their ignorance and evil dispositions, have perverted the meaning of the Sacred Text, to their own destruction, the Church has thought it prudent to make a regulation that the faithful should be guided in this matter by the advice of their respective Pastors." After further remarks, and after citing the Rescript of Pope Pius VII., dated April 18, 1820, and addressed to the Vicars Apostolic in England, the Bishops add : "But when the reading and the circulation of the Scriptures are urged and recommended as the entire Rule of Faith—as the sole means by which men are to be brought to the certain and specific knowledge of the doctrines, precepts, and institutions of Christ; and when the Scriptures so read and circulated are left to the interpretation and private judgment of each individual; then such reading, circulation, and interpretation are forbidden by the Catholic Church; because the Catholic Church knows that the circulation of the Scriptures, and the interpretation of them by each one's private judgment, was not the means ordained by Christ for the communication of the true knowledge of His Law to all nations; she knows that Christianity was established in many countries before one book of the New Testament was written; that it was not by means of the Scriptures that the Apostles and their successors converted nations, or any one nation, to the unity of the Christian faith; that the authorized reading and circulation of the Scriptures, and the interpretation of them by private judgment, are calculated to lead men to contradictory doctrines on the primary articles of Christian belief,—to inconsistent forms of worship, which cannot all be constituent parts of the uniform and sublime system of Christianity, to errors and fanaticism in religion, and to seditions and the greatest disorders in states and kingdoms."

EARLY CATHOLIC BIBLES IN THE VERNACULAR.

I. German Bibles.—The first German printed Bible, bearing the arms of Frederick III., issued from the Mentz press about 1462. Another version appeared in 1466, two copies of which are still preserved in the Senatorial Library at Leipsic. Other versions were published in rapid succession. "In the best biblical collection known," says Dr. E. S. Hall, "that of the King of Wurtemberg, at Stuttgard . . . there were when the learned librarian, Dr. Alder, published his great catalogue, *twenty-seven different editions of the Bible in German, printed before Luther's*, independently of the two in the library at Leipsic.* Many of these are not merely different editions, but different versions, as Cardinal Wiseman has remarked. In the 11th edition of Brockhaus's *German Cyclopædia*, published at Leipsic in 1868, in 15 vols., there are noticed 17 editions of the Bible in German, before the publication of Luther's. The last edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia* gives the same number" ("*Who Translated the Bible?*" p. 156. Hobart Town, 1875).

* The CHURCH TIMES of July 26, 1878, speaking of the *List of Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition* (South Kensington, 1877), published by H. Stevens, says: "This catalogue will be very useful for one thing at any rate, as disproving the popular lie about Luther *finding* the Bible for the first time at Erfurt about 1507. Not only are there very many editions of the Latin Vulgate long anterior to that time, but there were actually nine GERMAN editions of the Bible in the Caxton Exhibition earlier than 1483, the year of Luther's birth, and at least three more before the end of the century." Mr. H. STEVENS writes in the ATHENÆUM of October 6, 1883, p. 434: "By 1507 more than one hundred Latin Bibles had been printed, some of them small and cheap pocket editions. There had been besides *thirteen editions of a translation of the Vulgate into German*, and others in other modern languages. . . . Among the most interesting editions latest made [to the Grenville Library in the British Museum] is a nearly complete set of fourteen grand old pre-Luther German Bibles, 1460—1518, all in huge folios except the twelfth, which is in quarto form."

The ATHENÆUM of December 22, 1883, contains an article on "The German Bible before Luther," in which it is shown that what Geffcken calls "the German Vulgate" was in common use among the people long before Luther's time; that Luther had evidently the old Catholic German Bible of 1483 before him, when making his translation; and that, consequently, "it is time we should hear no more of Luther as the first German Bible translator, and of his translation as an independent work from the original Greek."

II. Italian Bibles.—Three editions of the Bible printed in the Italian tongue appeared in the year 1471, one of which was from a translation made by Nicholas Malermi, a Camalodese monk, in 1421. No fewer than *eleven* complete editions of these versions appeared before the year 1500, and were reprinted *eight* times more before the year 1567, with the express permission of the Holy Office. At Venice, in 1486, there was also printed a translation of the Four Gospels; and in 1532 a new and complete Bible in Italian was published by Anthony Bruccioli, who professed to have translated direct from the original Hebrew and Greek. "In the space of twenty years," says Cardinal Wiseman, "it passed through *ten* editions, several of which—all very inaccurate—having been formally condemned, a revision was undertaken by Santes Marmoschini, a Dominican friar, but it grew under his hand into a new version, which was published at Venice in 1538, and again in 1546 and 1547." More than forty editions of the Bible in Italian are reckoned before the appearance of the first *Protestant* edition (which was little more than a reprint of Bruccioli's version), printed at Geneva in 1562 (See Le Long's *Bibliotheca Sacra;* Panzer's *Annales Typographici*, Nuremburg, 1791—1803; *Dublin Review*, vol. 1, etc.).

III. Spanish Bibles.—In Spain, the whole Bible, which had been translated into the vernacular tongue by Boniface Ferrier in 1405, was printed at Valencia in 1478, and reprinted in 1515, *with the formal consent of the Spanish Inquisition*. In 1512, the Gospels and Epistles were translated by Ambrosio de Montesina; and this work was reprinted at Antwerp, in 1544; at Barcelona, in 1601 and 1608; and at Madrid, in 1603 and 1615. Carranza, the celebrated Archbishop of Toledo, says in the Prologue to his Commentaries: "Before the heresies of Luther appeared, I do not know that the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue were anywhere forbidden. In Spain, the Bible was translated into it by order of the Catholic sovereigns, at the time when the Moors and Jews were allowed to live among the Christians according to their own law." He then proceeds to show why the indiscriminate circulation of the same (from which so much evil resulted in other countries) was subsequently prohibited in Spain. (See Balmez on *European Civilization*, ch. 36, Eng. trans. p. 192).

IV. French Bibles.—A French translation of the New Testament, by two Augustinian friars, Julian Macho and Pierre Farget, was published at Lyons in 1478. A copy of this version is preserved in the Public Library at Leipsic. The French Bible of Guiars de Moulins was printed soon afterwards in a quarto edition; and, in 1487, a new edition, corrected and enlarged by Jean de Rely, afterwards Bishop of Angiers, was published at Paris under the auspices of Charles VIII. Before the year 1547 it passed through *sixteen* other editions—four at Lyons, and twelve at Paris. In 1512 Jacques Le Fevre undertook a new translation—the New Testament appearing at Paris in 1523; the Old, at Antwerp, in 1530, 1534, 1541. This version, corrected by the Louvain divines, became so popular that it passed through more than forty editions before the year 1700. Another French translation, by Nicholas de Leuse, was printed at Antwerp in 1534. The first *Protestant* version appeared at Neufchatel in 1535. (See Le Long's *Bibl. Sacr.; Dublin Review*, vol. i.; *Irish Ecclesiast. Record*, vol. i. &c.).

V. Other Versions.—Besides the German Bibles above mentioned, numerous DUTCH or FLEMISH versions were published towards the end of the 15th, or beginning of the 16th century. A new translation of the New Testament, by Cornelius Kendricks, was published in 1524, of which ten editions were published, at Antwerp alone, within thirty years. A BOHEMIAN version of the New Testament was published at Prague, in 1478 and 1488; at Cutra, in 1498; and at Venice, in 1506 and 1511. A POLISH version of the Bible was published at Cracow in 1556, 1577, 1599, 1619; another, by John Leopolita, appeared at Cracow in 1561. The translation by the Jesuit John Wujec, was issued between the year 1593 and 1599—accompanied with the Hebrew and Greek texts, &c. An ETHIOPIC Bible was published at Rome in 1548.

Although no Catholic version of the ENGLISH Bible appeared in print until some time after the publication of such versions in other countries, it is clear, from the testimony of Sir Thomas More above cited, that no *prohibition* of vernacular versions had been issued by the ecclesiastical authorities in this country, and that many *manuscript* copies of the same had been freely circu-

lated, subsequently to, as well as "long before," the time of Wicliffe.

The Protestant Canon DIXON, of Carlisle, says: "From the earliest times the English Church or nation was possessed of the sacred writings through the labours of monks and bishops. . . . At length, however, at the beginning of the 15th century, the resolute prelate Arundel passed his famous Constitution to forbid any man from making new translations on his own account, or reading those that had been made in or since the time of the lately deceased Wicliffe. He thus proclaimed the war of authority against private versions; though certainly he neither forbade the ancient versions to be used, nor denied that an authorized version might be made. . . .

"It was TYNDALE and his fellow-labourers who awoke the question of translating the Scriptures, after the slumber of a century. The admirers and the guests of Germany, these voluntary exiles poured from their foreign refuges, upon their native land, an inexhaustible succession of printed versions of the various books of the Bible. These . . . were condemned by Convocation among the books of *mala dogmata*: they were seized or brought up by the Bishops, and committed to the flames. If the clergy had acted thus simply because they would have kept the people ignorant of the Word of God, they would have been without excuse. *But it was not so.* Every one of the little volumes containing portions of the Sacred Text, that was issued by Tyndale, contained also a prologue and notes written with such a hot fury of vituperation against the Prelates and clergy, the monks and friars, the rites and ceremonies of the Church, as . . . was hardly likely to commend it to the favour of those who were attacked. Moreover, the versions themselves were held to be hostile to the Catholic faith, as it was then understood, and to convey the sense unskilfully or maliciously" (*Hist. of the Church of England, from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*, vol. i. p. 451—2).

BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION, S.J.

(1540-1581.)

BY THE

REV. FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J.

THE busy whirl of cabs and omnibuses, of carts and carriages, that eddies round the Marble Arch, the ever-changing crowds that surge by, make us forget that there we are on holy soil. Three hundred years ago, Tyburn reared its three-legged gibbet close by, and the blood of martyrs ran freely beneath it for the cause of God and of His Church. Now that the Church has, by public act, recognized these her valiant sons, it is well to make known their heroism, that God may be glorified in them, and that men may pay honour to whom honour is so rightly due. Among the many who died there, and to whom the Holy See has decreed the title of Blessed, was a priest of the then new-born Society of Jesus, the first of his brethren to shed his blood on an English scaffold. His life is full of interest, as it is full of lessons—not only for his brethren, but for all the household of the faith, and even for those who are outside.

Edmund Campion was born within the sound of Bow bells, in the year 1540. He was the son of an honest Catholic bookseller. It was a year of grave events. The dissolution of the greater monasteries, in England, by Henry VIII., was another step towards the destruction of her ancient faith, while the solemn approval by Pope Paul III. of the Society of Jesus, was a promise of help near when danger was greatest. The boy would have been apprenticed to a trade, if his bright wits had not won for him the interest of one of the great city companies, who sent him to the well-known Blue Coat School. There was plenty of rivalry in those days between the scholars of the different grammar schools; and in the inter-scholastic con-

tests, young Edmund came so well to the fore, that, when Queen Mary entered London in state, on her obtaining the English crown, he was chosen, though but a lad of thirteen, to make a set speech to her as she went by. The Lord Mayor of London, on that occasion, was good Sir Thomas White: and no wonder, when he re-opened, as a lay college, the Cistercian House of St. Bernard, at Oxford, that a place was found in the new St. John's for this promising youth. No wonder, too, that Edmund soon became a special favourite of the founder, and made his mark in the University. But that rapid success was a serious danger to his soul.

Queen Mary's short reign was over, and her base-born sister, Queen Elizabeth, quickly showed how hypocritical had been her profession of Catholicity, and how resolved she was to follow in the footsteps of her father. The readiest speaker in Oxford, Campion was called upon by the Queen's too fervent favourite Dudley to deliver a funeral oration over the body of his murdered wife, poor Amy Robsart, whose fate is familiar to the readers of *Kenilworth*. Edmund's friend and protector, Sir Thomas White, was dead. He had died a staunch Catholic; and though Edmund made over him a panegyric, eloquent as it was sincere, yet he had found a still more powerful friend in Dudley, whom Elizabeth, in her shameless passion, had raised rapidly to honours and afterwards made Earl of Leicester, and whom the University, to flatter the royal lover, elected as Chancellor. Campion never doubted the truth of the Catholic faith, but like many before and after his time he could not bring himself to sacrifice his splendid prospects by open confession of an outlawed creed. He was the star of all the gay pageants and learned discussions by which Oxford entertained the Queen on her visit to the University. Cecil, her Prime Minister, was forward with promises of patronage and support.

Campion unhappily allowed himself to be persuaded into receiving the deaconship in the new state religion, as a necessary step to preferment. But his mind found no rest. God clamoured for his soul. He sought for excuses for his outward conformity. But the more he sought, the more clear proofs did he discover that the old faith alone was true, and that the new was false. In vain had he looked to Scripture or to the ancient church. They both declared against him. He talked out his difficulties with too many for his doubts to be long a secret, and the Grocers' Company,

from whom he held his fellowship, insisted that he must make a clear profession of Anglicanism at the well-known pulpit at St. Paul's Cross in London. Others there were of his friends who had sacrificed all for God, and one of these, Gregory Martin, quondam tutor to the ill-fated and heroic Earl of Arundel—a brilliant scholar of St. John's—wrote from beyond the seas urging him to come out of the peril and snare.

It was a snare—for Campion was made Proctor and Public Orator of the University, and so raised as high in office as one could be, before taking his degree of Doctor. Young men imitated his style of writing and of speech, his very dress and mannerisms, and gloried in being called Campionists. One of these was Richard Stanihurst, whose father was a good Catholic and yet Recorder of Dublin and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. In Ireland and in the house of Mr. Stanihurst Campion at last determined to take refuge. There he hoped to be safe to follow the Catholic faith, under such powerful protection, At the same time he was anxious to have a hand in settting up again the ancient Catholic University of Dublin, which like so many other seats of learning, had been utterly ruined by the change of religion. The Lord Deputy of Ireland, Sir Henry Sidney, as well as the Lord Chancellor, if anything favoured the old religion. So being then about twenty-one, Edmund settled down quietly in the Recorder's house in Dublin where, surrounded by books and immersed in study, he led so strict and so holy a life that the good Irish folk called him the angel.

But the storm-clouds were every day gathering thicker and thicker. The persecutions of Elizabeth and her cruelty to her captive guest, Mary Stuart, found their answer in the ill-starred rebellion of the North. Philip II., always dilatory, was planning an invasion of Ireland, in the name of St. Pius V.; and in a paroxysm of rage and terror, fresh measures were adopted by the Queen against the Catholics. Sydney was on the eve of leaving Ireland, and could thus offer no further protection to Campion. One good turn, however, he did for Edmund. He gave him secret warning of his peril, and Campion fled at once through the darkness of night to Sir Christopher Barnewall, at his home in Turvey, where he was hidden away in a garret. It was his first taste of suffering for the faith. However, he continued to devote himself to literary work, and wrote in his narrow cell an interesting sketch of Ireland as it then

was. An old serving woman coming into his hiding-place, during the very day on which he got there, to tidy up, thought the poor stow-away was an apparition, and ran off to tell Lady Barnewall that a ghost was in the garret, writing a book. She got well laughed at for her pains. But the search for Campion was so hot that he felt his stay endangered his kind hosts; so he took ship for England, disguised as the servant to Lord Kildare's steward, and under the name of Patrick, out of devotion to the great Apostle of Ireland.

The officers searched the ship for him, and he stood by, as with big oaths they cursed the villain Campion who had again escaped them, he all the while praying heartily to his new namesake to shelter and defend him. Edmund found England far too perilous for him. Still he dared to be present in court during the trial and condemnation of the aged martyr, Blessed Dr. Storey, who had been kidnapped in the port of Antwerp, and against the law of nations brought over to England, where he was tried, and suffered the death of a traitor. The trial was conducted with such disregard of all law and justice, that Campion felt that as a layman he could do little for the progress of the faith, and hastened to rejoin a number of his old Oxford friends, who had sought in a university in a Catholic land the opportunity of pursuing their divinity studies and preparing themselves for the priesthood so as to keep alive the Catholic religion at all costs in their dear fatherland. Two Oriel men—Dr. Allen, the future Cardinal, and Dr. Oliver Lewis, afterwards Bishop of Cassano—and a host of others, had founded an English College at Douay, in Flanders, the nursing-mother to be of so many martyrs, confessors, and apostles. There, by affiliation to the university of that town,—whose Chancellor, Dr. Smith, was himself an Oxford man,—higher education could be obtained for the English exiles; and thither young men and old flocked from our shores to fill up the glorious regiment of saviours of their country.

The very day of Dr. Storey's cruel death, Campion was crossing the Channel, when his vessel was overhauled by an English frigate, and the passengers were asked for their passports. Edmund naturally had none, so he was carried off by the captain of the "Hare," who put into his own pocket the money which Campion's friends had collected for his journey, and threatened to take him to London. But on the way from Dover to town it became pretty clear that he preferred Campion's purse to Campion's prosecu-

tion, so dropping gradually behind his captor, who evidently was not at all anxious about his charge, Campion soon parted company with him, and once more put the sea between him and his well-loved country. Cecil complained to young Stanihurst that England had lost in Campion one of its diamonds. And that was in the very days of Shakespeare!

A year of peace, but not of idleness, went by in the quiet of Douay. Campion finished his theological studies and took the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, while giving lectures at the same time in the English College. The new Chancellor of the University, a Fleming, who heard him speak on St. Michael's day, was forced to admit that his country could not show a genius like to him. But more than this, Edmund ascended the first steps on the altar, receiving the four minor orders and the subdiaconate. He was then thirty-one. But his heart was not even yet at rest. What he called "the abomination of the sign of the beast," the Anglican deacon's orders, which he had received at Oxford, called for the expiation of penance. At his first coming to Douay he had made a complete offering of himself, of his life and blood to His Lord and Master for the land he loved. A voice within him urged him, as it had so many before and after, to go in a penitent spirit to the Holy City, and there, by the favour of the two great Apostles, to seek admission into the Society of Jesus. He made no reserve in his obedience, leaving his future in the hands of God; but still he resolved, in case he were received, to beg his superiors to grant him the wish of his heart, and to allow him to spend himself and be spent for the restoration of the faith in England. And before he started on his journey, he began his apostleship by urgent letters of farewell to some of his old friends, Catholic and Protestant, so full of power, that many were induced to follow his example of leaving home and all to follow Christ. Among those to whom he wrote was his old friend, the aged Anglican Bishop of Gloucester, whom he had known and loved—Cheney, whose views were far apart from those of the other so-called bishops of Elizabeth's new-fangled hierarchy, and from the fanatical clergy subject to him. He was like a High Churchman of our time, believing neither in the Calvinism nor the Lutheranism of his days, and yet professing, illogically, to stand by Councils and Fathers, though, as his young friend clearly saw, both condemned his position in an heretical and schismatical body. This letter which still

exists, as Fr. Persons says, "doth so rattle up the old man of 60 years old (but yet with great modesty, and show of reverence and hearty good will) as it may easily appear how abundantly God has imparted His Holy Spirit unto him, for his letter is truly apostolic."

Many were the friends who came out with Campion to the gates of Douay, to bid him good-bye, as he went on the road, trodden by many a Saxon king and English saint, to the Apostles' shrine. And, like them, his only retinue was poverty. Begging alms by the way, he met, coming back from a tour in Italy, "an old acquaintance that had known him, in times past, in Oxford in great pomp and prosperity of the world." The English gentleman rode by without recognizing the poor pilgrim, but something in his looks struck him and he turned back, recognized Edmund, and leaping from his horse shook warmly his old friend's hand, pitying him deeply because sure that he had fallen among thieves. But he was very disgusted when he found that it was only a case of practical following of Gospel counsel. However he held out his purse and told him to take what he wanted. But Campion would have nothing, and, so Persons tells us (he himself was then at the University), "made such a speech unto him of the contempt of this world and eminent dignity of serving Christ in poverty, as greatly moved the man, and as also his acquaintance that remained yet in Oxford, when the report thereof came to our ears."

It was late in 1572 when Campion reached Rome. Worn out with his embassage to Spain in the suite of the Pope's nephew, St. Francis Borgia, quondam Duke of Gandia, and at that time General of the Society of Jesus, died on his return to Rome, shortly after Edmund's arrival. So there was needs a long delay before he could present himself for reception to the General, as the electors had to gather in from the foreign provinces of the Society to choose a successor. Nor was it till April 23, of the following year that Father Everard Mercœur (Latinized into Mercurianus) of Liège was elected.

Campion was the first postulant received by the new General. The official examiners were so completely satisfied with his answers that he was received as a novice without any further probation. No doubt their previous knowledge all went to confirm their decision. In fact he had come to be so well known by the various Provincials and Fathers, deputies for the election,—there was then no

English Province,—that there was a contest over him, as to which should secure his service. Campion rejoiced to think that his lot was now entirely in God's hands, and his only prayer, and an earnest one, was, that He would, through his superiors, dispose of him when and as He willed. The Austrian province won the day, and Prague in Bohemia was chosen as the place of his novitiate. Thitherwards he travelled in the summer, on the close of the Congregation, in company with Fr. Maggi his Provincial and several German and Spanish Fathers, as far as Vienna. Thence he started for the novitiate with Father James Avellanedo, the confessor to the Empress, a man who had held weighty posts in Europe and India, and who told Fr. Persons in after years "how exceedingly he was edified with the modesty, humility, sweet behaviour and angelic conversation of Campion which made him ever after to have a great affection for our nation."

Bohemia, the home of the Hussites, had then well nigh lost its faith: and as John Huss owed his socialistic and anti-Catholic ideas to Wycliffe, Campion felt that as an Englishman he might by God's holy providence gain some souls in that land back to the faith, "in recompense of so many thousands lost and cast away by the wickedness of Wycliffe." The novice by his fervent life gave great edification to all, for his only thought was to serve God and to live in peace and charity with all around. In two short months the novitiate was moved, on Oct. 10, 1573, to Brünn in Moravia, where things were worse even than in Prague, and where the Bishop hoped that a house of prayer and penance might effect a change for the better. There Fr. Edmund spent a year's novitiate. One of the novice's duties was to catechize in the neighbouring hamlets. The results were great; but Campion was ever noted as the most successful, and he won many converts to the truth.

In spite of the humiliations and hard life of a Jesuit novitiate, or, rather, because Campion had thoroughly caught the spirit of a true companion and imitator of his Divine Lord, love made all that labour light. The blessed martyr, writing to his former fellow novices, shows how he valued the trials of his probation. "Beautiful kitchen, where the Brothers fight for the saucepans in holy humility and charity unfeigned! How often do I picture to myself one returning with his load from the farm, another from the market; one sweating stalwartly and merrily under a sack of rubbish, and another under some other toil! Believe me,

my dear brothers, that your dust, your brooms, your poles, your loads are beheld with joy by the angels, and get for you from God more than if they saw in your hands sceptres, jewels, and gold in your purses." Father Campion's novice-master was made Rector of a College of Prague, and on Sept. 7, 1571, he went to his new post, taking with him his favourite pupil. Amidst the prayerful retirement of Brünn the future martyr had been favoured with a vision of our Lady under the stately and venerable type of St. Luke's painting at St. Mary Major's, of which a copy was in the novices' chapel. She offered to him a purple robe as a promise of his victory.

In the College of Prague Edmund's talents were at once brought into play. He was made professor of rhetoric to the young gentlemen and nobles of Bohemia, while other humble duties were assigned to him in-doors. He had to be the first out of bed at a very early hour of the morning, to call the community, and had to be the last up at night to see that all lights were out, and that all had retired to rest, while his recreation was often spent in helping the cook in the kitchen. The following year, 1575, when he had taken his first vows, he set up the Sodality of Our Lady among the students, and the year after he was moved into the convictus or boarding school, and was appointed prefect of discipline, in addition to other duties. Never was he known to make any other difficulty to his superior, when he laid any new labour upon him, but only: "Does your reverence think I am fit to discharge that office?" If the superior said "Yes," he accepted it without more ado. And his companions thought it a miracle that one man could bear so many loads.

Amidst all his varied occupations, Blessed Campion's fall at Oxford and his reception of Anglican orders was ever a source of trouble to him. And it was in vain "to tell him, that which he knew right well himself, that it was no order or character at all, seeing that he that gave it to him was no true bishop, and had no more authority than a layman, and that indeed these bishops themselves did not consider that any character was given, as in Catholic ordinations, by imposition of hands." Still, the very memory of this mark of his open apostacy made him sad and unhappy. Nor was he ever freed from his inward grief, till the absolute order of his General came from Rome, not to trouble himself about this scruple, and, in 1578, he was ordained deacon and priest by the Archbishop of Prague. He said his first Mass on Our Lady's birthday

Meantime news from Rome renewed all his old desires to labour directly for his native land. The blood of martyrs had begun to flow in England Blessed Thomas Woodhouse, an old Marian priest, had given his life for the faith at Tyburn. Blessed Cuthbert Mayne, the first of the illustrious band that came from the English seminaries across the water, was martyred at Launceston, on November 9, 1577. He was of St. John's College, like Campion, and was one of those whom our blessed martyr had persuaded by letter to throw up his position, and to come out of England to Douay. Campion learned, too, that several of his old Oxford friends had entered the Society of Jesus in Rome, of whom the best known are Robert Persons of Balliol, his biographer and future companion, Henry Garnet of New College, and William Weston of All Souls, all three of whom were in turn to be Superiors of the Society of Jesus in England.

Dr. William Allen, the main-spring of the second Apostolate of England, the founder of Douay College, had come to Rome on behalf of the cause he had so much at heart, and pressed the Society of Jesus, now that many English had joined it, to take its share in the good work. As usual, the matter was laid by the Father General Mercœur before the official Consultors of the Order, and principally owing to the earnest representations of Father Claudius Aquaviva, who in a year or so later, 1581, succeeded Father Mercœur as General, it was resolved, that Fathers Campion and Persons should be sent to England as forerunners of others of the Society. Like St. Gregory the Great, Father Aquaviva wished to go himself; and, like St. Gregory also, as he was prevented from going, he availed himself of his high authority when General, to keep up fresh supplies of missioners, in spite of serious difficulties. Dr. Allen wrote at once on December 9, 1579, a beautiful letter to give the good news to Campion his "father, brother, son." But marching orders did not arrive till the following March, 1580. The very night before, a good father, well known for his piety, had written over Campion's cell, "Father Edmund Campion, Martyr." Another father painted a garland of roses and lilies on the wall of Campion's cell, just above where his head usually rested.

The letters, one from the General to the Rector and another to Father Campion, simply ordered him to come at once to Rome. When the Rector gave him the command, he said, "God's will be done, not mine," and "being scarce

able to hold his tears for joy of heart, went to his room and there upon his knees gave full vent to weeping and thanksgiving, offering himself wholly to rack, cross-quartering, or any other torment or death whatsoever." And then, literally with nothing but the clothes on his back, his breviary, and a few MS. notes, he started on his way. But a brother of the reigning Duke of Bavaria insisted on taking him in his carriage as far as Innsbruck, and though he went on foot thence to Padua, he there got orders to go the rest of his road on horseback. He arrived in Rome on April 5, in Passion week. When the Father General had told him clearly that he was to leave for England in a fortnight, he begged neither to be superior of the expedition nor to have anything to do with the preparations for the journey, so as to be able to spend the whole time in saying Mass and visiting the various shrines, thus to get his soul ready by prayer at Rome, and on his way, for the great work before him.

The students at the English College invited him to spend a day or two with them, and begged him to preach to them. Father Persons, who was appointed superior of the expedition, and Blessed Campion did not start alone. Besides four old priests of St. Thomas' Hospital there went with them Blessed Ralph Sherwin, Blessed Luke Kirby, and Edward Rishton, all three priests from the English College, —the two first martyrs to be, and the third a confessor and exile for the faith :—two students, Thomas Burscough, who was ordained at Douay, and John Paschall, who later made shipwreck of his faith; and lastly, little Ralph Emerson, lay brother of the Society of Jesus, for whom long imprisonment was in store. The party obtained the blessing of his Holiness Gregory XIII., who gave them the money for their journey. They laid aside their religious and clerical garb for greater safety. Father Campion refused to wear new clothes, and dressed himself in a rusty buckram suit, with a poor cloak. A number of the English in Rome and of the Jesuit Fathers accompanied them on their road as far as the bridge over the Tiber, well known as Ponte Molle, and so, on April 28, they started on their road.

The travellers had but a few horses for the weak and old among them, but Fr. Campion only availed himself of them one morning when suffering from ague and diarrhœa. No wonder he fell ill, for during the first ten days there was a perpetual downpour, and not merely was he soaked to the skin, but his boots sometimes "stuck so fast in the mire in those deep and foul ways that he was scarce able to get

out again." One bright spot on the toilsome journey was the week of hospitality that the great St. Charles Borromeo gave to the weary travellers in his palace at Milan. He insisted on Father Campion making a discourse each day after dinner. Once over the snow-covered Mount Cenis, —no diligence, no tunnel in those days,—the party found the road blocked by Spanish troops, so they boldly made their way through Geneva, and, more boldly still, avowed their country and their creed, and even went to beard in his house the Calvinist Beza. Father Campion, who had taken once more the name of Patrick, played well his part of Irish servant to young Paschall. They said a *Te Deum* however, when they got safely away from Geneva.

The journey was such as martyrs would make. Each hour had its appointed prayer. Meditation, and then Mass when possible, examination of conscience, Litanies of the Saints, recitation of the Breviary, and reading and conferring on Holy Scripture, and especially on the Acts of the Apostles, filled up their time. "But Father Campion had a fashion to leave the rest every morning and to get ahead for half a mile or more to make his prayers alone and utter his zealous affections to his Saviour without being heard or noted. Nor would he allow himself to be overtaken until he had finished his devotions, commonly an hour or so before dinner; then he would stay to go in company with the rest, and would be so merry and talk of suffering for Christ with such comfort, and this was commonly the subject of their talk, that one might easily perceive with whom he had been in conversation in his prayers before." At last, after six weeks of weary journey, the party were welcomed heartily at Rheims, whither the English College from Douay had been forced for a time to migrate. Again Campion was begged to preach, and he took for his text, 'I have come to cast fire on the earth," and so ardent was he, and so often he cried "fire, fire, fire!" that some people outside were going to fetch the water-buckets to put it out.

As they neared their goal the Fathers realized to the full the dangers of their expedition. The spies of Cecil and Walsingham had dogged their steps, four of their hirelings were on their way from Rome to bear witness against them, letters had been waylaid giving the names of the apostles, and Queen Elizabeth had published a proclamation declaring that the Catholic powers, at the instigation of some of her traitorous subjects abroad, were preparing to invade her

realm. On passing through St. Omers, the Flemish Jesuits tried to dissuade Persons and Campion from going further, as they would certainly be recognized at once on landing. However, it was at last settled that Father Persons should cross first, disguised as a soldier. He was to send word to Blessed Campion, and if all fared well, Father Edmund, under the name of Edmunds, and as a jewel merchant, was to follow after him. So little was the jaunty soldier suspected at Dover, that Father Persons told the officer there on duty that a friend of his, a Mr. Edmunds, would shortly follow him and begged him to be civil to him, and more, to forward him a letter which Father Campion could show on landing, bidding him to haste to London to get rid of his jewels, as a favourable opportunity had presented itself. Father Edmund took the feast of his old College patron's day as an augury of success, and on the evening of St. John the Baptist's day, June 24, sailed with a fair wind from Calais and was under the white cliffs of Dover before day-break. As soon as he landed, he concealed himself behind a rock and there on his knees commended his cause and whole coming to Almighty God, whether it were to life or death. Then with Brother Ralph Emerson, who was called his servant, he went in search of the friendly officer with letter in hand. But strict orders had come meantime from the government to keep a sharper look out, and a description had been forwarded of a brother of Cardinal Allen who was expected, and who happened to be very like Fr. Campion. So the two travellers were arrested and taken before the mayor, and it was agreed that horses should be got ready and the two prisoners be carried to London under a guard. "Fr. Campion prayed hard to St. John the Baptist while the discussion was going on. Suddenly an old man came out from the room where the Judge and the officers were talking and said to the two, 'You are dismissed. Good bye.'" He at once rode to Gravesend with brother Ralph and there took boat to London, wondering what he should do when he arrived there. Thanks to Fr. Persons and a convert of his, Mr. George Gilbert, a young man of family and wealth, to whom Blessed Campion owes in no small degree his present honour,* a club of gentlemen had been organized to aid in

* It was at George Gilbert's expense, under the direction of Fr. William Good, that the paintings were executed on the walls of the English College at Rome, on account of which the honours of Beatification were awarded to the Beati by Leo XIII.

every way the missioners in England. And when the boat came to the Quay at London, one of the club who was on the look out, seeing him with little Brother Ralph, whom he knew by Persons' description, stepped up to the boat side and said, "Mr. Edmunds, give me your hand; I stay here for you, to lead you to your friends." The house of the association was within the very lion's jaws, for it was no other than that of the chief pursuivant in Chancery Lane. The man had been bought over so no place could be less suspected, or more secure. There, too, had Fr. Persons found his shelter, but at that moment he was away from town. "There came about me," writes Fr. Campion, "many noble young gentlemen; they salute me, they approach me, they adorn me, they arm me, and last of all they send me out of the city on horseback." The humble jewel merchant was metamorphosed into a grand gentleman. But before he left town the association begged him to preach to them on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, three days after his safe arrival. A great hall in a house of Lord Norreys, near Smithfield, was hired, and "gentlemen of worship and honour offered to be at once conveyers of the hearers, and porters on watch" for their security. He took for his text the confession of St. Peter and the promise which was its reward. The fame of the sermon got abroad, and friends in court warned the Father to be on his guard, as spies had received orders to feign themselves devout Catholics, thus to be present another time and to betray him. So the next ten days, while awaiting Father Persons' return, were spent in private meetings in various friends' houses.

Every day the Queen and her advisers grew more angry as the arrival of fresh priests became known, and several captures of Catholic priests called for more care and watchfulness. London had become too hot to hold them. As soon therefore as Father Persons returned, a meeting was held in a small house in Southwark to settle some grave questions before they separated. Several priests and laymen were present. The chief question to be discussed at the meeting was how to rebut the accusation which had gone abroad that the Jesuits had come into England for political and revolutionary ends. It was thought enough to be prepared to deny the allegation solemnly and on oath; but just when the Fathers were bidding each other good-bye at Hoxton, before leaving London, Mr. Pound, a gentleman of rank, came deputed by the many Catholic prisoners in the Marshalsea prison, to urge in their name that some more

definite measures be taken, to contradict the rumour. He begged that a declaration written by each Father, signed and sealed, should be left in the hands of some trusty friends, to be produced and published if, after their death, these falsehoods should be urged against them. Father Campion, taking a pen in his hand, wrote upon the end of a table in less than half-an-hour the declaration which was to play hereafter so important a part. Written off without any previous study, while his friends were waiting his departure, it was so pithy, both for matter and language, as to please greatly the unprejudiced reader and sting his opponents. In it he challenged a discussion on religion before the Council to show how it affected the State, before the University to prove its truth, and before the men of the law to show how the English statute book itself justified his creed. He offered even to preach before the Queen. At the same time he declared that his holy calling and the orders of superiors warned him from any matters of State. Father Campion gave a copy to Mr. Pound; the other, which he kept for himself is now carefully treasured at Stonyhurst College. Pound showed his to other friends, who begged to be allowed to transcribe it, and quickly it became spread about, and fell into the hands of friends and foes alike, and more than one copy was laid before the Queen's Council.

At once fresh and sweeping measures of persecution were adopted, and the Catholic gentry were packed into the state prisons; and, when these were full, castles, whose ruinous state made them unfit dwellings for men, were crowded with the best and noblest of the land. Meanwhile, well provided with horses, money and changes of disguise by the devotion of the Catholic Association, Fathers Campion and Persons bid each other good-bye, and set out each on his separate mission, full of peril, as it was full of profit. Each was accompanied by a trusty squire, who shared his danger and served as guide. Blessed Edmund passed through Berkshire, Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, calling at gentlemen's and noblemen's houses, both Catholic and Protestant. "We entered, for the most part," Persons narrates, "as acquaintance or kinsfolk of some person that lived within the house, and when that failed us, as passers-by, or friends of some gentlemen that accompanied us; and after ordinary salutations, we had our apartments, by the Catholics' aid, in some retired part of the house,

where putting on our priests' dress, which we always carried with us, we had secret conference with the Catholics that were there, or such of them as might conveniently come, whom we always caused to prepare themselves for confession late that night. Next morning very early we had Mass, and the Blessed Sacrament ready for such as wished to communicate, and after that an exhortation which had been prepared on horseback, and then we made ourselves ready to depart again." When they were able to prolong their stay, they would repeat these exercises. Such was the plan the Fathers followed.

Once more they came back to the south. Campion was so hotly sought after that he dared not enter London, but he met Fr. Persons and other priests at Uxbridge. There it was determined that Fr. Edmund should use his brilliant pen to write a Latin appeal to the Universities, where his memory was still fresh and in honour. With the enthusiasm which formed such a large part of his character, he chose for his subject, "Heresy at its wits' end," and, though the idea seemed a strange one at a time when heresy was the master of the whole material power of the realm, the Father insisted that its very activity and cruelty showed that it had no better arguments to produce. The two Fathers renewed their vows, heard each other's confessions, and then again bade good-bye.

Fr. Campion, as had been resolved, made his way towards Lancashire, the road beset by ever-increasing perils, while Persons betook himself to London to plan some way of setting up a press to print the work as soon as it should be ready, and other controversial books. Guided as before by some dauntless gentlemen, Father Campion went northward by Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire to Yorkshire, where in the shelter of Mr. Harrington's house at Mount St. John, amidst the picturesque hills above Thirsk, he stayed some twelve days to work at his promised book, known by the name of the "Ten Reasons." One of Mr. Harrington's sons was so struck with his father's guest, that he left friends and home to study at Douay, and returned to be martyred at Tyburn. When Father Campion reached Lancashire he preached assiduously, people of high station passing the night in barns to secure a place to hear his morning sermons. All felt the attraction, not so much of his wonderful eloquence and cultured accent, but of his earnestness and of a hidden power which they knew came from above.

While staying at Blainscough Hall, the home of Mr. Worthington, whose wife was a niece of Cardinal Allen, the pursuivants got on his track, and would have seized him, if a maid-servant, in a pretended fit of anger, had not pushed him into a miry pond. The mud served as an effective disguise.

A safe place had been found for the printing press at Lady Stonor's at Stonor, near Henley-on-the-Thames; and Father Persons, who was anxious that Father Campion should superintend the "Ten Reasons" as it passed through the press, recalled him to the south, with orders not to stay at any private house, but only at the inns, in order to avert suspicion. While the book was being printed, Fr. Campion evangelized the neighbourhood, and passed the anniversary of his arrival in England, St. John's day, 1581, at Twyford, in Buckinghamshire. On the 27th of that month of June, when the dons and students entered St. Mary's, Oxford, for Commemoration—the Church served, in those days, the purpose of the Theatre—they found on the benches copies of the new work, while others were distributed up and down the colleges by a priest of the name of William Hartley, who in 1588 gave his life for the faith. "Nothing else is wanting," wrote Fr. Campion to his new Father General and old friend, Fr. Aquaviva, on July 9, "to the cause of Christ than that, to our books written with ink, others should succeed, which are being daily published, written in blood."

The "Ten Reasons," and its audacious publication, only added heat to the raging persecution. Once more Father Campion bade good-bye to his companion and superior, after they had mutually renewed their vows and been to confession, and, early in the morning, they mounted and so parted, Father Edmund with Brother Ralph Emerson, for Lancashire and thence for Norfolk, Father Persons returning to London. He had given orders as before, that Campion should not visit gentlemen's houses on his way. But a letter reached Father Edmund on the road from Mr. Yates, of Lyford Grange, in Berkshire, then a prisoner in London, to beg him call on his wife and a few Brigittine nuns who happened to be at his house. The Father rode after his superior to obtain leave to go. Father Persons' reply was, "I know your easy temper. You are too soft to refuse anything that is asked of you. If once you get there, you will never get away." He allowed him to go, but limited him as to time, and putting him under obedience to Brother

Ralph, they parted. So after dinner the next day Father Campion left Lyford. But a large party of Catholics came that very afternoon to visit the nuns. Grieved to have missed the Father, they persuaded Blessed Thomas Ford, one of two priests staying at the Grange, to ride after him and bring him back. Mr. Ford came up to Father Campion in an inn not far off Oxford, and found him surrounded by a number of students and masters of the University, who were trying in vain to get him to preach to them. The arrival of Blessed Ford was soon known, and one and all urged his request, as they hoped thus to share in the privilege of hearing Campion. But he would not yield, yet at last being so hard pressed, melting into tears, he said he was under obedience to Brother Ralph. So they all turned on the Brother; who in turn, overborne, agreed that Father Campion should return to Lyford, while he went off to Lancashire to get the Father's papers, and that they should afterwards meet in Norfolk. This weakness, on Brother Emerson's part, was to him a subject of lifelong regret.

What was known to a large number of University men could not long remain a secret, and there was a traitor about, anxious to gain pardon for crime, by the capture of Father Campion. On Sunday morning, the 16th of July, the nuns, the students, and Catholics, altogether 60 in number, with the two priests, and Eliot, the spy, were present at the Father's Mass, and at his touching sermon on the Gospel of the day—Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. Never had he preached as then. Campion intended to leave as soon as dinner was over. But the meal had hardly begun before a man on the look-out announced that the house was entirely surrounded by armed men. Before getting admission, Eliot had learned that his prey was there, and had sent orders to a magistrate to come with a hundred men to do the Queen's bidding. Father Campion wished to give himself up at once to save the rest, but the two priests hurried him off to one of the many hiding-places, in the hollow of the wall, over the gateway. There, on a narrow bed, the three just managed to stow themselves away, preparing, by mutual confession and earnest prayers, for their fate. The stout Berkshire yeomen did not like the dirty work of invading the home of a neighbour, and, at Eliot's bidding, of upsetting the whole house. They sought the whole afternoon in vain and when at last they withdrew, vented their annoyance

on Eliot. The wretch pretended that his warrant gave him authority to break down the walls, and insisted on returning. The priests were already being congratulated on their escape, and had to beat a second retreat. Mrs. Yates, the lady of the house, remonstrated with the magistrate at her night's rest being interrupted, and the gentleman politely promised she should not be disturbed; so she had her bed made up in the room next to where Blessed Campion lay hid. She ordered the searchers, when they were tired, to have a good supper served them, and they were soon all fast asleep. Then Mrs. Yates insisted on hearing a fresh sermon from Father Campion, and he was eloquent as ever. All prudence seems for the moment to have been forgotten, and the sentinels posted at the door were up and gave the alarm. But in a moment all was still again. The hunted priests had regained their hole. Next morning, however, the search was renewed. Eliot noticed a wall which was as yet unbroken, and one of Mrs. Yates' servants, who was by his side to mislead him, betrayed his alarm by the ashy paleness of his face. In another moment a hammer crashed through, and the three priests were disclosed.

Very unwillingly Mr. Forster, the sheriff of the county, received orders to send Fr. Campion, with the two priests and some of his audience, on to London. Eliot, full of his success, rode in triumph at their head. Oxford men came out to see him as he passed through Abingdon; and at Henley, Fr. Persons sent his man to note how the Father bore himself, for his friends would not let him go himself. At Colebrook, orders arrived that Campion should make his entry into town on Saturday when the streets would be crowded with market folks, and the prisoners, who had been hitherto treated as gentlemen, now had their elbows pinioned behind their backs, their hands tied in front, and their feet fastened beneath their horses' bellies; while to the Father's hat was attached,—the fashion with perjurers in those rough days,—a paper on which was written in large letters, "Campion, the seditious Jesuit." So on July 22, all round the crowded streets and squares of the metropolis, the cavalcade of scorn was led till the jaws of the fatal Tower received its victims. Father Campion bade his guards a kindly good-bye, cheerfully forgiving any wrong they had done him, and assuring them he sorrowed more for their state than for his own. He had already forgiven Eliot as freely and as forcibly: "and absolution,

too, will I give thee, if thou wilt but repent and confess; but large penance thou must have."

The governor of the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton, thrust his victim into the wretched hole so well named, "Little Ease." But, four days after, July 25, Blessed Campion was taken to the water side, to the house of the Earl of Leicester, and there for the first time since the festivities at Woodstock, found himself face to face with the royal favourite, and his royal mistress, who was accompanied by the Earl of Bedford and the Privy Councillors. They told him they found no fault with him save that he was a Papist; "And that," he answered with deep respect and enthusiasm, "is my greatest glory." Queen Elizabeth offered him life, liberty, riches, honours, anything he might ask, but at the price of his soul. We can imagine his answer. When taken to the Tower, Hopton at once caught his cue. He treated the Father with all consideration, while he suggested to him that the highest honours at court; even the broad lands and mitre of Canterbury were within his reach if he would but give way; and Sir Owen spread the news abroad that Campion had accepted the bribe. When, however, the offer to become a Protestant was made openly to him, he treated it with such scorn that it was at once resolved to have recourse to torture.

It was probably on the day on which St. Ignatius had died, July 31, that Father Campion first tasted the horrors of the rack-chamber. He knelt on the threshold, and made the sign of the Cross, and, as they stripped him and bound him to the rollers, called on Jesus and Mary for help. No voice could come up from that subterranean hell: but it was noised about London that Campion was yielding that he had betrayed his friends, and that he would soon openly become a Protestant. That some of his companions, under the awful torture of strained muscles and dislocated limbs, had told some secrets, seems too clear; but Burleigh was obliged to own, in a confidential letter to Lord Shrewsbury, that from Campion they could extort nothing of moment. But the slander did its work for the time. Mr. Pound wrote to the Father to implore him to say what truth there was in the awkward rumours afloat. Campion was allowed to receive the letter and to send a reply, but both were intercepted, and it was said that in the answer, though he had, in weakness, confessed to some of the houses at which he had stayed, he had discovered nothing of secret, nor would he, "come rack, come rope." The

great aim of Elizabeth's advisers was to connect Campion rightly or wrongly, with the schemes afloat of foreign invasion or home treason, from which, both by natural inclination and by the express orders of his superiors, he had kept carefully aloof. As he never was allowed to confront those whom he was said to have accused, it became evident, that even if the words of his letter to Pound were truly given, he meant nothing more than that he had never divulged anything that his torturers did not know before.

The European fame of Campion, the extraordinary renown his "Ten Reasons" had won him, from friend and foe, made Burleigh and Cecil feel they could not treat him like an ordinary priest or recusant unless they could first damage his credit as a scholar. Nine Deans and seven Archdeacons were told off to answer the book which they affected to despise. But now that the author was in their clutches, after the prison dietary, the rack, the sorrow of heart, there did seem a chance that he might fail to maintain the challenge he had made to support his faith against all comers. So the servile Bishop of London was ordered to prepare a series of public discussions. In the venerable Chapel of the Tower, without a book to aid them, without even a chair-back to rest against, BB. Campion and Sherwin, with other Catholic prisoners, were brought face to face with the Deans of St. Paul's and Windsor, and other disputants, who were seated at a table, supplied with any number of works of reference. A Catholic who was there tells us that Father Edmund looked ill and weary, his memory nearly gone, his force of mind almost extinguished. Yet he won admiration from all by his ready answers, by his patience under the coarse abuse and ill-timed jests of his well-fed and well-prepared adversaries. They jeered at his ignorance of Greek, a false reproach which in his humility he accepted in silence, they denied his quotations from Luther, because they could not find them in their emended edition; they threatened him with torture and with death. In spite of the odds against him, there was no doubt which way the victory inclined. What with Campion's saintly meekness and his unanswerable arguments, the Venerable Philip Earl of Arundel owed his after conversion to what he then saw and heard, when from a Protestant and a courtier of the voluptuous Queen he became a confessor and a martyr of the faith. Each fresh discussion, and there were four in all, proved more fatal to the Protestant cause; and when at length his enemies determined they should cease,

spite of the hooting of the street urchins, one of the new creed, it became clear to all that Campion had been neither traitor to his country nor recant to his God. His success was sung in doggrel rhymes in the streets—

> Let reason rule and raking cease,
> Or else for ever hold your peace;
> For now the Lord's power and Lord,
> So, say with Power and raking cease.

[illegible] to which outraged Europe hoped to tear Elizabeth from the throne. [illegible] perjury could [illegible] to be pumped up. The [illegible] was put the more [illegible] was again applied to extort a confession from Father Campion, and with more success than on former occasions they meant to kill him then and there. Still, as Lord Hunsdon [illegible] they might extort a plea for [illegible] than wring one word from him against his conscience. When the jailor asked him next day how he felt his hands and feet, his answer was, "Not ill, because not at all."

At last the indictments were drawn up. It mattered little what they were, for the Crown lawyers had their orders to carry a conviction at any cost and in any way. So on Tuesday, Nov. 14, the grand old Hall of Westminster, the scene of many of the greatest trials in England, [illegible] saw Edmund Campion, with Ralph Sherwin and the Blessed Alexander Briant of the Society of Jesus, Rishton, Kirby, and Johnson, all Rishton a priest, and Orton a layman, brought up before the Grand Jury. When the indictment had been read, Father Campion, who was the spokesman all through the trial, protested before God and the holy angels his innocence of any treason, and [illegible] added, "The plain reason of our standing here is religion and not treason." When called upon to plead, one of the prisoners had to lift up Campion's outstretched arm, made helpless by the rack, which he did, reverently kissing it as the martyr bravely answered, "Not guilty." Next day Edmund Bryant of the Society of Jesus, Richardson, Thomas Pope Pilby, with two other priests, Hart and Collington, were brought up to plead to the same indictment.

The trial commenced on Monday the 20th, a trial that could be called which Hallam stigmatizes as "unfairly conducted and supported by as slender evidence as any

perhaps that can be found in our books." The Chief Justice Wray, who presided, was a Catholic at heart, and the shameless travesty of justice in which he took an unwilling part is said to have shortened his days. Skilfully, but hopelessly, for three hours the arguments of Counsel and the perjuries of degraded witnesses were met and answered by Fr. Campion, and the verdict was given —to order after an hour's debate. When asked what he had to say why he should not die, with his face beaming and with noble dignity, the eloquent martyr replied, "It was not our death that we ever feared. But we knew that we were not lords of our own lives, and therefore, for want of answer would not be guilty of our own deaths. The only thing that we have to say now is, that if our religion do make us traitors, we are worthy to be condemned; but otherwise are, and have been, as true subjects as ever the Queen had. In condemning us you condemn all your own ancestors—all the ancient priests, bishops, and kings —all that was once the glory of England—the island of saints and the most devoted child of the See of Peter. For what have we taught, however you may qualify it with the odious name of treason, that they did not uniformly teach? To be condemned with these old lights—not of England only, but of the world—by their degenerate descendants, is both gladness and glory to us. God lives, posterity will live: their judgement is not liable to corruption, as that of those who are now going to sentence us to death." No wonder Blessed Cottam said he was quite willing to die, after hearing Campion speak so gloriously.

Then the hideous sentence was pronounced, and Campion made the oaken rafters ring with a jubilant "Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur," while B. Sherwin responded, "This is the day which the Lord has made, let us exult and rejoice in it," and such a chorus of praise and joy rose from the dock as astounded and touched the vast throng. The prisoners who had been arraigned on the second day were brought up for like judgement on the Tuesday.

Cruel treatment and heavy irons awaited the Blessed Campion on his return to the prison. But nothing could alter his gentle patience. A week after his sentence, his sister brought him the offer of a rich benefice if he would but change his religion. He proffered Eliot, his betrayer, now a yeoman of Her Majesty's guard, who came to visit

him and express his sorrow at his fate, a recommendation to a Catholic Duke in Germany, in whose territory he could live in safety should his life be menaced by Catholics as he feared. This charity converted Campion's jailor. The martyr prepared for death by a five day's fast, and spent the two last nights, Wednesday and Thursday, 29th and 30th of November, in prayer. Out of the condemned, three victims were selected for the first sacrifice, Campion the Jesuit, Briant of the Rheims College, and Sherwin of that of Rome.

It was in a dreary downpour that, on December 1, the three were brought out to be tied on two hurdles, each of which was fastened to the tails of two horses. BB. Sherwin and Briant were bound to one, Campion to the other. As they were dragged through the mud and over the stones of the unpaved streets, a mob of ministers and fanatics followed them, calling on them to be converted. Still the Catholics had from time to time a chance to speak to them, and a gentleman like another Veronica, wiped the mire from B. Campion's face. As they passed beneath the New Gate, where now the prison stands, Campion tried to raise himself—"*Moriturus te saluto*"—to pay homage to the statue of our Lady that had escaped the iconoclasts' hammer in the niche above. The crowds grew denser, as at the end of the long road the gallows came in sight. The martyrs' faces were bright as the sun shone out. "They are laughing," the people cried, "they do not care about death." A new gibbet had been put for the Blessed Dr. Storey's death. The blood of a martyr had hallowed the cross. Close to the triple tree was a group of noblemen on official duty, but many a Catholic gentleman and even a priest pressed up to witness the sacrifice. Father Campion was the first who was made to get into the cart which stood beneath the gallows, and then he put, as he was bid, his head into the noose. And, when the buzz of the thousands ceased, he began gravely, "*Spectaculum facti sumus Deo et Angelis, et hominibus :* 'We are made a spectacle or a sight unto the Lord God, unto His angels, and unto you men,' verified this day in me." The sheriffs bade him confess his treason against the Queen, but he only reiterated his innocence, saying, "If you esteem my religion treason, then I am guilty; as for other treason, I never committed any." So, too, he explained, that the only secret he had kept back under torture, was merely the fulfilment of his priestly functions. So for some time he

stood in earnest prayer, oftentimes interrupted by captious questions. A minister would have had him to pray with him. "You and I," he replied, "are not one in religion; wherefore, I beg you to content yourself. I bar none of prayer, but I only desire those of the household of the faith to pray with me, and in mine agony to say one 'I believe.'" Then they bade him to sue for the Queen's forgiveness, and to pray for her. "Wherein have I offended her? In this I am innocent. This is my last speech; in this give me credit. I have prayed, and do pray for her." "For which Queen?" broke in Lord Charles Howard. "For Elizabeth, your queen and my queen, unto whom I wish a long quiet reign, with all prosperity." And so the cart was drawn away, and a long groan went up from the crowd. The body swung in the air till life was extinct. As it was cut down and quartered on the block, a drop of blood and water splashed out on young Henry Walpole, and in an instant he felt himself called to be a Catholic, and, in due time, to be a Jesuit and a martyr.

Sherwin, proto-martyr of the English College, was the next to die. And, last of the three, Father Briant, freshly dedicated to God in the Society of Jesus, whose beautiful young face, lit up with desire of martyrdom, won the hearts of all who stood by.

It was not until the 28th and 30th of May following, that the other Blessed Martyrs, who had been condemned with Campion, met their deaths at Tyburn. As they had all stood together at the bar of human injustice, at Westminster, so they all met together again in Heaven, to receive from Divine Justice the unfading crown amongst the white-robed army of martyrs.

The compiler of this sketch acknowledges his great obligations to Simpson's "Campion," *a source from which every writer on the Blessed Martyr must necessarily draw. He has also followed most carefully Father Persons' MS. memoir.*

OUR LADY OF PHILIPPSDORF.

By Lady Herbert.

That "the hand of the Lord is not shortened," and that He frequently manifests His wonderful power through the intercession of His ever-blessed Mother, Mary, may be seen from the following facts taken from the authentic official inquiries drawn up by Dean Schubert at Philippsdorf, a town on the northern confines of Bohemia, which border upon Saxony.

The true story we are about to relate is not an old legend, but the history of a woman still living, and well known to all the inhabitants of that place.

Her name is Mary Magdalene Kade, and she is the daughter of a very respectable weaver, the late Joseph Kade. She lives now with her married brother, who follows the same trade, at number 63, in the main street of this little town. From her girlhood she was always a simple, straightforward, honest, and modest young woman, and had a special devotion to our Blessed Lady, though without any of that exaltation or sentimentality which is sometimes seen in persons of her sex. She was a strong, healthy, child, and no sign of delicacy appeared in her till she was about eighteen or nineteen, when she began to suffer from cramps in the stomach, and then had a severe attack of pleurisy.

She recovered from that, but continued delicate, and during the next two years got weaker and weaker, and suffered much from internal pains, for which no one could account. At last a cutaneous eruption broke out all over her body but settled chiefly on her left breast. Notwithstanding all the skill and care of her doctor,* this place got

* This doctor was a famous physican, Dr. Joseph Ulbrich, who afterwards made a deposition on the whole case.

daily worse, and spread to the shoulder and side, becoming a deep wound full of corrupted matter, which had to be dressed twice a day. The poor girl suffered unspeakably, grew weaker and weaker, and when lifted from her bed by her brother, fainted away and remained unconscious for a long time. So offensive was the smell from the discharge from the wound, that the children and others in the house had to keep away from her sick-room, and her good brother, who was devoted to her, could only bear it by smoking all the time he was attending to her.

From the beginning of November she had been altogether confined to her bed and received more than once the last Sacraments. She was attended by the curate of the parish, the Rev. Francis Storch, who was much edified by her wonderful sweetness and patience, and her resignation to the will of God. He came on December 21, 1865, and found her so weak and in such agonies of pain, that he thought her last hour was at hand. She fainted during the administration of the Sacraments and her voice was so feeble as to be inaudible. The doctors (Dr. Joseph Ulbrich, from Georgswalde, and Dr. Grüllich, from Gersdorf in Saxony) who had been called in for a consultation, and who had hoped to be able to perform an operation to relieve her, found that such a thing was no longer possible, and declared the case to be one of incurable cancer in its most advanced stage.

On the 11th and 12th of January her sufferings increased to an agonizing pitch; but she never murmured, and though she could not speak, she showed, by her kisses to the crucifix, her entire submission to the will of God, and her sense of the only source which could enable her to bear her pains in silence. On the morning of the 12th she had her wound dressed, as usual, by her sister-in-law under cover of the bed-curtains, for fear her brother, who could not bear to look at it, should see it. It was worse than ever. Dr. Ulbrich also visited her that day, saying mournfully, as he left her, to her anxious relations, that there was nothing to be done. Her brother lifted her out of bed to have it made, and she fainted away as usual. This same operation had to be performed that night, at midnight, and her brother asserts that when lifting her that time his hand was saturated with the blood and matter

which flowed from the wound. After he had got her back to bed, she begged her brother to go away and have a good sleep, as she wanted nothing more. He obeyed her, and went downstairs to his own bedroom. No one, consequently remained with the sick girl but Veronica Kindermann, an old friend of hers from childhood, who had undertaken to sit up with her that night, and to watch by her bedside. On the table, at a little distance, was a lighted candle. Mary was very weak, but spoke a little to her friend, saying how much she suffered, but that she felt sure our Lord would not afflict her more than she was able to bear. They both said some prayers together, and the sick girl repeated St. Bernard's prayer, the *Memorare*, with special fervour.

About three o'clock in the morning the door of the room was flung violently open as if somebody had walked in. They were both wide awake and Veronica was terrified, but tried to explain it away to the invalid by saying that it must have been one of the lodgers in the house, who wished to see what o'clock it was by the big clock in their room, as she knew he had to go to work very early at the factory. In spite of this fright, after a time Veronica got very sleepy, and as her patient could only talk with difficulty, and was otherwise quiet and recollected in prayer, she lighted a small night lamp, which, for prudence' sake, she placed inside a lantern, and blowing out the candle, stretched herself on a bench by her friend's bedside, leaning her head on the bolster, and in that attitude fell fast asleep. An hour later, that is, at four o'clock in the morning, she was roused by the sick girl, who was pressing her with her right arm. Veronica woke, started up, and saw her friend trembling and shaking all over, and covering her eyes and sunken cheeks with both her hands. To her still greater amazement, the sickroom was illuminated with a light far brighter than the brighest sunshine and which was more than human eyes could bear. The invalid whispered to her hastily: "Kneel down, Veronica. Do you not see? our Blessed Lady, Mary, is here!" and then, with a trembling voice, she began repeating the *Magnificat*: "My soul doth magnify the Lord." When she came to the words, "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," there stood at the foot of her bed a Lady

dressed in white, with a bright and beautiful countenance, and a shining crown on her head, who said to her in a loving voice: "My child, from henceforth thou art healed"—*mein kind! von jetzt an heil's*—after which she disappeared. For a few moments the room remained full of bright light, which gradually faded away; and then, once more, nothing remained but the feeble glimmer of the night lamp inside the lantern.

Veronica Kindermann, though present, had neither heard nor seen anything but the bright and extraordinary light; but at the entreaty of the invalid, who was in a great state of excitement and joy, she ran downstairs to call her brother and his wife, fearing that she was taken worse and was sinking. But before they could come upstairs from the lower room, they heard Mary calling out in a loud voice, which yet was full of emotion: "My dearest brother! the Blessed Virgin has been here; I am cured!" At first, they thought she was delirious and raving with fever; but when she had told them all that had passed, and that Veronica had borne witness to the wonderful light, they began to believe in the apparition. Still more marvellous was the fact that their sister had no more pain; that when they examined the place where the fearful wound had been, all trace of it had disappeared, and only a slight scar remained, covered with a fresh skin. The flesh round was completely healed; all offensive smell had disappeared, and the spot which was so sensitive before as to cause her agony when touched, could now be pressed and squeezed without her feeling it in the least. All present, full of astonishment, thankfulness, and emotion, then repeated the *Magnificat* together to the end, Mary joining in it in a strong clear voice. She was so perfectly cured that she was able to get up alone and leave her bed, and at the request of her brother, who could hardly believe his eyes, she walked up and down the room, which she had not been able to do for months, and then got into bed again without assistance.

In that same house there were six lodgers, who worked in the factory close by, in Gersdorf, but who came back daily to dinner and to sleep at night. Four of these workmen were from Georgswalde, and all were steady, honest, well-conducted, pious men, who knew perfectly

the state of poor Mary Kade, and had often been to see her and to express their sympathy both with her and her family. When those men came downstairs that morning and saw her whom they had only known as a helpless sufferer, moaning and groaning with pain, now looking so fresh and well and walking about with the rest, they could not understand what had happened, and wonderingly exclaimed: "Can it be Mary? or is it some one else?" When they were told what had happened, they could only marvel at the wonderful miracle God had wrought and kneeling down with her and her whole family, they said a *Te Deum* together. Mary herself shed quiet tears of joy, praising our Lord for His great mercies, and in her deep humility declaring herself utterly unworthy of so marvellous a grace. When the first excitement was over, she set to work diligently to assist her sister-in-law in all household duties, choosing the hardest and most laborious employments, without being the least the worse for it. On the contrary, she felt stronger and better than she had ever been in her life. The following Sunday, which was the feast of the Holy Name (a feast kept with great solemnity throughout Austria), she was most anxious to walk to church, which was about half an hour's distance from her house, in order, publicly, to thank our Lord and His Blessed Mother; only the weather was so bitter, and so heavy a snowstorm came on, that she was persuaded to remain at home. Dr. Ulbrich came that day to see her; and could only declare that her unexpected and sudden recovery was a real miracle, for that no human skill could have saved her.

On the 20th of January, being the octave day of her miraculous recovery, she caused a High Mass of thanksgiving to be solemnly sung in the church at Georgswalde, at which she herself assisted with her whole family, and received Holy Communion. The house of God was crowded with people who had flocked together from far and near to be present at this service. Two days before she had gone with her brother to the house of the parish priest, and informed him of all the circumstances regarding her recovery. Not only he, but the whole of Philippsdorf, bore witness to her long and terrible illness, which every doctor had declared to be incurable, and which could only have been so suddenly cured by miracle.

The following year, on the anniversary of this marvellous cure and apparition of our Lady, the good folks of Philippsdorf and the surrounding villages determined to keep a solemn feast on that day, without any initiative on the part of the clergy or the officials of the place. On the evening of the 13th of January, the little home of Mary Kade, and especially the "favoured room," were illuminated by hundreds of lamps and transparencies with suitable inscriptions. On the very spot of the apparition, no less than one hundred and forty lights were burning on a stand prepared for the purpose. Inside and outside, wreaths of evergreens decorated the whole house; but every dwelling in Philippsdorf and Weisenthal was also decked with wreaths; and lamps were hung from every window, up to the town of Georgswalde, where the illuminations were carried out on a far grander scale. And what was so remarkable was, that there was no official organization, no preconceived plan, but that it all came spontaneously from both rich and poor, each one feeling moved to do his best, and to join heart and soul in the feast. The word was passed from one to another on the Sunday afternoon, and at once the whole population took it up. All the gilds, the children and confraternities of the parish, even to the members of the fire brigade at Georgswalde, determined unanimously to make this demonstration in our Lady's honour.

On the Monday morning a long procession was formed, carrying banners of saints and lighted tapers in their hands, accompanied by two bands of music to lead the hymns which were sung by all the people. They thus reached the parish church, where a High Mass was sung in thanksgiving for all the graces which they had received through the Blessed Virgin's intercession during the past year. The church was unable to contain a fifth part of the devout multitude, masses of whom were seen kneeling and singing outside the building. Notwithstanding the severe cold, upwards of ten thousand people were gathered together on this occasion. When the service was over, the procession was again formed and proceeded, singing hymns and litanies, to what they called the "favoured house." In the crowd were a very large number of working men, both young and old, devoutly joining in this act of public devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. The clergy could not

officially join in the procession that first year, lest they should appear prematurely to approve of a miracle which was still under the consideration of the Bishops and other high ecclesiastical authorities. But the Rev. Francis Storch appeared at the door of the "favoured house" and spoke to the multitude as follows:

"Beloved Brethren:—Before we begin to offer up here a short, but, I trust, a heartfelt prayer, I must say a few words to you all—words which will be no set sermon, but such as will give expression to the earnest convictions I now feel. Surely it is a wonderful thing to see you all gathered together in such numbers round this little house! a year ago this was but a humble home of a family of poor weavers, utterly unknown to the world and this room the place of suffering of a very sick and bed-ridden girl. A year ago, my beloved brethren, which of us would ever have thought of travelling a long way to visit this little house? to pray in this room? to seek here for strength and consolation, or to crave the help of Almighty God in our bodily pains and sicknesses through the intercession of His Blessed Mother?—in a word, to come here to obtain heavenly favours? But you have not done this of yourselves, nor have your clergy been the promoters of this pious pilgrimage. It is the hand of God which has led you to this place and which is here made manifest. I need not tell you of the extraordinary fact which happened here just one year ago; nor speak of the effects of it on hundreds of minds; nor of the favours which many have since received through the mercy of God: nor of the innumerable number of people who have come hither, even from far-off countries in the course of the year 1866 to recommend themselves to our Blessed Lady's protection; nor of the instantaneous cure which took place here very lately of a person who had been hopelessly ill for the last eleven years and which is a fresh proof of the favours which our dearest, sweetest, heavenly Mother has deigned to grant in this place to those who implore her aid—you all know these things as well as I do. But when I see you all around me here in such vast crowds, I ask myself: 'Wherefore are we all drawn here?' And my heart answers and the same word is doubtless in every other heart here, it is: Gratitude! Yes. Gratitude is what has brought us all here together to-day to keep the anni-

versary of a fact so extraordinary and so unheard of before in our neighbourhood and even in the whole of our fatherland. When the first anniversary of our Lady's apparition at La Salette was held, fifty thousand persons are said to have flocked together. Undoubtedly as many would have been here to-day could we have kept this celebration in summer-time: for even on this bleak and terribly cold winter's day, so many thousands have gathered together from far and near, drawn here by the same faith, the same hope, the same love, the same gratitude. Though the ecclesiastical authorities have, as yet, done nothing to enable us to keep a duly-appointed festival on this day, our courage should not fail for that reason; nor our hope be less strong that God will continue to show forth here His power and mercy, and will be magnified by the wonders He will work through the intercession of His Blessed Mother. I believe the day is not far distant when we shall be able to raise on this spot a building to His own and His Mother's glory: and that His infinite goodness will go on drawing the hearts of men to this favoured place. In this blessed hope and for this intention let us now offer up our prayers to God through the intercession of His Blessed Mother, our great advocate with her Divine Son."

Then the Litany of our Lady was said by all and the procession devoutly returned, praying and singing hymns, to the market-place in Georgswalde. It is a remarkable fact that though there had been such a multitude of people and so great a crush, exactly opposite the "favoured house," there was no accident or disorder of any kind.

One thing which had given so great an impulse to this demonstration of fervour and piety was the instantaneous cure, referred to by the parish priest, of a girl from Georgswalde, which had happened only a few days before, and of which we will give here a short account.

Magdalene Langhaus, a young woman of thirty-three, had been laid up for eleven years and three months with spine disease and cramp, which caused her such acute suffering that she could not even move in bed, nor turn to the right or left without assistance. To add to her pains she became so sensitive that she could not bear the least noise or light: she suffered continually and often had a flow of blood and matter from her left side. Every year she

grew worse in spite of all that medical skill could do; and to all who saw her she was the very picture of physical misery. Yet she was ever patient and resigned to God's will.

In November the previous year, she begged to be carried to Philippsdorf to the "favoured" house; but experienced little or no relief. Still she did not lose heart, and was full of confidence that some day she would there obtain her cure. In the midst of all her sufferings she had a marvellous light heart, so that she was often able to give to others a word of hope and encouragement in their trials. In January she intreated her relations to take her once more to Philippsdorf, telling them that three nights running she had seen in a dream that great sufferer, St. Lidwina, who told her to be brought again to that house, as our Blessed Lady had something in store for her there. To please her, therefore, on the morning of the 7th of January they took her, more dead than alive, in the covered sledge to the blessed house, where, however she remained almost the whole day without consciousness, so that it was determined she should spend the night there. After midnight she was brought into the bed-room where the miracle had before taken place; and the people about her began to say the prayers for the agonizing, as she appeared in a dying state, and even said once herself: "I feel I am going to die: will you give me a drop of water?" They then began to say the Litany of our Lady by her bedside, and as they came to the words, "Health of the sick," which they thrice repeated, to their amazement, her feet, which for years had been drawn up to her knees, were suddenly stretched out, she got up alone from bed and said to those around her, "I am quite well! Our Lady has cured me!" Then with tears of joy she went and knelt on the spot of the apparition, kissing it with the greatest devotion; and after having prayed for some little time, she rose, without the least assistance, and went down stairs, where three other people were watching. When they saw her come into the room, they could not believe their eyes and afterwards declared that it was impossible to describe what they felt at that moment which was the most joyful one in their whole lives. From that moment she was without pain of any sort, the wounds in her body were healed, she could take all kinds of food and, though

still very emaciated in appearance, she felt quite brisk and well. Her home had been in a house which stands in the market-place of Georgswalde, so that thousands had known her and had come in and out of the house and had seen and pitied her terrible state; while they admired her submission to God's holy will in the midst of such sufferings. This miracle, therefore, made even more sensation in the country than that of Mary Kade, and one of the principal inhabitants exclaimed: "He who cannot see in this woman's case the Almighty hand of God, must indeed have his eyes covered with a thick cloud or the darkest of veils!"*

There only remains to add that as, year by year, more pilgrims flocked to Philippsdorf and the same became renowned for more and more miracles wrought by our Lady, the ecclesiastical authorities instituted a thorough judicial inquiry into all the circumstances regarding the apparition and the miraculous cure of Mary Magdalene Kade: and the whole having been proved beyond all possibility of doubt, they permitted the building of a sanctuary adjoining the *Gnaden-Kapelle* or "Chapel of Graces" as the weaver's little house was henceforth called, the local authorities all volunteering to make collections for this purpose. A magnificent church was soon raised, to which even many Protestants from Saxony largely contributed. A house was built alongside for the clergy; and the Dean, assisted by a certain number of priests, was busily engaged day by day and especially in summer-time, with processions of pilgrims. The work, however, soon became overwhelming; and they found it impossible to attend, at the same time, to their parochial duties; as, of late, new factories had been erected in that neighbourhood and there was a great and rapid increase in the population. Our Lady has evidently blessed this place, even in a temporal sense, and everything that has been started here of late has succeeded. Seeing this, the saintly Bishop of the diocese of Listmeritz offered the new church to the Redemptorist Fathers, and it is they who have now the care of this new sanctuary of our Blessed Lady.

* This narrative is almost literally translated from the admirable work of the Rev. George Ott, parish priest of Abensberg, called *Marianum* (Pustet, 1868).

The 13th of January, year by year, is kept with special devotion. On the eve the whole of Philippsdorf is illuminated. At four o'clock in the morning, the hour of the apparition, every bell in the place is set ringing, whilst salvos of *pétards* (crackers) are being fired according to the custom of the place on great festivals. Then Masses and devotions succeed one another in the *Gnaden-Kapelle* and in the new church: whilst the chief service of the day is the solemn High Mass of thanksgiving, which is a foundation made by Mary Magdalene Kade herself and at which she has never failed up to this year (1887) to attend and communicate. For she still lives and is in good health. Having never married, she remains as she ever was, a pious, humble, simple, straightforward woman, earnestly religious, but also hardworking, not less admirable in her humility and simplicity now that God has made use of her to be the instrument of raising a new sanctuary to Our Lady, than she was exemplary in her patience and submission to God's will during her long and trying illness. For it is God alone who gives joy and pain: and whether we receive at His hands favours or chastisements, to Him alone be all praise and honour and glory and thanksgiving for ever and ever. Amen.

A STORY FOR OUR LADY'S MONTH.

By H. M. Lushington.

"Well, Maggie, you may say what you like, but I call it very hard that we mayn't keep our Lady's Month because we are servants;" and the speaker tossed up the feather bed she was helping her companion to shake, with such vigour that it nearly smothered her, and rendered inaudible the gentle remark:

"But, Esther, who do you think wants, or, indeed, can prevent us keeping this month in our Lady's honour?"

"Mistress. I went to her just now, and told her about the special devotions at church, and asked if we might go, and she coloured up, and hesitated, and then said she was very sorry, but master wouldn't allow young girls out so late alone, and while Miss Lucy was so ill she must have one of us at hand; as if she couldn't trust us!" and Esther tossed up her pretty little head, while indignant tears stood in her dark eyes.

"I am very sorry," said Margaret, gently, and her soft blue eyes were also wet, though there was no anger in her tone, "but I think mother would say master was quite right: the road is very lonely, the young men would just be coming out of the factory as we passed, and girls can't be too careful."

"But, Maggie, you are as steady as old time, and if I have not always been so, I regret it now, and mean to be extra good for the future, and whatever is the case, I do think, we who are Children of Mary, ought to keep the month of May."

"Certainly, but don't you remember what Father John said in his sermon just before we left home?"

"No, what?" said Esther, with an impatient jerk to the sheet.

"That the best way to honour the Saints was by trying to imitate them; so don't you think we shall keep the month in the very best way, if we try in it to be as like our Blessed Lady as such miserable creatures can be; and there is no reason why we should not say extra prayers, either, is there?"

"Of course not, but I had set my heart on going to church, and this place is dull."

An anxious look crossed her sister's face, for sisters they were, though so unlike. Esther had been dismissed from her last place for idleness and levity, nothing worse; but Margaret knew how dangerous are such faults to an unguarded soul, and she who dreaded the slightest approach to imperfection in herself, trembled at her sister's careless tone. She came to her side, and kissing her tenderly, whispered, "God knows best;" and then flew to answer Miss Lucy's bell, which rang hastily. As Margaret entered the room, her mistress, a sweet, wornlooking woman, was just laying her daughter back on her pillows, after what had evidently been a terrible fit of coughing. Margaret knew, and at once fetched the necessary remedies, and watched with Mrs. Francis until the invalid dropped asleep, then as she turned to leave the room, Mrs. Francis laid her hand on her arm, saying: "Margaret, I am vexed to have to disappoint you and your sister of going to the May devotions, but you must see that I cannot do without one of you in my poor child's present state."

"Oh yes, ma'am, I quite see that;" interrupted Margaret, with respectful eagerness.

"I think I might have been able to persuade your master to allow you to go, but after my promises to your mother, and Esther's conduct, I dare not send her out so late alone. It seems hard you should suffer for her faults, but——"

"It would hurt her dreadfully if I went, and she didn't," said Margaret, with a sweet smile; "I'm sure, ma'am, our Lady will be best pleased if I give it up," and with a respectful curtsey, off she went, and her mistress murmured as she left her: "God grant me to be as true a child of Mary as she is."

When Esther went up that night to the bedroom she

shared with her sister, she found her busily engaged in covering a little table with white muslin, and arranging upon it a lovely statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and some vases Esther had last seen in Miss Lucy's room, filled now with blue forget-me-nots and narcissus.

"Look, Esther, what missus has given us, to comfort us for our disappointment, she said, and Miss Lucy overheard her telling me, and gave us the vases; wasn't it sweet of her?" and Margaret's face was bright with pleasure.

"I dare say," said Esther carelessly, "but for my part I'd rather go to church."

Margaret sighed, but made no answer till, having finished her arrangements and lighted the two wax tapers, she invited her sister to join with her in the recitation of the Rosary and some special prayers for the month of May. Esther yawned, fidgeted, and after one decade of the Rosary, said she was too tired for more, and rising from her knees after a short prayer lay down to sleep. Margaret extinguished the candles, but knelt on for a long time, praying for her sister, and asking our Blessed Lady to accept her poor tribute of love, in union with the homage the whole Church had united in offering to her that day.

Mr. Francis, the master of the house, was a commercial traveller, and therefore often absent for weeks on business. Shortly after our story begins, he was obliged to go abroad, and departed, leaving the two girls with earnest injunctions to do all they could for his suffering child and anxious wife. Both promised, but Esther soon grew tired of the quiet house, and made every excuse to get into the village, which lay about a mile off, and Margaret, anxious to keep her in good humour, generally allowed her to fetch Miss Lucy's medicine, wondering a little why she was so long, and always complained of being kept waiting, a thing that never happened to Margaret. Grieved and surprised, indeed, would she have been, could she have seen Esther, lingering near the factory gates, now talking to one and then to another, letting idle, foolish words be addressed to her, and failing in the quiet modest manner to be expected from a Child of Mary. And yet all the time Esther was not a wicked girl, only like a foolish moth fluttering round the candle— was it perhaps her sister's prayers that kept her from being burnt?

The parish priest met her one day, and after asking for Miss Francis, inquired how it was she had been so long absent from Confession; she coloured and muttered some apology about being so busy. He shook his head, and pointing to the church door, told her to go in, and kneel before our Lady's altar, to examine how far she had been acting as one of her children during this her special month. Esther reluctantly obeyed, but as she knelt in the lovely little church, instead of doing as she had been told, she quieted her uncomfortable conscience by saying to herself (she did not quite venture to say it to our Lady), that it was all her mistress's fault, that if she had been allowed to go to the May devotions she would have been in a different frame of mind, and all would have been well; and then she got up and hurried out of the church for fear Father Stuart should come back, and urge her to go to Confession as she knew she ought, it being also the special rule of the Children of Mary that they should go frequently. Mrs. Francis met her as she went in, and inquired rather sharply where she had been.

"In the church part of the time, ma'am," she answered respectfully, and her mistress said no more. But Maggie found Esther crosser than ever that evening; and no wonder, for day by day she was putting further from her the purity of thought and word that ensures purity of deed.

A few nights later, a knock came at the girls' door, and Mrs. Francis, in agonized tones, begged them to come at once. Her daughter lay in a dead faint, from which all her mother's efforts failed to rouse her. Esther drew back in terror at the sight of the insensible form, but Margaret did all she could to aid her mistress, and suggested opening the window; but as she drew back the blind, saw that a terrible storm was raging outside; the trees bent beneath the sudden gusts of wind, and the rain poured in torrents. A sound from the bed made her drop the blind and spring back, to find Miss Lucy conscious indeed again, but coughing fearfully, and a moment later choking with blood.

"My child, oh my poor child!" moaned Mrs. Francis. "What can we do?"

Margaret hesitated. She was naturally of a timid

nature, and the idea of venturing out in the storm and the darkness was very terrible to her, but one loving look at the crucifix, one whispered prayer to Mary, 'Help of Christians' and she said calmly, "I will go and fetch the doctor, ma'am."

"At this time of night, and in such weather? No, Margaret, you cannot: but oh, my poor child, she will die without priest or doctor."

Margaret gently laid her hand on her arm. "Pray that the priest may be in time; I will do my utmost, and Esther will try to help you."

"Will you not take her with you? The common will be so lonely."

Margaret looked at her sister's white face and imploring eyes, and said, "No, I would rather feel you were not left alone;" and five minutes later the front door closed behind her.

The rain had abated, and there was a faint light from the moon. Margaret hurried on, her rosary clasped tightly in her hands, her heart beating fast. She tried to say her Rosary for the dying girl, and to quiet herself, and had almost succeeded when she heard a rough voice salute her, and by the dim light recognized Jim Salter, one of the worst characters in the village.

"Well my pretty maid, and where are you going at this time of night?"

"To fetch the priest and the doctor for Miss Francis, who is dying," said Margaret. "Oh, for the love of God and our Lady, don't hinder me," and she turned her white, imploring face to the man.

"A likely story you'd be sent on such an errand! You're just out on your own account, and are ashamed to own it." Poor Margaret shook like an aspen leaf, but answered firmly: "I would not go out at night except to help the dying for anything in the world; oh! please help me and show me the way to the priest's house, that Miss Lucy may not die without the last sacraments,"

"I help you! why, don't you know I am the worst man in the parish?"

"But our Lady loves sinners, and will reward you if you help me."

"And if I do, will you pray for me?" said the man in a

changed tone, and with a look of respect at the pure sweet face raised to his.

"I will say my Rosary for you every day for a year," she answered eagerly.

"Will you really?" and the rough voice shook. "Well, I guess its a precious long time since any one prayed for me, my old mother used, but she's dead long ago—God rest her soul."

"Perhaps she is praying for you in Heaven now," suggested Margaret.

"Pr'aps. You needn't fear, my girl; I'll take every care of you, and it shan't be my fault if priest and doctor don't get to Elmfield to-night."

And so these strange companions went on through the darkness together, and when a little later they met a group of tipsy men, he drew her as gently as her own father might have done, into a quiet lane to avoid them, and showed her a short way to the Presbytery.

"There," he said, as they reached the door, "mayhap the priest wouldn't have come for me, and I don't care to face him just yet; but the doctor will, so just you go back with the Father, and I'll bring the doctor in no time."

He did not wait to be thanked, but strode off into darkness.

The dawn was just breaking as Margaret, in the company of the priest, and of One greater and higher still, who stoops to visit our poor dwellings in our hour of utmost need, entered once more the gates of Elmfield. The doctor met them at the door, and reverently kneeling, whispered to the priest that there was no time to lose. They found Miss Francis supported in her mother's arms, the death damp on her brow, but a radiant smile came over her face as she saw the priest, and then for an instant looked gratefully at Margaret.

Margaret found Esther in the kitchen trying to prepare breakfast but still white and trembling She threw herself into her sister's arms, exclaiming: "Oh, Maggie, I am glad to see you safe; no wonder our Blessed Lady has helped you, for you deserve it, but I——" and she sobbed passionately.

"Hush, dear," said Margaret, softly. "Our dear Lord has come to give Miss Lucy strength to pass through the

valley of the shadow of death, let us praise and thank Him."

"I did not know it was such an awful thing to die, and Miss Lucy is younger than I am; as I knelt there watching, and heard her mother praying for her, I wondered what would have become of my soul if I had been in her place. You were right when you said, Maggie, that I could keep this month in our Lady's honour, and instead of that——" her tears choked her.

"But our Blessed Lady is the Refuge of Sinners," whispered Margaret, "and next month is the Month of the Sacred Heart." Esther looked up more hopefully.

"I will go to Confession to-day, if I possibly can, and try to be a true Child of Mary in the future."

When Miss Francis' anniversary occurred the following May, her poor mother, who had never recovered the shock of her death, was confined to her bed, needing constant attendance, and receiving it not only from Margaret, but from Esther, now a modest, quiet maiden: "her dear Children of Mary," as Mrs. Francis called them, striving to imitate their Holy Mother in consoling the afflicted, and their devotion and purity in thought, word, and deed, winning souls to the love of Jesus and of His Blessed Mother.

Jim Salter could not forget his talk with Margaret, and stopped her one day to ask if she thought she could take him to the priest. We need not say how gladly she consented; and as long as he lives he will thank God for his meeting with a brave, pure-hearted Child of Mary.

GEORGE'S GENTLEMAN.

By Stella Austin.

The time was the beginning of the seventeenth century, when persecutions were desecrating the fair "Emerald Isle," and when the sword, which our Lord foretold that His coming would bring, lay unsheathed in the midst of many a household.

It is often a matter of astonishment to us that Nature sympathizes so little with our moods, that she smiles so sweetly and pours out her sunshine so lavishly when our hearts are breaking. There are days when we wake full of care and sadness and we would fain look out upon mist or falling rain as being akin to our feelings; when lo! we are met by a world of rejoicing—the sun shining, the birds singing, trees bursting into leaf, flowers filling the air with sweet scent, the sea sparking with gladness,—and we turn away disappointed, fretful; our troubles weighing upon us more heavily for the contrast.

Therefore though sorrow and persecution—the latter carried so far as death—were active throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, yet the June day of which I write was drawing to a close as calmly, sweetly, peacefully as the death-bed of a saint. In distant fields the cattle grazed, in others the uncut grass swayed gently to the whisperings of a soft west wind, not strong enough to bend the tall flags in the pond or ruffle the surface of the water, or stir the lilies lying so white and cool upon it; but sufficient to sweep over the traveller's heated cheek refreshingly, to lave the broad backs of the cattle as they stood ankle-deep in the green pastures, to revive the drooping flowers, to rouse the tired birds to one universal song of thanksgiving ere they sought out their favourite branches and tucked their heads beneath their wings to go to sleep with the sun and to rise with him again.

In the valley, at the bottom of a hill, lay a long white irregularly built house, towards which a little boy upon a

pony, whose bridle was led by an old man-servant, were slowly making their way. They were upon the brow of the hill, and as they descended they had to pass through a small wood or plantation, where were the remains of a little chapel. Only part of the walls were left standing. They were covered with ivy, but in one of the niches there remained, perfect and untouched, a statue of our Lady, holding our Lord in her arms. The Madonna was crowned, and the hands of the Holy Child were outstretched, as if inviting all to come to Him and to receive His blessing.

In the wood the shadows were darker, and already a white owl in the ivy which clustered over the grey stone wall was waking up, and, feeling hungry, was peeping out to see if it was dark enough for him to take his flight in search of a few poor field mice for his supper; and the old man—Patrick O'Connor by name, a tried, faithful, and privileged servant—quickened the pony's footsteps.

"Sure and it's later than I mint it to be, Master George, and the misthress will be wearin' her heart out thinking some ill has happened to you."

"Mother said I might stop out late," said Master George with great decision," later than any time I had ever stayed out in my life before."

It had not been a very long life, for Master George scarcely numbered five years.

O'Connor shook his head gloomily and disapprovingly.

"Cousin Anne's birthday only comes once a year," continued George.

"And a very good thing too, Master George."

"I wish it came every day," said George, with a satisfied sigh. "I have enjoyed myself derry much."

They were passing the statue in the niche, and O'Connor was going on more rapidly, for his quick ears caught the unusual sound of horse's steps in the distance—unusual, for the road was a private one—when George called out suddenly, "Stop, Patrick, stop."

"What is the matter, Master George? A terrifyin' a body out of his sivin sinses in this fashion."

"You've furgotten," said George, serenely, preparing to dismount. "You've got a d'eadful memory, Patrick."

"I've forgotten nothin', Master George, though there

are things I'd be glad enough to forgit if I could." And O'Connor took out a pocket-handkerchief in colour, quality and size resembling a duster, and wiped his hot face.

"Lift me down!"

"Now what on airth do you want, a gittin' down at this hour o' night."

"I told you you had furgotten," said George in triumph. "I want to say good night to God and His Mother. I never go past without saying something to them. You know that quite well."

"Master George, we must hurry on. It's no time to be thinkin' of that now."

"Then I must get down myself," said George with decision, and, before O'Connor could urge on the pony, he had slipped down and was standing upon the ground, his hat knocked off by the sudden bump, and his golden curls uncovered. Then stretching out his arms, he said, "Lift me up, Patrick."

"Now may the Saints preserve us," said O'Connor, "for my old ears are not mistaken. Sure there's a rider on horseback comin' this way. Master George, me darlint, hurry on at once, for the love of Heaven."

"Lift me up," said George sturdily, but O'Connor did not hear; his eyes were strained to see the rider who was entering the wood.

He had dismounted, for the path was steep and slippery, and he was walking and leading his horse by the reins.

"Lift me up," repeated George for the third time.

"No, no," said O'Connor beseechingly, "Come on at once, me darlint, and I'll bless you every day of my life. It's not for myself I fear, Master George, but for you. There are dreadful things happening, and who knows? The Saints preserve us, Master George, here he is, close to us!"

The "he" proved to be the rider, who had come up with them, and George, who had his own way in the end, turned and saw him.

"If you won't lift me up, Patrick, I'll ask this gemman. Gemman, will you lift me up, if you please."

Every minute now made a difference in the light in the wood, and the shadows were closing in fast. The gentleman, looking round, was conscious of a statue that gleamed

out whitely from the blackness of the ivy which surrounded it; of a sturdy figure standing beneath it with an uncovered head of golden hair, a rosy face lifted upwards, and two hands put together as if in prayer.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"To lift me up."

"Why?"

"To say good night,"

"To whom? There is nobody here?"

"You is derry stupid," said George, impatiently. "Why, to Jesus and His Mother, of course. Don't you always say good night to your mother? You are derry stupid. Or p'r'aps you have been out spending a birthday with your cousin, and you are sleepy and have furgot. But you ought not to furget."

The gentleman started, hesitated—muttered something about "not being right," and "encouraging superstition," which luckily George did not hear—then, because he loved little children, he lifted Master George in his strong arms and held him where he could reach the statue.

"Good night, my Jesus; good night, my Lady;" said George, quaintly kissing first a hand of one and then of the other; "and thank you derry much for giving me such a nice day. I have had a beautiful day, and enjoyed myself derry much. And Cousin Anne has enjoyed herself derry much too."

"Now I hope you're ready, Master George," said O'Connor, who had been eyeing the stranger suspiciously.

"I hastened to overtake you," said the gentleman, "for I turned out of the highway into this by-path in the fields in order to escape from the dust, and it did not occur to me until just a few minutes ago that I may be trespassing."

"O, it is quite right," said George, who was scrambling on to his pony again. "If you come along with us, we will take care of you and show you the way." While O'Connor answered stiffly, yet politely:

"It is a private path, yer honour; but we can soon put you in the way of getting into the high road again;" muttering to himself. "It's best to be civil and conciliatin' to a body."

"Thank you," replied the gentleman, and he and George rode on side by side.

Just then there was a sudden scream, and a white figure with ruffled head and gleaming eyes flung itself across their path, through the trees and into the fields.

"Don't be afraid," said George, protectingly; "its only the little white owl going to get his supper. We know him quite well. He lives there in the ivy," and George waved his hand in the direction of the ruined chapel.

When they were out of the wood, O'Connor, with an air of intense relief, pointed to the stranger the path he should take to get into the high road once more. But O'Connor's troubles were not yet over. There is a great deal of the instinct of the animals, inherent in the nature of children and women. With boys it remains until reason has obtained complete power and mastery, and then its work being ended, it vanishes. Master George was sharp: he was already beginning to reason—to put two and two together. For the last few minutes he had been silent—a very ominous sign—and he had had a short time for reflection, which was very dangerous. The result of these reflections was soon made known.

"You did not say good night to Jesus and our Lady," he said to the gentleman. "Are you a Protestant?"

"Yes," replied the stranger quietly.

"Mother says that Protestants do not love Jesus and our Lady," replied George, "and I do not like Protestants. I am a Catholic, and I mean to be a Catholic always, even though bad people cut me into little pieces," and Master George hugged himself delightfully, as though this prospect were pleasing rather than otherwise.

O'Connor's red face grew white to the very lips, and he flung his hands upwards with a gesture of despair.

"But," continued George, "though you are a Protestant, I like you, and I am going"—with the air of one conferring a royal favour—"to give you a kiss," and George raised a pair of rosy lips, which the stranger stooped to kiss. Then George held him round the neck for a moment, and opened his mouth as if he were going to speak.

But here instinct again re-asserted itself, and just as a dog understands his master's mood, without a word of outward sign, so the expression of the gentleman's face caused George to leave his sentence unspoken—he did not know why—and with another kiss, the little tired arms

unloosed themselves, and the two wished good night and parted.

A full account of the day to his mother, brought Master George's powers to an end. He said his short prayers with eyes only half open, and then sighed deeply at his inability to keep awake.

"Want to be wide awake. Want to say one more prayer," he said, rubbing his eyes vigorously with a pair of sturdy fists.

"The other prayer will keep until to-morrow," said his mother.

"No, no, must say it. It's about George's gemman," and George put his two hands together, and by a mighty effort sat upright and collected his thoughts. "I am so sorry he was naughty, and would not say good night, and please Mother Mary make him to be good and to say good night to you;" but here nature's power failed, the blue eyes shut themselves closely, the hands fell at his side, and George tumbled in a heap at his mother's feet, so soundly asleep, that they undressed him and put him to bed without waking him.

. . . . . .

George's gentleman, Edmund O'Meara by name, watched the boy upon his pony until they were out of sight, behind some trees; then acting upon a sudden impulse, he rode back into the wood, drew up, and dismounted underneath the statue of the Madonna and Child.

His family had apostatized from the faith some fifty years before, and he had followed in their footsteps, not passively, but aggressively; for it was his nature to be entire, and not to drift with the current; and that very evening he had been on his way to take part in the persecution of the Catholics. To him their religion had always been "gross superstition and vain idolatry."

The child-like words of a little child had set the ball of doubt a-rolling.

He was cast in too earnest a mould to set the doubts aside: on the contrary, as he stood in puzzled thought underneath the shadow of the grey stone wall, his patient horse grazing quietly at a distance, there came back to him words he had once read, but had dimly understood,

and they acquired at that moment a new and most terrible meaning:—

"That possibly all opinions of men concerning religion may be false, that more than one of them could be true would be impossible."

The hours wore on, the moon rose high in the heavens, and, through an opening in the trees of the wood, shone upon the ivy that clustered over the grey stone wall, and turned its dark leaves to burnished silver; fell with soft and tender radiance upon the quiet figures in the niche, then glanced aside upon one who stood beneath it, as still and immovable as if he was a statue also. The little white owl came with a scream and a flutter, and arranged his feathers with a satisfied beak, and George's gentleman did not stir hand or foot.

Not until the crowing of the cocks heralded the approach of dawn. Then he roused himself, shook himself and awoke as from a strange, sad dream. He turned to go; glancing upwards at the statue, George's words came back to him with startling distinctness:

"*Did you never kiss your mother, and say good night to her?*"

His mother, to whom he was devoted, had died a year before. He always carried about with him a small painting of her upon ivory, and never returned it to his pocket without pressing his lips upon it. Yet if he deemed the child's caress to the Madonna and Child to be gross superstition, wherein lay the difference?

He paused, hesitated; then lifting his fair head and drawing himself to his full height, he pressed his sin-stained lips where the pure fresh lips of George had rested the night before, upon first one hand and then the other. But the caress of the man was no whit less reverent than that of the child had been.

And a fleeting smile crossed his face as he realized from the rosy flushing of the sky in the east, that it had been "good morning," instead of "good night."

In three months from that day, a battle had been fought, a victory won. Edmund O'Meara had left the persecutors to throw in his lot with the persecuted; and "George's Gentleman" stood before him as staunch a Catholic as George himself.

A TALE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

By Lady Herbert.

I do not know if any of my readers have ever stayed in Austria and especially in the Austrian Tyrol; but if they have, they will have been as edified and touched as I have been at the extraordinary faith and piety of the people. Religion with them is no Sunday dress, but the main feature of their daily life. Every house, every field is put under holy protection. No peasant, man or woman, passes by a wayside shrine without kneeling for a moment in prayer. Each morning sees them at Mass before their work begins, and each evening you hear the sound of the Rosary in the cottages, led by the father or mother of the family, and joined in by all the children. It is, in truth, a blessed land; and God sends earthly prosperity too to a people who thus always put His service first. There is literally no poverty and no crime in these villages, while the high standard of morality among their women would put to shame the inhabitants of our own country districts.

Having to linger, owing to the bad health of one of my children, in a small village of Lower Austria, there was plenty of time to study the people and their ways. The climate was indeed severe during the winter season, yet this village seemed a favoured spot, situated on the slope of a hill looking to the south, which hill was covered with rich vineyards, testifying to the heat of the summer sun. The scenery all around was beautiful, being close to the Styrian Alps and the far-famed Zemering pass. The air, too, was singularly pure and healthy, and disease is scarcely known among the peasantry. At last the winter came to an end, and May arrived; a month which fills the heart of every Catholic invalid with a double hope that the fair month will bring with it a return of health, and that the Queen of May whom we love to invoke as the "Health of the Sick," will, during her month, restore strength both to body and soul.

At once the "Month of May" devotions in the little

church began. From all the mountains round the poor people flocked to attend the services. The altar of our Lady was lovely, decked with masses of azaleas and hot-house plants. Each evening the good parish priest preached a sermon, rich in thought, and yet most practical; telling us day by day of some saint, who because he loved our Lord so well, was remarkable for his love to His Blessed Mother; and how it was through devotions practised in her honour, that they obtained grace and help from God to love Him, better, and to do great things for Him.

But I must tell my readers the history of this good priest, who was a small, thin man, in delicate health and yet full of zeal and courage.

There is hardly a history of a vocation to the priesthood or to the religious life, which is not rich in marvels of the ways of God's Providence. But there is also hardly one of those stories which has not in it, as a golden thread running through it, or as the light of a bright star guiding one in life through weal and woe, one special thing, and that is *the love of a mother.* In one case, it may be the love of an earthly mother, who gives the first training to the future priest; in another, it is the love of that Heavenly Mother, who watches over with special care those whom she knows are destined to be priests of her Divine Son. And not unfrequently it is the love of both these mothers combined; our Blessed Lady making use of the mother who gave him birth to draw that child to the altar. And this was the origin of the vocation of this good priest.

His mother came from a poor but most pious family in Upper Austria. Early in life she went to service, and was for years merely known as a steady, good, hard-working girl, in the cathedral town of Linz. Truthful to her employers, she was still more faithful to her God and to her religious duties. Imbued from her childhood with the tenderest devotion to our Blessed Lady, she made every year a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Poestlingberg, on a mountain, a few miles out of the town of Linz, where people flocked to venerate a famous image of our Sorrowful Mother, and our Lady richly repaid her love, and watched over her both spiritually and temporally.

In course of time, what appeared to be an excellent mar-

riage was proposed to her. The man was no longer very young, but bore a good character for steadiness and sobriety. By the advice of her friends she married him, and at first all went on smoothly, and her happiness seemed complete. But alas! like so many others, she found out after a time that her life would be one of continual trial. Her husband was a man of a furiously jealous disposition, and developed also a most trying and violent temper. Poor Mary met his suspicions and ill-humour with never-failing patience, sweetness and forbearance; but even that failed to soften him, and she had many a sad and bitter hour of pain and suffering in her once happy home. Two things kept up her courage: first being able to pour out her soul's anguish in prayer at the feet of the Mother of Sorrows, and next in devoting herself to the care of her little boy, who was born the year after their marriage. The baby was weak and ailing, and caused her much anxiety for the first few months. But with incessant care and devotion she managed to rear him, and he became the one earthly joy and consolation of her life. The child repaid her love with his whole heart, so that amidst all the abuse and ill-treatment of her husband, she found relief in her boy, whose character was fortunately like her own, and whom she early trained in habits of obedience and self-denial. For she was not one of those foolish mothers who make idols of their children, and ruin them by over-indulgence in every whim. She had herself been brought up simply and hardly, and she accustomed her boy to the same loving discipline.

Several years passed in this way, and then her husband fell ill and died. Mary nursed him with the greatest care and tenderness, and had the consolation of seeing him thoroughly penitent before the end came. People now said and thought what a relief it would be to her to be freed from such a cross. But a far heavier sacrifice was now required of her faithful, loving heart. On looking into her affairs, she found that in some way or other, her husband had contrived to make away with the greater part of his money; and that only a small holding remained, with the house in which they lived, which was utterly inadequate to their support. There was nothing for her, in fact, but to break up her home and once more go into service, so as

to be able to support her boy and pay for his schooling. But this entailed her parting from him, who was her only joy on earth, and whom she had never left for a single day since he was born. She felt that the sacrifice was almost an impossible one to her without some special grace; so off she went with her boy to Our Lady of Poestlingberg, and there, weeping and kneeling at the foot of the altar, she offered him to that Blessed Mother, the helper of the widow and the orphan, and implored her not only to keep him good and pure, but also to grant her the one desire of heart—that her son should one day be a priest.

The sacrifice was made; leaving him in the hands of some thoroughly good and pious friends, she found an excellent and lucrative situation in the house of a nobleman, with a salary sufficient to pay for his schooling and higher studies. But this good place entailed another sacrifice, her master being soon after appointed to an important position in the Court of the Emperor, so that she had to leave Linz, and reside in Vienna.

Again and again she hurried back from Vienna to Linz, whenever she could get twenty-four hours leave, to see that all was well with her boy; and it was in one of these hurried journeys that she nearly lost her life and was saved, as she always said and felt, by our Lady's intercession. In those days the steamboat communication up and down the river Danube was very primitive and very badly managed. She had started as usual one day, hoping to arrive at night at Stein, a small place where she was to land. No pier had been built at this port, and the passengers had to go across a simple plank from the boat to the shore, which was very insecurely fixed. It was pitch dark, and in trying to go across the plank, she missed her footing, and in a moment was engulfed in the water below and borne off by the rapid stream of the Danube. When she felt herself falling, she had cried out: "O Mother of Poestlingberg! help me!" And in an unaccountable manner she found herself raised out of the stream and managed to cling to the paddle of the steamboat, which fortunately, at that moment, was not in motion. Her fall had been seen, and there she was rescued by a boat, escaping all save a wetting—a mercy which she ever after attributed to Our Lady of Poestlingberg.

But that Heavenly Virgin had also proved a faithful guardian to the son to whom his mother had so earnestly committed him. The boy advanced daily in age and strength, and also in grace and wisdom. None but good reports of his conduct reached his mother, as well as praises of his progress in his studies; but what above all delighted her heart was that his one thought and prayer was to be worthy some day to become a priest of God.

At last he began his theological studies, and then, of course, his mother saw little or nothing of him; but she redoubled her prayers and devotions to our Lady on his behalf. But God reserved for her one supreme consolation. It was on the feast of the holy Name of Mary that her son, having been ordained priest on the 8th of September (the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin), was to sing his first Mass in a church in Styria. So that she hurried across the Styrian Alps and arrived in time to be present on that joyful and blessed occasion. Fully was she then repaid for all her toil and sacrifices; for the long years of separation, and her generous offering of her only child to God's service and our Lady's.

Her joy may be imagined when she saw her darling son come out of the vestry clad in the sacred vestments, and ascending the holy altar, to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Who can describe what passed in the hearts of both mother and son as she approached the altar-rails to receive the Bread of Life Eternal at the hands of one who owed to her his earthly life and supernatural vocation! It is only at such a moment that a child can repay all that he owes to his earthly parent.

The happy day passed in mutual joy and spiritual intercourse, and then there was a fresh parting. Hardly second to a death-bed separation is that between a mother and her son, a priest; when they love each other tenderly and yet sacrifice that almost heavenly bliss of living and being together for the sake of God, that is to say, for a priest's first duty—his duty to souls redeemed by the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. Circumstances arose which made their living together difficult, if not impossible; and so a day or two after this intensely happy meeting, they separated, hoping for future reunions. But it was not to be—the son never again saw that loving mother, nor even at her

death, which occurred very soon after, and too quickly to summon him to her bedside. A strange priest attended her, and after she had received the last rites of the Church, God manifested how acceptable to Him was her sacrifice of their apparent separation here on earth. For though so far from her son, all along she had kept herself united to him in thought and deed: and had had a share in his priestly labours and toils. When she felt her last hour was at hand, she asked what o'clock it was? and on being told it was six o'clock, she joyfully exclaimed: "This is just the hour when my Mathias says his Mass!" upon which she remained perfectly silent for nearly half an hour, absorbed in prayer and in union with him in the Holy Sacrifice. Suddenly she looked up, her face all aglow with joy: "My Mother, Mary!" she cried, and so lifting up her eyes with an expression of intense joy at something she saw—she expired, on the 15th day of the month of May. At the same moment an ineffable feeling of joy and sweetness filled the heart of her son. Truly her sacrifice was consummated, and her eternal bliss begun.

A LEGEND OF THE "MAGNIFICAT."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

IN days long ago, in the "ages of faith," there stood in a wooded valley an old gray monastery. Here for many long years had the brethren dwelt, praying much and labouring hard. Most of them were old, and at last it came about that not one of them could sing. So the Father Abbot decreed that many parts of the Office that were generally sung should henceforth be recited only. One exception, however, he made.

"We must, my brethren," he said, "always sing the *Magnificat*. We must do our best; for we cannot content ourselves with only saying our Lady's song."

So every day at Vespers the *Magnificat* was sung,—if such a word could rightly be applied to the discordant sounds that arose from the voices—some cracked, some tuneless, and all feeble—of the brethren. The birds out-

side were frightened, and fled away. The brethren knew this, but in all humility of heart sang on. It was Father Abbot's decree: they had only to obey.

And this lasted for years. But one Christmas Eve a young man came to the monastery door and offered himself as a postulant. It turned out that among his qualifications was that of a good voice. The monks bade him sing, and loud and clear there rose up the sound of a magnificent tenor.

The monks were enraptured. "Now" they said, joyfully, "the *Magnificat* will be beautifully sung." So they admitted the candidate, and at Vespers that very evening there rose up a *Magnificat* from the monastery choir such as the monks thought must have been sung by a seraph.

The birds came flying back to listen, The monks were too much absorbed in prayer and praise to see the look of self-complacency on the young man's face; and they could not, of course, read his thoughts, which ran: "What a gain I shall be to this community—the only one who can sing! I shall get on well! How lovely is my voice! How they are all admiring it!"

The night drew on, and the monks were wrapt in prayer, when suddenly amongst them stood an angel form. Very beautiful and glorious was that celestial visitant; but yet his face was sad, almost stern. He spoke and the monks listened in awestricken silence.

"I am sent hither," he said, "by my Lord and my King to know why no *Magnificat* has been sung to-night. For many a long year a sweet melody hath floated up to Heaven from this choir, when with fervent, grateful hearts you sang His Mother's song and His own. Why, then, in the first blessed Vespers of the Nativity are ye silent? Not a sound has reached the ear of God."

He did not wait for a reply. How could poor mortals answer him? They fell prostrate on the ground, and the angel passed away. The postulant departed, and went to ponder over in another monastery the great lesson of humility he had been taught. And henceforth the monks, with hearts swelling with hope and gratitude, sang as loudly as they could the *Magnificat*. The birds fled away again, but Jesus heard in Heaven His Mother's song.

From the "Ave Maria."

THE
OLD RELIGION

BY
THE REV. VINCENT HORNYOLD, S.J.

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I

Prejudice and Desire of Truth

MANY Protestants from their childhood have been brought up as members of the Church of England, others as Wesleyans, others as Presbyterians or Baptists. As children in their churches and in their Sunday schools, they have heard all sorts of strange things about Catholics. They assure us that their clergymen or Sunday-school teachers had taught them to believe that Catholics adore the Virgin Mary, worship statues and pictures as so many idols, and discourage people from reading the Bible, &c., &c.

Now, the natural result of hearing all this abuse of the Catholic religion has been to produce in the mind a strong dislike for everything Catholic, and it is no rare thing to come across Protestants who do not care to what religion a man belongs, provided he be not a Catholic. People of this class will often, to the end of their lives, retain a deep-rooted aversion for the Catholic religion, though they have never so much as taken the trouble to read a Catholic book to try and find out what Catholics really do believe.

On the other hand there are Protestants—and their number is each year increasing—who, when

their school days are over, begin to think for themselves about questions concerning religion. Some have been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Catholics who have explained to them what are the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Others have assisted at some service or other in a Catholic Church, and have been favourably impressed by what they have seen or heard; with the result that they have carried away the conviction that there must be something in the Catholic religion very different from what they had, as children, been taught to believe. Finally, not infrequently, we meet with those who assure us that from their childhood they have felt reverence and love for the Catholic Church. In the place where they had lived as children they had so often gazed with feelings of wonder and respect on the ivy-covered ruins of some old abbey-church or monastery. Or in their parish church—which dates back many a long century—there is still to be seen the chapel known as the "Lady Chapel," or there are the remains of a figure of Christ on the Cross, or of His blessed Mother. Hence the doubts that have arisen in their minds as to whether England in olden times held as a nation the same religion as she does at the present day. Hence also that keen longing to know something more about the religious belief of their forefathers.

My hope, then, is that the following pages may lead minds seeking for truth to see that the religion of the people of England from the first introduction of Christianity into their country was Roman Catholic; that is to say, they held the same faith as is held by the Church of Rome, and acknowledged—as did all other Christian nations in those days—the Bishop of Rome

as their divinely appointed head and teacher. This faith continued to be the faith of England till the year 1534. It was only in that year that Henry VIII., by Act of Parliament, had himself declared head of the Church in England in place of the Pope. Thus since the sixteenth century England has been cut off from the old Church, as we shall presently relate, and consequently in the eyes of the Catholic Church Englishmen have but the position of a schismatical people, divided into numberless religious sects or Churches.

II

Catholic or Protestant?

To hear them speak of their respective Churches, many Protestants seem to think that they hold the same faith as that which was held by the early Christian Church. Yet how can this be true? Is it not said in the Apostles' Creed: "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church"? We do not say, "I believe in the Holy Anglican Church," or in the Wesleyan Church, or in the Presbyterian Church—or in any other of the many Protestant Churches we find in English-speaking countries. The Apostles' Creed speaks of the *Catholic* Church, and the word catholic means *universal.*

The Church founded by Christ on St. Peter, is said to be universal because she was to be made up of people of every nation, yet all holding the same faith. Now consider the condition of the many Churches in English-speaking countries—England, America, and Australia. You will not find Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Austrians, &c., &c., in communion

with any single one of these English-speaking Churches. It therefore follows that the different Churches we meet with in English-speaking countries are not Catholic, that is to say, are not composed of people of every nation. They are simply national Churches, started by English-speaking people, worked by English-speaking people, and their members are English-speaking people.

Protestantism is merely a name to embrace all Christian religions opposed to Catholicism. Protestants do not form one body of men holding the same faith and under the same head, as is the case with Catholics. The Protestant Church, if taken as including all the different religions of Protestantism, is one only as regards its opposition to the Catholic Church. Indeed, fair-minded Protestants admit that there is no unity of belief among the members of any single one of their religions—call them Churches if you will—the Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Wesleyan, &c., &c.

There is no such thing as being half a Catholic and half a Protesant. When we say of people that they are Protestants, we mean that they do not accept *all* the teaching of the Catholic Church, for some—as Anglicans of the High Church party—hold many Catholic doctrines but not all. Others—as Anglicans of the Low Church party, Wesleyans, Presbyterians, and Baptists—hold but very few. To disbelieve in any single doctrine of the Old Church is to be a Protestant. Of course it must not be supposed that Protestants necessarily know that they are Protestants—indeed many of the High Church party, and others too, would wish to be called Catholics or *English* Catholics. But the country in

which we are born has nothing to do with our being a Catholic. Though we are Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, or Italians, according as we happen to be born in a particular country, our nationality does not affect the question of our being or not being members of the true Church. We are Catholics in the only true sense of the word if we hold the same faith as is held by Catholics all over the world, and if we are united under the same head, the Pope.

Nowadays it has come to this, that nearly every Protestant, however much he may disagree with those around him in his religious belief, considers that the doctrines he holds are those that entitle him to be a member of the Catholic Church. But how can we be expected to admit such claims as these? Truth is one. If two Churches disagree in their religious belief they cannot both be right, and cannot therefore both be Catholic, which means to hold *all* the faith of the Old Church. What, then, are we to think of the members of the numberless English-speaking Churches or religious bodies, who disagree among themselves as to what is to be believed as truth, and what is to be rejected as error? Are all these religious bodies to be considered to be Catholic, though they cannot even agree as to what are the doctrines to be held by a Catholic? Alas! how many, when reciting the Apostles' Creed, protest before God that they "believe in the Holy Catholic Church," when in reality they do not believe in the teaching of the Catholic Church, but hold the faith of one or other of the religious bodies that in such numbers are to be found in English-speaking countries. To be a soldier it is not sufficient to call oneself a soldier; so to be a Catholic it is not enough to call oneself a Catholic.

III

One Faith

All Catholics hold the same faith. All acknowledge the same head, the Bishop of Rome; and wherever they go, they find themselves in sympathy with the teaching of their priests. This is not so with Protestants. Before they attend service in their churches they have to ascertain what sort of Protestantism is followed in the church in question. Care has to be taken to find out whether the clergyman who has charge of a church is a member of the Church of England—of the High Church or of the Low Church section—or a Presbyterian, or a Wesleyan, or a Baptist, or to which other of the different religions of Protestantism he happens to belong.

The Catholic Church, presided over by the Pope, alone is one in faith and therefore answers to the description of the early Church, as it is given to us by the Apostle St. Paul. Speaking of the Christian Church of his day, he tells us that she had "one faith" (Ephes. iv. 5). Now there is no Church except the Catholic Church that has her members all united in one faith, that is to say, believing the same doctrines in matters of religion—no matter of what nationality they may be.

Every Protestant reads his Bible and, as best he can, has to make up his religion for himself. Some Protestants understand the words of Scripture in one sense and others in another. What is considered to be truth to-day may to-morrow very possibly be condemned as error, when the passage of Scripture has been read over a second time. No wonder then, that

outside the Catholic Church it is so difficult to find any two people who can agree as to what should be believed as truth, and what condemned as error. There are, however, Protestants who do realise that to read the Bible without a guide to point out the correct meaning of the words of Scripture, is not the way to provide oneself with a fixed creed. Hence they maintain that all should look to the teaching of the early ages of Christianity and believe what the Christians believed in those days. But here again there is nothing but confusion and doubt, for the simple reason that Protestants cannot agree as to what doctrines were or were not held by the early Christians.

No, we cannot do without a head in Christ's Church, some one to rule us and to teach us what is right and what is wrong. And pray tell me where we are to find this ruler and guide if not in the person of the Popes, the successors of St. Peter, on whom Our Blessed Lord built His Church? (Matt. xvi. 18). It is precisely the absence of an authority divinely preserved from teaching error that occasions such hopeless confusion and dissension among the members of the different religions of Protestantism. What Our Blessed Lord said of the Jews of His day we may with truth apply to our fellow-countrymen since the days that they rejected the headship of the Pope in the sixteenth century: "They are like sheep that have no Shepherd" (Matt. ix. 36).

IV

Who is the Pope?

The Catholic Church holds that Christ did not abandon His Church when He ascended into heaven but appointed St. Peter to rule her and to teach her truth. St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome. The Bishop of Rome has always been called Pope—which word means papa or father—because from the earliest times he was obeyed by all Christians in matters concerning religion, as dutiful children obey their father. Catholics are sometimes called Roman Catholics, because the head of their Church is always Bishop of Rome.

The words used by Our Blessed Lord, when speaking to St. Peter, make it evident that He meant to give to him the headship of His Church. "To *thee* will I give the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven" are Christ's exact words (Matt. xvi. 19). Now we know that even at the present day to present to any one the keys of a city, is to acknowledge him as the lord and master of the city and its inhabitants.

Again, precisely when the Apostles were disputing among themselves as to which of them should be the *greater*, Our Blessed Lord addressed St. Peter as follows—

"Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you" [the whole body of the Apostles], "that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for *thee* that *thy* faith fail not, and *thou* being once converted confirm thy brethren" (Luke xxii. 31, 32). It is Peter's faith the Apostles are to look to. Peter is to be their guide and head.

In still clearer words did Christ express His intention of making St. Peter the head of His Church where He speaks of founding her. They immediately precede those which contain His promise to give St. Peter the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. "Thou art Peter" [the word Peter means rock in the language Christ spoke], "and upon this rock" [thee, Peter] "I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell" [error, and the powers of Hell] "shall not prevail against it" (Matt. xvi. 18).

Now, a building must necessarily rest for support on its foundations, and to take away its foundations is to destroy the building. If, then, Christ built His Church upon St. Peter, as on her foundations, and meant her to continue to exist to the end of the world, He must likewise have meant St. Peter to sustain His Church to the end of time. A moment's reflection will tell us that as St. Peter in the course of time would have to die, he would cease in person to teach and rule the Christian Church. Therefore this important work could only be carried on by those who at his death were to succeed him in his office of head of Christ's Church. Thus it is that through two thousand years the Old Church has been presided over by the Bishops of Rome, the successors of St. Peter, and to the end of time they will continue to do so.

V

Was England ever Roman Catholic?

This is a question which concerns not only Englishmen but all English-speaking people; for we know

that America, Australia, and nearly every one of England's colonies must look to her as the home of their forefathers. On approaching this subject we may begin by expressing our regret that so many writings were destroyed in the wars that were almost always being carried on in the ages that followed on the introduction of Christianity into England. They could have told us a great deal about the religion of our English forefathers. Fortunately, however, some of these writings were preserved from destruction. Thus we have those of the British writer Gildas, who lived in the sixth century. We have also the ancient Book of Llandaff and the invaluable history of the Church in Britain by Bede, who lived in the eighth century. These and other works more than suffice to prove to us that, with the rest of the Christian world, England was one with the Church of Rome; for she held the same doctrines and was ruled by the same head, namely, the Pope.

It was probably towards the latter end of the second century that Christianity was introduced into England, and it may be safely conjectured that among the soldiers of the Roman Emperors who then ruled our country, there were some who had brought with them their Christian faith. Certain it is that Tertullian, a writer of the second century, tells us that "the homes of the Britons, though they could not be captured by the Roman soldiers, were subject to Christ" (*Adv. Jud.* viii., Migne P. L. 2, 610).

There are no grounds for thinking that the Christian faith of the Britons was in any way different from that of the rest of Christians of those days. They held the same doctrines and obeyed in spiritual matters the Bishops of Rome as the successors of

St. Peter. This we know from the very fact that our British bishops took part in the general meetings, or Councils, as they are called, of Catholic bishops who were in communion with the Church of Rome. Thus the names of British bishops are to be found on the list of bishops who were present at the Council of Arles in France in the year 314, at which Council the Legates of Pope Silvester presided (Labbe, *Conc.*, and Haddon and Stubbs, vol. i. p. 7). British bishops were also present at the first General Council of the Catholic Church, which was held at Nicæa in Asia Minor in the year 325. The assembled bishops in their letter to the Pope asked him to confirm by his authority the decrees they had drawn up at this Council (Labbe, *Conc. Nic.*, vol. ii.). It must be evident that if our British bishops had not been Roman Catholics they would not have joined the rest of the assembled bishops in signing a letter which contained such a request as that to which we have just referred. Bishops from Britain were likewise present at the Council of Sardica, in Bulgaria, in the year 347. The bishops at this Council decreed that no bishop who had appealed to the Pope should be deposed till the Pope had given judgment in his case (Labbe, vol. ii. col. 652). Here again we may argue that if the bishops of Britain had not been Roman Catholics they would not have acknowledged the authority of the Pope to act as supreme judge in cases that concerned bishops from every part of the Christian world.

Britain was in communion with the Bishop of Rome at the date of St. Augustine's landing in England in the year 596. This holy man was an Italian monk, who, with some forty of his fellow-monks, was sent to

England by Pope Gregory the Great to help to spread the Catholic faith, which at that time was mainly confined to Wales. St. Augustine is rightly considered as the Apostle of England, as it was only from the date of his arrival that the Catholic religion began to spread itself over the length and breadth of England. Many Anglicans do not like to have to admit that the Apostle of England was an Italian Archbishop sent to us from Rome, yet as the Anglican historian Canon Bright puts it, "If the title [of Apostle] belongs to the man who first brings home to any part of a given people the knowledge of Christ and the ordinances of His religion, then it is enough to remark that Augustine came into Kent when all the 'Saxon' kingdoms were still heathen. . . . He came thirty-one years before the evangelisation of the East Anglians, thirty-seven years before the arrival of Birinus in Wessex, thirty-eight years before the 'Scotic' mission established itself . . . in Northumbria" (*Waymarks in Church History*, p. 309).

Shortly after his arrival in England Augustine wrote to the Pope asking for his guidance as to how he should deal with certain questions affecting the customs of the British Church. Can we doubt that if he and his Italian missionaries had not found the British Church still holding the faith of Rome, he would have brought this fact to the knowledge of the Pope? Yet there is not a word in all he writes to lead us to think that the faith of Britain was not one with the faith of Rome.

History tells us that Christianity had made but small progress among the Saxons at the date of the landing of St. Augustine. Bede, our Anglo-Saxon historian, attributes the slow progress of

Christianity to the fact that the Catholics of Britain showed no desire to convert their pagan enemies, the Angles, the Saxons, and the Danes, who overran the country, destroying all and everything they came across.

St. Augustine was appointed by Pope Gregory first Archbishop of Canterbury, and acting under the instructions of this Pope he organised the Church in England, and she continued to form one Church with the Church of Rome to the days of King Henry VIII.

All know that the title of Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church is conferred by the Pope only on Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. It will therefore be instructive to mention the names of some of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York who were made Cardinals in the years that preceded the separation of the Church in England from the Church of Rome. The reader will thus clearly see that to the date of the English schism the Church in England was one with the Church of Rome. Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, was created Cardinal by Pope Martin V. in 1428. Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, was created Cardinal in 1457. John Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was created Cardinal by Pope Callixtus III. in 1493. Thomas Wolsey, Archbishop of York, was created Cardinal by Pope Leo X. in 1514. This Archbishop was the last English Cardinal before the date of the separation of the Church in England from the Church of Rome in the year 1534.

VI

How England Became Protestant

Till the year 1534 England remained faithful to the religion she had received from Rome, but in this year she ceased to form part of the Catholic Church. This sad event was brought about through the action of Henry VIII., at that time King of England. He caused himself by Act of Parliament to be declared head of the Church in England in place of the Pope. Thus England was cut off from communion with the Catholic Church, which had always acknowledged the Bishop of Rome as the head of Christ's Church in his capacity of successor to St. Peter, the first Bishop of Rome. Henry VIII. died in the year 1547, and was succeeded on the throne by his youthful son, Edward VI. This prince had been brought up in the new religion which was then being started, and it was during the six years of his reign that Protestantism first spread its roots in England.

Following the example of his father, he claimed to have authority to rule and teach the Church in England, and went even further than his father had ventured to go to turn his subjects from the old faith. It was in his reign that for the first time the Catholic service known as the Mass was abolished and heretical doctrines were openly taught in the churches in England. However, it is only fair to remember that Edward VI. was but sixteen years of age at the time of his death and was merely a tool in the hands of his advisers, whose object it was to Protestantise England. During the short reign of

his sister Mary, who succeeded him on the throne, England was reunited to the See of Rome, and nothing contrary to the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church was permitted.

Elizabeth succeeded her sister Mary in the year 1558, and lost no time in undoing the work of her predecessor. She openly professed herself in favour of the anti-Catholic party in England, and had herself by Act of Parliament declared Supreme Governor of the Church in England in all things "spiritual or ecclesiastical." Severe measures were introduced to induce all the people of England to accept the Queen as head of the Church in England instead of the Pope, and to conform to the new religion she wished to force upon them. All the old cathedrals and parish churches were handed over to men who would consent to accept the Queen's new religion—henceforth to be known as that of the *Church of England.* A law was again passed by Parliament declaring that the Pope was no longer to be considered as having any authority in the religious affairs of England. No priest might say Mass or any layman hear Mass after the Feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1559. In its place a service called the Communion Service was to be used, and certain doctrines known as the Thirty-nine Articles were to be accepted by ministers of the new Church. These articles of religious belief condemn not a few of the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, and every Anglican clergyman to the present day has to declare that he accepts them before he is ordained a minister of the Church of England. How unwillingly Englishmen gave up the old faith and their allegiance to the spiritual headship of the Pope may be gathered from the

severity of the cruel laws it was found necessary to make to force them to do so. In one year alone (1603)—the year in which Elizabeth died—a sum equivalent to £4,452,720 of our present money was levied in fines from Englishmen who refused to attend the religious services of the Church of England (Gasquet, *Old English Bible*, p. 366).

All Catholics absenting themselves from the service of the Anglican Church on Sundays and holy days were to be fined one shilling (equivalent to twelve shillings of our present money) (1 Eliz. c. 2). Later on it was enacted that all above the age of sixteen who absented themselves from the service of the Church of England were to forfeit £20 a month. If they could not or would not pay within three months after judgment, they were to be imprisoned until they should conform (23 Eliz. c. 1). Schoolmasters were to obtain a licence to teach from the Anglican bishop, or suffer a year's imprisonment if convicted of not having done so (23 Eliz. c. 1). This permission was not granted unless the applicant was willing to take the oath which required him to acknowledge the Queen to be the Supreme Governor of the Church of England; hence no Catholic could open a school. It is not difficult to understand how it came about that before many years had passed so many thousands of children were being brought up to hate the old religion that their parents had loved so dearly. A fine of £100 might be levied upon any Catholic who within a month after the birth of his child omitted to have it baptised by an Anglican clergyman (3 James c. 5). Any Catholic who failed to present himself to an Anglican clergyman to be married according to the rite of the Church

of England was liable to a fine of £100 (3 James c. 5). These laws to which we have referred and many others of a like nature (see *Faith of Old England,* ch. xvii.) were at last repealed on April 13, 1829. We need not wonder that after a persecution which lasted nearly three hundred years Catholics are so few in numbers—as compared with Protestants —in England and in English-speaking countries. As regards her colonies, at the time England first occupied them, she had already separated herself from the old Church and had accepted the new religion introduced by Queen Elizabeth and her advisers. It was therefore only to be expected that she would bring with her into her colonies her different Protestant religions. None of these religions, it should be remembered, date back further than the days of Queen Elizabeth—as we have seen in the case of the Anglican Church—and some—as, for instance, that of Dr. Wesley—are little more than a hundred years old.

VII

Answers to Questions

1. Do Catholics "worship the Virgin Mary"? This is a question often put by Protestants, and our reply is simple. If by the word worship is meant giving to Mary honour and reverence of the same nature as that which is given to God, we need hardly say that no Catholic in his senses would do such a foolish and wicked thing. Mary is a human being like ourselves, and therefore is not a Divine Person as is her Son. If, however, by the word worship is meant that honour and reverence which is due to Mary, though

a creature, as the Mother of God, it is quite true that Catholics do both honour and reverence her above all the other saints in Heaven. The Catholic Church has always loved Mary, not only because she was so closely related to Our Blessed Lord, but also because she did so much for Him when He was on earth. The love of the Catholic Church for Mary will never equal that which Christ Himself bears her.

It is moreover true that we Catholics believe that the Mother of God, as likewise the angels and saints in Heaven, do not turn a deaf ear to us when we ask them to pray to God for us. Of course, there is only "One Mediator" through whose merits we can be saved, but there is nothing to prevent us from having many mediators of intercession. "Pray for one another," says the Apostle St. James (ch. v. 16), "that you may be saved," and St. Paul writing to the Romans says, "I beseech you . . . that you help me in your prayers for me to God" (Rom. xv. 30). If then it is not wrong to ask others while here on earth to pray for us, why should we suppose that it is wrong to ask the Mother of God and the saints to pray for us now that they are in heaven?

2. Does the Catholic Church discourage her children from reading the Bible? Certainly not. In every Catholic house there should be at least a copy of the New Testament, which can be bought at any Catholic bookseller's for a few pence. The New Testament contains the teaching of Our Blessed Lord and of His first disciples. The Old Testament sets forth God's dealings with our first forefathers and gives us the history of the Jews—their laws and their doings. The Psalms are especially beautiful and instructive. It is, however, quite true that the Catholic Church

teaches her children that they should read the Scriptures in the sense in which she explains them. The Bible incorrectly understood is not the Bible at all—for how can that be the Word of God which conveys to the mind error instead of truth? This is why the Catholic Church does not approve of each one interpreting the words of Scripture in any way he pleases. If Christ guaranteed His Church from teaching error —as we have proved He did—it is only reasonable that we should not interpret the Scriptures in a sense contrary to what she teaches.

3. Do Catholics worship pictures and statues? Our best reply to this false accusation is to give the Catholic teaching on this subject in the very words of the Council of Trent: "The images of Christ and of His Virgin Mother and of other Saints are to be had and retained, especially in Churches; and a due honour and veneration is to be given to them; not that any divinity or virtue is believed to be in them for which they are to be honoured or that any prayer is to be made to them, or that any confidence is to be placed in them, as was formerly done by heathens who placed their hopes in idols; but because the honour which is given to them is referred to the *originals* which they represent, so that by the images which we kiss, and before which we uncover our heads or kneel, we adore Christ and venerate His saints whose likenesses they represent" (Conc. Trent, Sess. xxv.).

4. What do Catholics mean by Purgatory? The teaching of the Catholic Church is that none are condemned to Hell except such as die with serious sin on their soul of which they have never repented. On the other hand Scripture tells us that "there shall not enter into Heaven anything defiled" (Apoc. xxi. 27).

Purgatory, then, "is a place where souls suffer for a time after death on account of their sins," as the Catholic Catechism teaches us. The principal sufferings of the soul in Purgatory consist in its being deprived of the happiness of Heaven till it has made satisfaction to God's justice. The Catholic Church teaches us that in consideration of the prayers and good works offered up to God by the faithful, He in His mercy shortens the time a soul would otherwise be detained in Purgatory. We are told in Scripture that, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sins" (2 Mach. xii. 46).

5. By what authority do priests hear confessions and forgive sins? A priest can only forgive sin in Christ's name and by His authority, just as a judge sits in court to try those who have done wrong, only in the name and by the authority of the King. Christ gave authority to the Apostles—the first priests of His Church—when He breathed upon them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained" (John xx. 21 and 22). Of course, no confession of sin is of any value if it be not accompanied by sorrow.

6. Do Catholics mean that the Pope cannot sin when they say that he is infallible? No Catholic believes that the Pope is preserved from committing sin, for the Pope is only a human being like the rest of mankind. When the Catholic Church teaches us that the Pope is infallible, she means that Our Blessed Lord will never suffer the Pope, the head and supreme teacher of His Church, to lead her into error when laying down what is truth and what is heresy. It is

then the duty of all to accept the teaching of the Old Church—that Church which Christ founded on St. Peter and which has been presided over by his successors, the Bishops of Rome, from her earliest days. Let none fear that this old Church will ever teach them what is wrong in matters of faith or morals ; for we have Christ's solemn promise that the Spirit of Truth shall abide with her for ever (John xiv. 16), and that He will be with her all days, even unto the end of the world (Mark xviii. 20).

N.B.—For a fuller explanation of the matters treated in this little work, and for a detailed exposition of Catholic faith and Catholic practices, the reader is referred to another work by the same author, *Faith of Old England*, pages 190, price 6d., or 8d. by post. Cloth bound 1s., or 1s. 3d. by post. Address : The Manager, Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.

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THE QUEEN OF SEASONS.

All is divine which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought till the day when He stay'd ;
Above and below, within and around,
From the centre of space to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing the universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth, like an innocent child,
Or like the rich bloom of some delicate flower ;
And the Father rejoiced in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still, and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again, He had made, had He chose ;
And you never could name that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources the Maker possess'd.

But I know of one work of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular ever must stand ;
So perfect, so pure, and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May, and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July in its passionate noon,
Munificent August, September serene,
Are together no match for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness, when they are gone ;
And we give to thee May, not because it is best,
But because it comes first, and is pledge of the rest.

Cardinal Newman.

AVE.

Mother of the Fair Delight,
Thou handmaid perfect in God's sight,
Now sitting fourth beside the Three
Thyself a Woman-Trinity,—
Being a daughter borne to God,
Mother of Christ from stall to rood,
And wife unto the Holy Ghost:—
Oh, when our need is uttermost,
Think that to such as death may strike
Thou once wert sister sisterlike!
Thou headstone of humanity,
Groundstone of the great Mystery,
Fashioned like us, yet more than we!

Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy breath
Warmed the long days in Nazareth,)
That eve thou didst go forth to give
Thy flowers some drink that they might live
One faint night more amid the sands?
Far off the trees were as pale wands
Against the fervid sky: the sea
Sighed further off eternally
As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
As of a day to which all days
Were footsteps in God's secret ways:
Until a folding sense, like prayer,
Which is, as God is, everywhere,
Gathered about thee; and a voice
Spake to thee without any noise
Being of the silence:—"Hail," it said,
"Thou that art highly favourèd;
The Lord is with thee here and now;
Blessed among all women thou!"

Ah! knew'st thou of the end, when first
That Babe was on thy bosom nurs'd?—
Or when He tottered round thy knee
Did thy great sorrows dawn on thee?—
And through His boyhood, year by year
Eating with Him the Passover,
Didst thou discern confusedly
That holier sacrament, when He,
The bitter cup about to quaff,
Should break the bread and eat thereof?—
Or came not yet the knowledge, even
Till on some day forecast in Heaven
His feet passed through thy door to press
Upon His Father's business?—
Or still was God's high secret kept?

Nay but I think the whisper crept
Like growth through childhood. Work and play,
Things common to the course of day,
Awed thee with meanings unfulfill'd;
And all through girlhood, something still'd
Thy senses like the birth of light,
When thou hast trimmed thy lamp at night
Or washed thy garments in the stream:
To whose white bed had come the dream
That He was thine and thou wast His
Who feeds among the field-lilies.
O solemn shadow of the end
In that wise spirit long contain'd!
O awful end! and those unsaid
Long years when It was Finishèd.

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
Left darkness in the house of John,)
Between the naked window-bars
That spacious vigil of the stars?—
For thou, a watcher even as they,
Wouldst rise from where throughout the day
Thou wroughtest raiment for His poor;

And, finding the fixed terms endure
Of day and night which never brought
Sounds of His coming chariot,
Wouldst lift through cloud-waste unexplor'd
Those eyes which said, "How long, O Lord"?
Then that disciple whom He loved,
Well heeding, haply would be moved
To ask thy blessing in His name;
And that one thought in both, the same
Though silent, then would clasp ye round
To weep together,—tears long bound,
Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.
Yet "Surely I come quickly"—so
He said, from life and death gone home.
Amen: even so, Lord Jesus, come!

But oh! what human tongue can speak
That day when Michael came to break
From the tired spirit, like a veil,
Its covenant with Gabriel
Endured at length unto the end?
What human thought can apprehend
That mystery of motherhood
When thy Beloved at length renew'd
The sweet communion severèd,—
His left hand underneath thine head
And His right hand embracing thee?—
Lo! He was thine, and this is He!

Soul, is it Faith, or Love, or Hope,
That lets me see her standing up
Where the light of the Throne is bright?
Unto the left, unto the right,
The cherubim, succinct, conjoint,
Float inward to a golden point,
And from between the seraphim
The glory issues for a hymn.
O Mary Mother, be not loth
To listen,—thou whom the stars clothe,
Who seest and mayst not be seen!

Hear us at last, O Mary Queen !
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the secret place,
O Mary Virgin, full of grace !

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE MADONNA AND THE RICH MAN.

A BALLAD OF TUSCANY.

SHE's weeping, the Madonna, she has no bread nor wine ;
She's weeping, the Madonna. O God, Redeemer, hear !
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear !

"Go, Lady, to that rich man, and he will give you aid ;
Go, Lady, to that rich man." O God, Redeemer, hear !
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear !

"I've nothing here to give you, I've neither bread nor wine ;
I've nothing here to give you." O God, Redeemer, hear !
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear !

"Give me the broken pieces that on the plate remain ;
Give me the broken pieces." O God, Redeemer, hear !
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear !

"I keep the broken pieces, my dog can live on those ;
I keep the broken pieces." O God, Redeemer, hear !
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear !

'Twas only three days later that rich man came to die ;
'Twas only three days later. O God, Redeemer, hear !
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear !

He at the gate stood knocking, high at the gate of Heaven :
He at the gate stood knocking. O God, Redeemer, hear !
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear !

Said Jesus to St. Peter: "Who knocks there at the gate?"
Said Jesus to St. Peter. O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

"Perhaps it is that rich man who would not help the poor;
Perhaps it is that rich man." O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

"Go, let him call his dogs, then, to open him the door:
Go, let him call his dogs then." O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

He at the gate went knocking, low at the gate of Hell;
He at the gate went knocking. O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

The gates of Hell were open, they all were open wide;
The gates of Hell were open. O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

"A bed of coals prepare him, that he may rest thereon;
A bed of coals prepare him." O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

"Would God to life return me, I then would help the poor;
Would God to life return me." O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

The leaf when once 'tis faded, can ne'er grow green again;
The leaf when once 'tis faded. O God, Redeemer, hear!
Our Lady of the Rosary, our Saviour's Mother dear!

FRANCESCA ALEXANDER.

(*From the Italian.*)

MOTHER OUT OF SIGHT.

This beautiful poem was written by the Rev. John Keble, an Anglican clergyman who had much to do with the movement in the Establishment towards the Catholic Church, of which Cardinal Newman was the central figure. Unhappily, Mr. Keble never followed the example of his illustrious friend, but died in the Church of England. This poem was written when Keble was on a tour in the Highlands. The son of the gentleman with whom he was staying "came suddenly into the room where he was, and, looking about him, sorrowfully exclaimed, 'My mother is not here!' He was much touched by the incident and wrote on the occasion that which follows."]

Saw ye the bright-eyed, stately child,
With sunny locks so soft and wild,
How in a moment round the room
His keen eye glanced, then into gloom
Retired, as they who suffer wrong,
Where most assured they look and long:
Heard ye the quick appeal, half in dim fear,
In anger half, "My mother is not here."

Perchance some burthened heart was nigh,
To echo back that yearning cry
In deeper chords than may be known
To the dull outward ear alone.
What if our English airs be stirred
With sighs from saintly bosoms heard,
Or penitents to leaning angels dear—
"Our own, our only mother is not here."

The murmurings of that boyish heart,
They hush with many a fostering art:
Soon o'er the islands of the West
The weary sun shall sink to rest:
The rose-tints fade, that gradual now
Are climbing Ben-y-bear's green brow:
Soon o'er the loch the twilight stars will peer,
Then shalt thou feel thy soul's desire is here.

Lightly they soothe the fair fond boy ;
Nor is there not a hope and joy
For spirits that half-orphaned roam,
Forlorn in their far island home ;
Oft as in penance lowly bow'd,
Prayer like a gentle evening cloud,
Enfolds them, through the mists they seem to trace
By shadowy gleams a royal Mother's face.

The Holy Church is at thy side,
Not in her robes a glorious bride ;
As sister named of mercy mild,
At midnight by a fever'd child,
Might watch, and to the dim eye seem
A white-robed angel in a dream ;
Such may the presence of the Spouse appear.
To tender trembling hearts, so faint, so dear.

The babe, for that sweet vision's sake,
Courts longer trance, afraid to wake ;
And we for love would fain live still,
Though in dim faith, if so He will.
And will He not? are not His signs
Around us oft as day declines?
Fails He to bless or home or choral throng
Where true hearts breathe His Mother's evensong?

Mother of God, O not in vain,
We learned of old thy lowly strain ;
Fain in the shadow would we rest,
And kneel with thee, and call thee blest.
With thee would magnify the Lord ;
And if thou art not here adored,
Yet seek we day by day the love and fear
Which brings thee with all saints near and more near.

What glory thou above hast won,
By special grace of thy dear Son,
We see not yet, nor dare espy
Thy crowned form with open eye.
Rather beside the manger meek,
Thee bending with veiled brow we seek:
Or where the angel in the Thrice Great Name
Hailed thee, and Jesus to thy bosom came.

Yearly since then with bitterer cry
Man hath assailed the throne on high,
And sin and hate more fiercely striven
To mar the league 'twixt earth and heaven.
But the dread tie that pardoning hour
Made fast in Mary's awful bower,
Hath mightier proved to bind than we to break;
None may that work undo, that flesh unmake.

Thenceforth whom thousand worlds adore
He calls thee Mother evermore;
Angel nor saint His face may see
Apart from what he took of thee;
How may we choose but name thy name,
Echoing below their high acclaim
In holy Creeds? since earthly song and prayer
Must keep faint time to the dread anthems there.

How but in love on thine own days,
Thou blissful one, upon thee gaze?
Nay, every day each suppliant hour.
Whene'er we kneel, in aisle or bower,
Thy glories we may greet unblam'd,
Nor shun the lay by seraphs framed —
Hail, Mary, full of grace! O welcome sweet,
Which daily in all lands all saints repeat.

Fair greeting with our matin vows,
Paid duly to th' enthroned Spouse,
His Church and Bride, here and on high,
Figured in her deep purity.

Who, born of Eve, high mercy won,
To bear and nurse the Eternal Son.
O awful station! to no seraph given,
On this side touching sin, on the other heaven.

Therefore, as kneeling day by day,
We to our Father duteous pray;
So unforbidden may we speak
An Ave to Christ's Mother meek.
(As children with "good-morrow" come
To elders in some happy home),
Inviting so the saintly host above,
With our unworthiness to pray in love.

To pray with us, and gently bear
Our falterings in the pure bright air,
But strive we pure and bright to be
In spirit—else how vain of thee,
Our earnest dreamings, awful Bride!
Feel we the sword that pierced thy side;
Thy spotless lily flower, so clear of hue,
Shrinks from the breath impure, the tongue untrue.

JOHN KEBLE.

A LEGEND OF THE ROSARY.

IN the bright land of fair Provence
A lowly orphan dwelt,
And day by day at Mary's shrine
The little maiden knelt.

No watchful mother's tender care
The child had ever known;
And so the simple peasant folks
Had called her Mary's own.

And as among the woods and fields
The little orphan grew,
The old church windows' storied panes
Were all the books she knew.

And never passed a day, whate'er
The orphan's task might be,
But at our Lady's feet she knelt
To say the Rosary.

When lo! within her little room
She saw a wondrous light;
And by her bed our Lady stood
In robes most fair and bright.

She knew her by the twelve bright stars
That crowned the radiant head,
And by the mantle azure blue,
With fairest roses spread.

The child knelt down, while love and awe
Her wondering spirit fill;
When lo! upon our Lady's robe
A rose is wanting still.

And softly, sweetly, Mary spoke:—
"My child, these roses see,
The fragrant wreath that love has twined
From day to day for me.

"But wherefore hast thou left undone
The work of love to-day?
How comes it that thou hast forgot
My Rosary to say?

"So many on this great, wide earth
Forget their Lord and me.
And bring no flowers; but surely thou
Wilt not unfaithful be?"

The little child bowed down her head
In shame upon her breast,
And ere our Blessed Lady left
With tears her fault confessed,

And, kneeling, said the Rosary,—
But ever since that day
The child drooped slowly, like a flower
That fades from earth away.

As though she could not linger here
To whom it had been given
To see our Lady, and to have
That moment's glimpse of heaven.

And pilgrims to our Lady's shrine,
Would often go to see
Her grave, whom Mary's self had taught
To say the Rosary!

(*From the "Ave Maria."*)

THE PRIORESS'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE was in Asia, in a mighty town,
'Mong Christian folk, a street where Jews might be;
Assigned to them and given them for their own
By a great lord, for gain and usury,
Hateful to Christ and to His company;
And through this street who list might ride and wend:
Free was it, and unbarred at either end.

A little school of Christian people stood
Down at the farther end, in which there were
A nest of children come of Christian blood,
That learnèd in that school from year to year
Such sort of doctrine as men usèd there,
That is to say, to sing and read also,
As little children in their childhood do.

Among these children was a widow's son,
A little scholar, scarcely seven years old,
Who day by day unto his school hath gone,
And eke, when he the image did behold
Of Jesu's Mother, as he had been told,
This child was wont to kneel adown and say
Ave Marie, as he goeth by the way.

This widow thus her little son had taught
Our blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
To worship aye, and he forgat it not,
For simple infant hath a ready ear.
Sweet is his holiness of youth: and hence,
Calling to mind this matter when I may,
Saint Nicholas in my presence standeth aye,
For he so young to Christ did reverence.

This little child, while in the school he sate
His primer conning with an earnest cheer,
The whilst the rest their anthem book repeat,
The *Alma Redemptoris* did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and near,
And hearkened to the words and to the note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare knees.

His schoolfellow, who elder was than he,
Answered him thus:—"This song, I have heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day.
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn,—small grammar I have got,"

"And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother?" said the innocent:
"Now, certes, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power."

His schoolfellow, whom he had so besought,
As they went homeward taught him privily;
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note;
Twice in a day it passèd through his throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoe'er he went,
On Jesu's Mother fixèd was his intent.

Through all the Jewry (this before said I),
This little child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O Alma Redemptoris! high and low:
The sweetness of Christ's Mother piercèd so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

The serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled—"O woe,
O Hebrew people!" said he in his wrath,
"Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?
That such a boy where'er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and saws,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!"

From that day forward have the Jews conspired
Out of the world this innocent to chase;
And to this end a homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the child 'gan to the school to pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

Now this poor widow waiteth all that night
After her little child, and he came not;
For which, by earliest glimpse of morning light
With face all pale with dread and busy thought,
She at the school and elsewhere him hath sought,
Until thus far she learned, that he had been
In the Jews' street, and there he last was seen.

With mother's pity in her breast inclosed
She goeth as she were half out of her mind,
To every place wherein she hath supposed
By likelihood her little son to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek and kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she was brought,
And him among the accursèd Jews she sought.

She asketh, and she piteously doth pray
To every Jew that dwelleth in that place
To tell her if her child had passed that way;
They all said nay; but Jesu of His grace
Gave to her thought, that in a little space
She for her son in that same spot did cry
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

O thou great God, that dost perform Thy laud
By mouths of innocents, lo! here Thy might;
This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martydom this ruby bright,
There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,
The *Alma Redemptoris* 'gan to sing
So loud, that with his voice the place did ring.

The Christian folk that through the Jewry went
Come to the spot in wonder at the thing;
And hastily they for the provost sent;
Immediately he came, not tarrying,
And praiseth Christ that is our heavenly King,
And eke his Mother, honour of mankind;
Which done, he bade that they the Jews should bind.

This child with piteous lamentation then
Was taken up, singing his song alway;
And with procession great and pomp of men
To the next abbey him they bare away;
His mother swooning by the bier lay:
And scarcely could the people that were near
Remove the second Rachel from the bier.

Torment and shameful death to every one
This provost doth for those bad Jews prepare
That of this murder wist, and that anon:
Such wickedness his judgments cannot spare;
Who will do evil, evil shall he bear:
Them therefore with wild horses did he draw,
And after that he hung them by the law.

Upon his bier this innocent doth lie
Before the altar while the Mass doth last:
The abbot with his convent's company
Then sped themselves to bury him full fast;
And, when they holy water on him cast,
Yet spake this child when sprinkled was the water,
And sang, *O Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

This abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all monks are, or surely ought to be,
In supplication to the child began;
Thus saying: "O dear child! I summon thee
In virtue of the Holy Trinity,
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn,
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem."

"My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,"
Said this young child, "and by the law of kind
I should have died, yea, many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
Will that His glory last, and be in mind;
And, for the worship of His Mother dear,
Yet may I sing, *O Alma!* loud and clear.

"This well of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,
After my knowledge I have loved alway,
And in the hour when I my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
'Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,'
As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

"Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,
In honour of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off taken is the grain;
And after that thus said she unto me,
'My little child, then will I come for thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take;
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!'"

This holy monk, this abbot—him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain;
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
And when the abbot had this wonder seen,
His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain,
And on his face he dropped upon the ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

Eke the whole convent on the pavement lay,
Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear;
And after that they rose, and took their way,
And lifted up this martyr from the bier
And in a tomb of precious marble clear
Inclosed his uncorrupted body sweet.—
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet!

Young Hugh of Lincoln! in like sort laid low
By accursed Jews—thing well and widely known,
For not long since was dealt the cruel blow,
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry,
Weak sinful folk, that God with pitying eye,
In mercy would His mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of His Mother Mary!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE POOR FIDDLER.

At Mentz, in ages distant,
A fiddler poor, and old,
With hoary hair and tattered rags
Was begging in the cold.

"Alas, how cold and hungry,
How faint I am, and weak!
Will no one have some pity,
And grant the aid I seek?

"I once was young and happy;
I sang with power then,
And my fiddle, by its sweetness,
Entranced the ears of men.

"But now, poor, old, and lonely,
My singing days long gone—
They say:—'Come, tune thy fiddle,
And sing, thou aged one!'"

At Mentz, along the river,
The old man walked distressed;
Till he came to a little chapel
Where he stopped to pray and rest.

And, stepping within the doorway,
On an altar he doth behold
The Holy Virgin's image,
Gleaming in silk and gold.

With prayerful eyes upgazing,
From her he seeks relief;
And it seemed as though her gentle voice
Soothèd the old man's grief.

Then from his eyes, for gladness,
The tears in torrents pressed;
And before her image, to thank her,
He played his very best.

He played and sang before her :
"Thou knewest want's bitter smart ;
And thou hearest not my fiddle,
But thou seest my grateful heart."

And when the song was ended,
And as he turned away,
The image threw a slipper of gold
For his tune and song to pay.

The old man seized the slipper,
He kissed it o'er and o'er ;
And then with haste to the city went,
For hunger pressed him sore.

But the watchman chanced to see him,
As he hastened off with glee ;
And, "Hold!" he cried, "thou wicked thief ;
That slipper give to me!"

"'Twas the holy image gave it,
For my tune and song to pay,"
He said ; but the people laughèd,
And they led him quick away.

And as, along the pathway,
He passed the chapel door,
He stood before the image,
And prayed as he did before.

"Thyself hast known much sorrow,
Thyself had'st woes to bear ;
To thee I offer my poor old heart,
Ah! take it in thy care!"

And again the aged fiddler
Placed his fiddle against his breast,
And he sang before the image,
And played his very best.

And when the song was ended,
And as he turned away,
Another slipper the image threw,
For his tune and song to pay.

The people gazed with wonder,
And they cried aloud with fear:
"'Twas the Holy Virgin gave them,
And God is surely here!"

Then they all kneel down in sorrow,
And each one humbly prays,
And then, with the aged fiddler,
They sing the Virgin's praise.

ROSARY RHYMES.

In the name of Father and of Son
And Holy Ghost, God three in One:
And, Mary, for the love of thee,
We say the holy Rosary.

I.—The Joyful Mysteries.

1.—*The Annunciation.*

"Hail, full of grace! The Holy One,
The Son of God, shall be thy Son."
Low spake the handmaid of the Lord:
"Be it according to Thy word!"

2.—*The Visitation.*

O'er the bleak hills in March she sped,
Comfort and grace around to shed.
"God's Mother cometh thus to me!
Blest amongst women shalt thou be."

3.—*The Nativity.*

Glory to God on high! for low
Hath He stooped down to heal our woe.
Glory to Christ our Lord for aye,
Who shivering in a manger lay.

4.—*The Presentation.*

Clasp Him, old Simeon, to thy breast,
Then ask of God to let thee rest.
But, ah! hast thou no gentler word
For that young Mother than the sword?

5.—*The Finding in the Temple.*

He's lost! to those fond hearts what pain!
He's lost—but joy! He's found again.
"We've sought for Thee with tears, my Son!"
"My Father's work must needs be done."

II.—The Sorrowful Mysteries.

1.—*The Agony in the Garden.*

Crushed down, O Jesus, 'neath my sins,
Thy Heart Its agony begins.
"Father, Thy will, not Mine, be done,"
Thou prayest, as the red streams run.

2.—*The Scourging.*

Shudder, my soul, with grief and awe,
As if ear heard, as if eye saw,
How, thick as hail, the lashes fell
On Him, "Who hath done all things well."

3.—*The Crowning with Thorns.*

Unmoved shall I behold Thy woe,
Because endured so long ago?
Thou lovest me as truly now
As when the rude thorns rent Thy brow.

4.—*The Carrying of the Cross.*

While up the Mount His Cross He bore,
His Mother tracked Him by His gore,
Till, tottering 'neath the weight, He fell—
That Mother's anguish who could tell?

5.—*The Crucifixion.*

Nailed to the cruel, shameful Tree,
For three long hours, thy Saviour see.
Go, stand with Mary near the Cross,
Nor shrink from shame, or pain, or loss.

III.—The Glorious Mysteries.

1.—*The Resurrection.*

The gloom hath passed from earth away,—
Arise, O Sun! whose smile is day.
He Who was dead hath eager flown
To where His Mother mourneth lone.

2.—*The Ascension.*

The pageant fadeth up from sight:
The gazers, tranced in meek delight,
Hear white-robed angels chide their pain:
"He Who is gone will come again."

3.—*The Descent of the Holy Ghost.*

With patient longings deep, serene,
The Twelve are waiting with their Queen,
Till God fulfil their souls' desire—
And see! they flash, those tongues of fire.

4.—*The Assumption.*

Say who is she who upward soars,
Leaning on Him her soul adores?
The King of heaven has whispered, "Come!"
And bids His Mother welcome home.

5.—*The Coronation.*

Joy in the courts of Sion ! Bow,
Saints, angels ! as on Mary's brow
Gleams bright yon crown of dazzling sheen,
And heaven exultant greets its Queen.

* * * *

The blessed beads are numbered all :
" Hail, holy Queen ! " on thee we call
To hallow all our pilgrim days
Into a rosary of praise.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

HAIL MARY.

AVE Maria ! blessed Maid !
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus' holy Dove ?

Ave Maria ! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caressed,
Clings the Eternal Child ;
Favoured beyond archangel's dream,
When first on thee with tend'rest gleam
Thy new-born Saviour smiled :—

Ave Maria ! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine ;
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

JOHN KEBLE

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

THE mother stood at the window,
The son he lay in bed:
"Here's a procession, Wilhelm;
Wilt not look out?" she said.

"I am so ill, my mother,
In the world I have no part;
I think upon dead Gretchen,
And a death-pang rends my heart."

"Rise up; we will to Kevlaar;
Will staff and rosary take;
God's Mother there will cure thee,—
Thy sick heart whole will make."

The Church's banner fluttered,
The Church's hymns arose;
And unto fair Cöln city
The long procession goes.

The mother joined the pilgrims,
Her sick son leadeth she;
And both sing in the chorus,
"Praised be thou, Mary!"

II.

The holy Mother in Kevlaar
To-day is well arrayed,—
To-day hath much to busy her,
For many sick ask her aid.

And many sick people bring her
Such offerings as are meet;
Many waxen limbs they bring her,
Many waxen hands and feet.

And who a wax hand bringeth,
His hand is healed that day;
And who a wax foot bringeth,
With sound feet goes away.

Many went there on crutches
Who now on the rope can spring;
Many play now on the viol
Whose hands could not touch a string.

The mother she took a waxen light,
And shaped therefrom a heart;
"Take that to the Mother of Christ," she said,
"And she will heal thy smart."

He sighed, and took the waxen heart,
And went to the church in woe;
The tears from his eyes fell streaming,
The words from his heart came low.

"Thou that art highly blessed,
Thou Mother of Christ!" said he,
"Thou that art Queen of Heaven,
I bring my griefs to thee.

"I dwell in Cöln with my mother;
In Cöln upon the Rhine,
Where so many hundred chapels
And so many churches shine.

"And near unto us dwelt Gretchen;
But dead is Gretchen now,
Mary, I bring a waxen heart,—
My heart's despair heal thou.

"Heal thou my poor heart sickness;
So will I sing to thee,
Early and late with fervent love,
'Praised be thou, Mary!'"

III.

The sick son and the mother
In one chamber slept that night;
And the holy Mother of Jesus
Glode in with footsteps light.

She bowed her o'er the sick man's bed,
And one fair hand did lay
Upon his throbbing bosom,
Then smiled and passed away.

It seemed a dream to the mother,
And she had yet seen more
But that her sleep was broken,
For the dogs howled at the door.

Upon his bed extended
Her son lay, and was dead;
And o'er his thin pale visage streamed
The morning's lovely red.

Her hands the mother folded,
Yet not a tear wept she;
But sang in low devotion,
"Praised be thou, Mary!"

MARY HOWITT.

(*Translated from Heine.*)

AVE MARIA!

COME, run with me, O stalwart youth and maiden!
And run with me, O children young and fleet!—
And even ye with years so heavy-laden,
Now struggle yet to use your failing feet!

Come, crowding forth from all the lanes and alleys,
Come, hurrying out from all the fields and woods,
And make your paths in all the pathless valleys,
And leave your tracks on all the trackless floods!

For unto earth has come a mighty wonder,
And sweeter words are spoken now by God,
Than when of old He spake to us in thunder,
And scourged the faithless nations with His rod.

O come and see the lily He has planted—
Eve's fairer daughter, blooming in the land;
And make again the prayers that He has granted,
And ask the world's redemption at His hand!

For lo! the stars in Heaven's serenest story
Are grouped to crown this womanhood sublime,
And lo! the sun has woven of his glory
A robe to be her raiment for all time!

O come, and see a spotless Virgin kneeling,
O come, and hear an angel, at her side,
The earliest tidings of our joy revealing—
The herald of the glorious Christmas-tide.

Come here, for this is Mary and no other,
And she will nurse the Lord upon her knee;
And Jesus will bequeath her as a mother
To us upon the Cross of Calvary.

Then let us run, and greet her with the angel;
Ave Maria! give to us thy Son!
O'er all the earth ring out the loud evangel—
The gates of hell are closed, and Heaven is won!

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

O MARY, QUEEN OF MERCY!

THERE lived a knight long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless.
Of God above, or Hell below,
He took no thought, but undismayed
Pursued his course of wickedness.
His heart was rock; he never prayed
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said, at certain seasons,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Years rolled, and found him still the same,
Still draining pleasure's poison-bowl;
Yet he felt now and then some shame;
The torment of the undying worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hopes to appease that sternest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last youth's riotous time was gone,
And loathing now came after sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown grey at heart; and oft with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope; yet, morn and e'ening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit ruled him now:
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And under a religious vow,
Travelled his way to Pommerland,

There entered he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowled, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for God alone.
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern;
And often prayed he on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And thus he lived long, long; and, when
God's angels called him, thus he died.
Confession made he none to men,
Yet when they anointed him with oil,
He seemed already glorified.
His penances, his tears, his toil,
Were past; and, now, with passionate sighing
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with Mass and song
Aneath a little knoll so green;
But lo! a wonder-sight!—Ere long
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen;
And, on its petal-edges round,
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power,
Thou, dearest reader, mightest behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart
In tremulous threads of light and gold;

Then wouldst thou choose the better part!
And thenceforth flee sin's foul suggestions;
Thy sole response to mocking questions,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

(*Translated from Simrock.*)

OUR LADY IN ITALY.

THIS is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant.
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children, who have much offended
A too-indulgent father, in great shame
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait,
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in heaven makes intercession.
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ONLY DAISIES.

'Twas the Eve of the Assumption,
And the children gathered flowers
To adorn our Lady's altar
In the deep'ning twilight hours.

Bore they them to rustic chapel,
Humble, yet with village pride;
Springing, like a crystal fountain,
From the barren mountain side.

First comes Jack, his off'ring roses;
Then, the gentle, brown-eyed Bess,
With the fairest lilies peeping
From the white folds of her dress.

Next, the darling of the household,
Little May, with eyes whose hue
Seem to vie in matchless beauty,
With her off'ring: flowers blue.

See! the tanned and boyish features,
Frouzy hair, and fearless eyes
Peeping through the open doorway,
In a sort of dazed surprise:

That is Tom, the mischief-maker,—
Though the last, by no means least;
Yet he bears the poorest blossoms
Ever gathered for a feast.

Half in shame, and half in sorrow,
He beholds the rest depart;
Then he draws the poor field-flowers
Very near his throbbing heart;

From the trembling lips, a whisper
Steals, and thus he softly speaks,
Whilst the hot tears chase each other,
Down his flushed and sunburnt cheeks:

"Mother, whilst the others planted,
Tended, watched o'er their bright flowers,
I, a playful idler, wasted
All the long and sunny hours.

"I'm so sorry that I've nothing
Else to offer, Mother dear,
But this little bunch of daisies,
After all the long, long year.

"But I'll promise, whilst I am kneeling
Near thee, ere thy Feast's begun,
That I'll try to grow up better,
Worthy to be called thy son."

To his lips he pressed the flow'rets,
Surely Mary thought them sweet,
And he laid them wet with tear-drops
At his Virgin Mother's feet.

* * * * *

Slowly time works change in all things
And the long years come and go,
Like the waves, upon the sea-shore,
In a ceaseless ebb and flow.

'Tis the Feast of the Assumption,
Sunbeams through the unstained glass
Form a halo 'round the bowed head
Of a young priest saying Mass.

Do you know that brown-haired, blue-eyed,
Lithesome figure, tall and strong?
Can you guess? the village children
Shyly call him "Father Tom."

AGNES MONROE.
(*From the "Ave Maria."*)

"OUTSIDE THE CHURCH THERE IS NO SALVATION;"

OR,

WHY CATHOLICS WILL NOT LEAVE OTHER FOLK ALONE.

A CONVERSATION

My good old friend Mr. Thompson is one of the principal chemists in the little manufacturing town of——, in which I have been a mission priest for the last quarter of a century. Although a staunch Church of England man, and an active churchwarden of his parish, he is a thoroughly liberal, kind-hearted fellow, as I have every reason for knowing. We had been much thrown together of late, being both actively engaged in forwarding a modest scheme for improving the sanitary condition of our poorer neighbours, and had in consequence fallen into the sociable habit of winding up our weekly committee-meeting with a quiet chat and a cup of tea—we are both teetotallers—either at his house or mine. Hitherto we had been wholly guiltless of controversy: he, on principle; I, because I did not feel that I could say anything that would be at all useful to him. However, one evening, I hardly know how, we got upon religious topics, and the following

conversation ensued. At the end of it Mr. Thompson candidly admitted that on one point, namely, "Why Catholics won't let other folk alone," I had fairly opened his eyes.

It is in the hope of opening other eyes as honest as Mr. Thompson's that I venture to give this conversation, or rather fragment of a conversation, to the public. My friend admits that my record is substantially accurate, though he has a sly word of chaff at the literary graces which he says are always sticking like hairs in an Irishman's pen. We agreed that we need not be called out of our names of Thompson and Burke, if only we adhered steadily to the safe little town of——.

T. I am sure it cannot be necessary, my good friend, at this time of day, to assure you that I have no sort of dislike to Catholics as such, or, for the matter of that, to Irishmen. There's lots of good, I frankly allow, both in the old religion and in the irrepressible Celt. But you will forgive me if I say that there is just one thing about you Roman Catholics which to my mind is quite inexcusable and intolerable, and that is your intolerance.

B. Why, you don't mean to say that you think that we Catholics are at all inclined to ill-treat our Protestant neighbours on the score of their religion?

T. Not ill-treat, of course, in the sense of "throw him down stairs," as the nursery rhyme has it, or giving him any other sort of ugly shove. But what I mean is that Roman Catholics, as a rule, are always after you, won't let you alone; but must be trying, clumsily or cleverly as the case may be, to convert you, as they call it. Now for my part, I hardly see how this is consistent with Christian modesty, to say nothing more. Get people to leave off drunkenness and loose conversation, that is all right and proper and may well be termed conversion; but what right one body of Christians has to bid those of another persuasion to come over to them and be converted,

under pain of eternal reprobation, is more than I can see. Just as if there were not bad and good on both sides, and as though Roman Catholics had not their work cut out for them among the depraved and riotous members of their own congregations. They have no more ground for claiming a monopoly of Christianity than they have that of any other virtue.

B. Well, this sounds something like an attack along the whole line, but I will not pretend just now to do more than notice what you have called your one point, the charge of un-Christian presumption: let me add the usual echoes, bigotry, intolerance, officious interference with the sacred ties of family life, and that freedom of opinion which is the birth-right of every Englishman.

T. Now, please don't think that I am attacking you personally! You have never tried to convert me, I am sure.

B. I really cannot accept this compliment without a protest and an explanation. I need some excuse for my apparent deficiency in what you have justly noted as a characteristic of our people, the desire of bringing their neighbours into the Church. I can only say that any defect of mine in your regard has not been on the score of negligence or indifference, but simply because I have not been able to see my way clearly to an opportunity.

T. Thank you for nothing, then. It is clear that you are bound to defend the accused, since you think it necessary to defend yourself for not being of their number.

B. Nay, I shall be but too glad. But first let me accept the impeachment in its fullest amplitude. It is quite true that we Catholics, one and all, from our priests down to the poorest old Biddy who goes out charing, are intensely solicitous to bring our Protestant neighbours into the Church. In such a cause our laziest are stirred to activity; our more careless liver can for the nonce preach earnestly, a very Saul among the prophets; and the better amongst us would cheerfully shed their blood. I admit that the very intensity of the desire may from time to time lead some of us into indiscretions,

tending to impede the very effect we would produce. But, as a rule, our efforts in the way of conversion are submitted to the dictates of discretion. We are keenly conscious of our responsibility in disturbing those who are presumably in good faith, in cases where, from one cause or another, we are not likely to be able to lead them further; we are alive to the evil that may arise from anything like premature action on our side; but we all have the matter earnestly at heart, and must have, take my word for it, as long as there is one spark of faith and love alive within us.

T. A most alarming state of things! And does it never occur to you that you are most unpleasantly like those Pharisees denounced by Christ, who "compass sea and land to make one proselyte?"

B. Now, my dear Thompson, you are altogether too honest as well as too good-natured a man to finish the quotation. You know very well that we are not "children of perdition," nor the begetters of such.

T. Indeed, I trust that we are both children of our Heavenly Father, though unworthy ones.

B. But had the Pharisees been children of light instead of "children of perdition," could their zeal for making converts have been blamed by One Who sent out His disciples to convert the world, at the cost of introducing not peace, but a sword, and of setting the members of a household one against the other? Anyhow, can an argument be drawn against such zeal from the text as it stands?

T. Well, let the text pass. I grant that its quotation was not over and above civil; but upon what theory do you defend your practice in dealing with Christians?

B. I am afraid I must shock you. Upon this, the old principle: "Outside the Church there is no salvation." And by "the Church" we mean neither more nor less than "our own Church," "the Roman Catholic Church."

T. Shock me! Who would not be shocked at such

a monstrous proposition? All but Roman Catholics to be lost for ever! Do you mean to say that such persons as General Gordon, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Keble, devout believers in and practical followers of Jesus Christ as they have approved themselves, are, because they were not Roman Catholics, lost for ever?

B. Assuredly I mean nothing of the kind. I am quite prepared to think that the good men you mention have attained to salvation; nay, I am sure of it, if they have been faithful to the grace given them. For my own part, I have often been very much humbled by the lives of good Protestants, sensible as I am that with presumably far less grace than I have received, they have evidently made so much a better use of it. I cannot doubt that there are some good Protestants in Heaven, or rather some good persons who were Protestants, far higher in glory than many Catholics.

T. Then what, in the name of wonder, can you mean by insisting that "outside the Church there is no salvation?"

B. I will try and explain. But first I wish to observe that the Catholic Church is an institution which has expressed itself in a vast body of doctrine and legislation, full of formularies adapted to meet a variety of errors which, during the long course of centuries, have made their assault on this side and on that. Now, although we have a right to demand that such formularies should never contradict one another, we have no right to expect from the Church any more than, say, from the Bar or Legislature of this country, that her formularies should be easily reconcilable at a glance, so as to render the interpretation of an expert unnecessary. I would also remind you that you are putting a difficulty to me, which, if you are true to the formularies of your own Church, you are bound to answer for yourself. Have you forgotten that the Athanasian Creed has its place in your Prayer-Book, and that it begins with a damnatory clause, repeated in substance at the end: "This is the Catholic faith, which except a man retain whole and

inviolate he shall surely perish everlastingly." What are you going to do here with pious God-fearing Unitarians?

T. You hit me hard, and I suppose fairly. For my own part, I have never concealed my dislike of that particular clause, and could wish we were well quit of it. But then I have never pretended, as you do, that my Church was perfect. Pray let me have your explanation.

B. I have no intention of avoiding it by carrying the war into the enemy's country. I only wished to challenge your attention as to a matter not wholly without bearing upon your own position as well as upon ours. The meaning of the formulary, then, is this, that the Roman Catholic Church is the one Society upon earth established by Jesus Christ, and by Him given a mission to the whole world; the one body in which He has made adequate provision for the spiritual wants of those who are to journey through the desert of this world to God's holy mountain; the one subject and recipient of the promise, "I am with you all days," and "the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." Whence it follows that there is no salvation, no covenanted salvation, no accomplished salvation, so far as the provision of assured means goes, on the part of God, to any one who is not actually a member of this body. At the same time any one who, to use St. Augustine's expression, belongs to the Church "by merit," although not actually "by number"—*i.e.*, deserves to belong to the Church, and through no fault of his own has in the mysterious dispensation of God's Providence, whilst keeping his Baptism, been prevented through overpowering prejudice or external circumstances from joining the Church on earth, will assuredly join it in Heaven. This we know, and rejoice to know, because God is good and just.

T. Ah, I remember now; you grant us an ignominious let off on the score of invincible ignorance. Is not this a rather monstrous expedient when applied to

persons who are confessedly both intelligent and honest, not to say in many cases learned?

B. Surely not! You stumble at the word "ignorance" as though it was the "inconceivable" ignorance which the Irish girl in the story imputed to the Protestant Archbishop. With all due respect for that sturdy heroine, I would remark that were the ignorance "inconceivable," it certainly would not be "invincible." Surely it is no reflection on a man's learning and acuteness to suppose the possibility in his case of a certain portion of the truth being obscured by a congenital atmosphere, or by the various currents of thought to which his education may have exposed him, and which after circumstances may have in no way tended to dispel or counteract?

T. How is it you do not see your way to let such good Christians alone, since they are in such a fair way of salvation?

B. Here I am afraid I must run the risk of shocking you again. I know how dear the name of Christian is to you, but we cannot in conscience accord it to you except in a limited sense. Inasmuch as you believe in Christ's Divinity, and endeavour to conform yourselves to what you know of His precepts and example, you take your place with us as Christians in contradistinction to the rest of mankind, and we welcome you with all our hearts. But inasmuch as you do not profess that religion in its entirety which we believe Christ came upon the earth to teach, in this respect, a very vital one surely, we cannot admit that you are Christians. You are not at one with Peter and those that are with him, who have been commissioned by Christ to teach all nations. This is why on our principles we cannot let you alone.

T. This is all harsh enough, but at least I am beginning to understand your position.

B. Let me give you a parable. A generous promoter of emigration has built a ship for emigrant service. It is the only one that plies between the old country and the desired settlement. There is room for all; the ship

is absolutely safe, and provided perfectly with everything an emigrant can need. Are not we who are on board, before the anchor is weighed, constrained by the merest charity to insist that there is no choice but that all who wish to make the voyage must embark with us; that those who decline, or enter some other ship, thereby forfeit all right to attain to the harbour of their hope? And this, without any detriment to our knowledge that so infinite are our benefactor's resources, and so boundless his loving kindness, that not one, who through no fault of his own has missed the right vessel, but will somehow or other, by balloon possibly, be taken across?

T. But are none of the other vessels that throng the harbour, and profess the same destination, capable of achieving it?

B. Assuredly not one. We may be glad to see our non-Catholic friends who refuse to join us aggregated to one of the various bodies retaining a certain proportion of Catholic truth, rather that left to struggle as they may in the sea of unbelief; but so far as these denominations pretended to give anything more than the advantages of sympathetic companionship, so far as they claim to exhibit the office and character of the Church, they are impostures, unseaworthy boats on which certain individuals may be saved, as we have admitted, but not saved by them.

T. What can you say against our gallant ship which sails under the Union Jack, and has the lion and the unicorn for its figure-head? Has it not all an emigrant can desire—bishops and priests and a comely ceremonial? What does it lack?

B. Why it lacks, in my opinion, sundry of the things you have claimed for it. But, letting that pass, it certainly has neither captain nor chart. It is emphatically of many minds, and in spite of the energy and honesty of many on board, the ship itself looks as unlike attaining to any definite port as may well be.

T. But isn't it, after all, the old Church of England just as it always was?—the same plant you see, the

grand old cathedrals and parish churches and glebes and tithes, &c.?

B. My dear Thompson, neither you nor I perhaps can make much pretence to esthetics; but really it is impossible to enter one of those grand old cathedrals whilst your service is going on, comely ceremonial though it be, without feeling that it was never built by persons who thought and felt as you do; that your "Dearly beloved" and Communion service are a wholly inadequate expression of the religious feelings of the old architects. Look at the myriads of angels and saints that throng the building, the multitude of altars, the aisles for procession, and the tremendous realism with which the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption are stamped upon every feature of the place. Surely it must be admitted that in your hands these magnificent shells have come to contain curiously small kernels.

T. Well, I must confess that this is a little out of my beat; but you should hear that exceedingly eloquent young man, Mr. Excelsior, our new curate, enlarge upon his favourite topic, "the Identity of the Church of England." He proves that our Church of England is the very same as the early British Church, or the Saxon Church of Augustine, or both—I cannot at this moment recall which—and insists that it was you who changed everything and broke away from us when you took the Pope's side against the Government in the sixteenth century.

B. This is too large a question to enter into at the fag end of the present discussion. Perhaps I had better defer it until I meet your new friend. I suppose he will put in an appearance at our next committee meeting, when I shall be very glad to make his acquaintance. However, I will venture to make two remarks (1) that in discussing the question of the identity of the Church of England, we must first establish what we mean by Church of England, and then see what that is you maintain to have remained identical through the lapse of so many centuries and through changes which at first

sight appear sufficiently radical; (2) that the problem to which your champion must address himself is to prove the persistence of a something which, while in itself sufficient to satisfy the idea of the Christian Church, remains wholly unaffected by such changes as those brought in under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration.

T. Bless me! Have we got to account for Bloody Mary?

B. Surely; her Establishment was as much a phase of your continuous Church, whatever else it was, as any of the others. To my mind there is one thread of identity, and but one, to which you can lay claim, and that is Legal Establishment; but that, no Churchman deserving the name would allow to be sufficient of itself for the constitution of a Christian Church. But to return to the proper matter of our discussion. Have I not justified in your eyes our position with regard to the principle, "Outside the Church there is no salvation?"

T. I think you have justified your practice to the extent of showing that it is consistent with your belief, and that your belief is consistent with itself. But the further question remains, how far you can justify the existence of such a belief?

B. That is quite true. I have not attempted on the present occasion to do more than justify the persistency of Catholic proselytism, and show its consistency with the belief that individual non-Catholics may be saved. It remains for you to consider the arguments upon which Catholics base their claim to be regarded as the one Church of Christ.

T. I am inclined to hold myself dispensed from the obligation of entering upon any such laborious task, upon the ground that I am no theologian, and that my line of thought has taken quite a different direction. How can I be expected to come to a conclusion on a matter as to which honest and able experts are at variance?

B. I fear that no such plea can be admitted. Each one is bound to use such light as God has given Him. He must look through his own eyes and not through

another's. The Church of Christ is something more than a philosophy: it is a kingdom with authoritative rights which it does not require a philosopher or a scholar to recognize. No doubt various difficult points may be raised in the controversy which it is not given to every one to solve by his own learning. But what is principally wanted is an inquirer, after honesty of purpose, is a sense of proportion, a quality belonging quite as much to common sense as to philosophy or scholarship. For lack of this many an able controversialist, to use a common proverb, has not been able to see the wood for the trees. The question you have to consider is the identity of the Church which Christ founded upon Peter with the Roman Catholic Church of history. You have this much to start with: you believe that the Church of Christ is a visible institution, and that according to Christ's promise it is somewhere extant in the visibility in which it was created. If it were a question of the identity of a firm of long standing; the firm, let us say, of "Peter and those that are with him," you would never allow such objections as an instance here or there of a passing dispute amongst its members, or the fact that its manner of transacting business has somewhat altered as it changed for one set of officers to another, to invalidate the consensus of all except a few interested defaulters to the effect that the present firm inherits the rights and the obligations of the original institution, It has not perished: if this is not it, where is it? Believe me; there is more logic than appears on the surface in the saying so common among the non-Catholic English poor: "Aye, it was the first, and it will be the last"—Alpha and Omega.

T. I have had enough controversy for to-day, and I will make no promises for to-morrow.

B. Well, we must be contented to fall back upon what some one denounced the other day as "the underhand practice" of praying for you.

T. Prayer cannot possibly do any harm either to me or to you.

B. One thing is worth recollecting. As far as I know, we stand alone amongst all religious bodies of ancient or modern times in this strenuous and persistent craving for the conversion of our neighbours, not for ambitious motives nor for any other reason whatever save this only, that they may be one with us in the privileges of salvation. And Christ, Who had compassion on the multitude that was hungry, has never failed and will never fail to satisfy this spiritual hunger which He has inspired.

H. I. D. R.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.
[Price 3s. 6d. per 100.]

VEN. JOHN OGILVIE, S.J.

(1580—1615).

BY MRS. FRANCIS KERR.

John Ogilvie—a Scotchman, a Priest, a Jesuit, and, with profoundest submission to the judgment of the Holy See be it added, a Martyr for the Catholic Faith and the divinely instituted Primacy of the Roman Pontiff—was born at Drum, near Keith, in Banffshire, in the year 1580. He came of an ancient lineage, for the Ogilvies sprang from the Earls of Angus. His immediate ancestors, Ogilvies of Drummuir, were a branch of the house of Airlie, the founder of which received the Barony of Ogilvie from William the Lion. Courage, presence of mind, and endurance, seem to have belonged to the race by nature, and in the 17th century the head of the family, a Lord Ogilvie, is recorded as still an adherent of the Catholic faith. The father of the martyr, however, appears to have given up his religion, and he himself was brought up a Calvinist. He was the eldest of the family, as he tells us himself, and the heir to the family estate. To the brave and chivalrous spirit he had inherited from his ancestors, and to a more than common share of the quickness of intelligence for which Scotchmen are proverbially noted, there seems to have been added in John a singular gravity combined with

great sweetness of character. He had a profound reverence for God, for His written Word, and for all holy things; and at the same time a simplicity, candour, docility, and amiability of disposition which attracted the affection and esteem of all.

With a view to his acquiring the learning becoming his position, and of enlarging his mind by travel, the young Calvinist was sent abroad at the early age of twelve, and we are told that he visited the chief cities of the Continent. Why this plan for continuing his education should have been pursued by his parents, we have no means of discovering; but without doubt God had His plan of mercy with regard to him in the arrangement. Very early in his life the Calvinist doctrine that the human will was of little or no account, and that the decree of God determines some to everlasting life and others to everlasting death, independently of their moral conditions, appears to have grated on his truth-loving soul. As he grew older his ardent mind eagerly sought after religious truth. Haunted by the fear of sinking into entire scepticism, he consulted many eminent men of the day, but still found himself in a painful state of doubt. In his perplexity he had recourse to earnest prayer that God might discover to him which of the so-called Christian religions was the true one. The light of faith at length came, as it ever does in such cases, and he resolved at once to seek admission to the one true fold. He attributed his conversion in great part to the help he derived from two texts of the Bible. The first exposed the error of Calvinism; the second, the principal means whereby truth is to be attained; those texts were:—the first, "God our Saviour will have *all* men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. ii. 4.); the other, "Come to me *all* ye who labour and I will refresh you. Take up my yoke . . . and you shall find *rest to your souls*" (St. Matt. xi. 28, 29).

He was received into the Catholic Church by the famous Cornelius à Lapide, and continued his studies for a time at the Scotch Colleges of Louvain and Ratisbon. Thence he went in 1597 or 1598 to the Jesuit

College at Olmütz, and there offered himself, along with others, to the Society of Jesus. Refused admission by the Provincial on account of an epidemic, Ogilvie followed him to Vienna, and obtained his consent to enter the novitiate at Brunn. Having completed there a most fervent noviceship, he was sent to study philosophy at Grätz, and afterwards taught literature at the College in Vienna, where he also studied eloquence for a year. All this occupied some five or six years, when he returned to Olmütz, and there had charge of the sodalists of Our Lady. These were in a state of great fervour; Holy Communion every Sunday and holy day, with two days devoted to preparation, was the rule. It is mentioned that the boys of their own accord carried crosses during the stations on Good Friday, and practised such penances afterwards that Father Ogilvie had to mitigate their zeal; but his own ardour left its mark on them, and his name was long remembered by the blessings of those among whom he had worked.

He is thus described by those who knew him at this time: "He had a quick and penetrating mind, a profound respect for God and holy things, a great deference to his superiors, pleasant to his equals, ever ready to render a service, and wonderfully zealous for the salvation of souls. His humility and modesty were so great, that he seemed to be the servant of all, and he often evinced a true thirst for martyrdom."

At last ordained priest in Paris, in 1613, the heart of the young Scotch Father was inflamed with a burning zeal to devote himself to the perilous mission of striving to mitigate the spiritual destitution of his beloved country, and to win back some at least of his countrymen to the faith of their fathers. The obstacles appeared at first insuperable, on account of the almost incredible difficulty of even effecting a landing in Scotland; but the ingenuity and determination of the young priest suggested means whereby these obstacles could be surmounted, and he at length obtained from his superiors the much-desired permission to return to labour in his native land. He came with another Jesuit Father, both of course in disguise. Fr. Ogilvie was disguised as a soldier, and passed by the

name of Watson. "I entreat your reverence," wrote the Earl of Angus to the General of the Jesuits, "to send none but those who wish for this mission, and are strong enough to bear without flinching the heat of the day; for persecution increases, and those who receive the missioners are in exceeding danger. It is law that whoever receives a priest, hears a Mass, or celebrates one, is liable to be arraigned for high treason." On arriving in Scotland the missioners separated. Father Ogilvie went to the North for a few weeks, but spent the winter in Edinburgh in the house of William Sinclair, advocate. As the latter deposed afterwards, Father Ogilvie seemed to have but one thought, that of strengthening Catholics and converting heretics. It was his habit to say Mass very early, and during the day to visit and console the sick, his new converts, and those in prison for the faith. The night was chiefly given to prayer. His host also deposed how much he had already made himself beloved in Scotland. Among the prisoners was Sir James Macdonald, the husband of Lady M. Campbell, who bore witness to the great number of Protestants he had reconciled, instancing two or three lords from Renfrewshire and others, less known than these, but also of the nobility. Some business, possibly that for the king to which he alluded in his trial, took him about Easter-time to London, and even for a few days to Paris; but he spent the summer in Edinburgh, occasionally visiting Sinclair, and saying Mass in his house. In October he went to Glasgow, where he was so soon to be done to death by his arch-enemy and judge, John Spottiswood, the so-called archbishop of that city. The danger was greater there than elsewhere, for, owing to ancient feudal rights, the archbishop, besides having his own court and officials, shared in the temporal jurisdiction of the Crown.

Before beginning, however, the account of his sufferings, we shall do well to glance at the reasons which caused Fr. Ogilvie to be so remorselessly hunted down. In the earlier periods of the persecution, wholesale massacres appear to have been common enough in Scotland, but in latter times the usual policy was to punish with

immediate banishment, with or without previous torture, any priests who penetrated into the land.

King James, upon whose mind, as Lingard observes, the maxim, "No bishop, no king," had made a deep impression, had himself been in no little fear of the insolent tyranny of the ministers, the cause of his mother's downfall; and had succeeded, by threats and by bribery, in establishing episcopacy in Scotland.

This once accomplished, the king no longer needed to make a show of conciliating the Catholic party as a balance to Presbyterianism, but was able to give full vent to his resentment against them, both for their refusal to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy, and for their disapprobation of his views on the deep theological questions in which he delighted to dabble. The people, meanwhile, were furious with the ministers, who, after having left no stone unturned for the destruction of the bishops, now quietly slipped into the unoccupied sees; and nothing would persuade them they were not papists in disguise.

Spottiswood was anxious to clear himself before the people and to win the king's favour, and he resolved that so noted a Jesuit as Father Ogilvie should not escape, had he ever the fortune to get him in his power. A correspondence is extant between him and one of the king's chamberlains, which refers to the price to be paid down to a certain gentleman for his promise to betray the Jesuit and others.

The chance which the pseudo-bishop looked for occurred only too soon. Five gentlemen of high position expressed their desire that Fr. Ogilvie should come to Glasgow to receive them back into the Church: he went gladly for the purpose, and what occurred we learn from his own account. "Six months ago," he tells us, "I came to Glasgow to absolve five persons from heresy. The day after my arrival, having finished offering the Holy Sacrifice, I was betrayed by one of those whom I was to have reconciled to the Church. He was a man of very high family." The circumstances were briefly as follows: Father Ogilvie was walking with a friend in the street, when, on a secret signal, he was suddenly

arrested by a servant of the archbishop; a crowd of officials and armed citizens quickly gathered in such numbers that the Father was lifted off his feet, and well-nigh carried to the provost's house, there to await the pleasure of the archbishop. The latter hastened to the place, having been told that the city was in arms. On seeing the Father he called to him to come near; and striking him on the face, fiercely asked how he dared say his Masses in a reformed city. The Father replied that to strike him was the act not of a bishop, but of an executioner. The mob present then fell on him, plucking out his beard, tearing his face with their nails, and deluging him with their blows. He was so stunned with the blows on the head he had received, as he himself tells us, that only the shame of being stripped brought him to himself and enabled him to make an indignant remonstrance. All he had about him, breviary, relics, and money, were taken. Spottiswood in his "Relation" says: "A tuft of hair of the Founder of the Jesuits was, I think, his chiefest jewel." Fourteen persons were arrested at the same time, owing to the discovery of all his papers. His baggage, though hidden with great secrecy, had been separately given up. As it included Church furniture, "a letter for finding our property in Scotland," as the Father tells us, "besides a catalogue of names," he felt it most acutely. "They were in a very safe place had men only been honourable and silent." He was now taken to the Tolbooth, where the gaoler threatened him with torture. The holy priest laughingly besought him to keep his promise; "for," said he, "I glory in my cause and triumph in my punishment."

The archbishop now wrote a notable letter to the king on all that had passed. He tells his Majesty that stores of vestments and books had been tracked, which doubtless the Jesuits were laying up "for the day on which they reckoned;" that eight burgesses had been tried for attending the Masses of the Jesuit—he begs for his own share of fines imposed, and of moneys allowed to the treasurer for purposes of bribery and reward; he suggests that certain members of the Government and himself should be commissioned to try the prisoners,

especially the Jesuit, so that, as the goods and lives of the same were in his Majesty's hands, the full penalties of the law might be carried out in proportion on each; while, "should the Jesuit, whose examination should be secret, refuse to confess, he might be compelled to do so by the torture of the boots."

Spottiswood's next move was to imprison Father Ogilvie in the archiepiscopal palace, so as to have him under his own eye. He had him brought up at once before himself, the Lords Fleming, Boyde, and Kilsyth, the pseudo-bishop of Argyll, the provost of the city, and others, for examination. There were present a large gathering of ministers and barons. Nine other prisoners, accused of Catholic worship, and whose depositions are extant, also appeared. The interrogatories were long, and we can only give samples of the questioning and of his admirable replies. Being asked if he had said Mass in the royal dominions, he answered: "If this is a crime, it ought to be investigated not on the oath of the accused, but by witnesses." Again, when asked if he were a priest:—"If you have proved to demonstration I have said Mass, by the same witnesses you have proved I am a priest": and "What the law compels me to say I will say, and nothing more." When ordered to swear to his answers: "The law excludes oaths in criminal cases, and examines by witnesses only, and that rightly, lest the judges should be deceived, and lest the accused should perjure themselves to the damnation of their souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ, for the safety of their bodies." To the enquiry: "What did you come to Scotland for?" he replied: "To unteach heresy." Owing to his determined silence in some cases, he was ordered to state the kind of things to which he would not reply. He at once declared: "To whatever would prejudice myself or an innocent neighbour." The examiners agreed to his terms, and he then swore to his name, family, relations, rank, where he had studied, and to the religious order to which he belonged. He was informed it was high treason to assert that the Pope had spiritual jurisdiction in the king's dominions. He answered: "It is an article of faith that he has." "Do

you dare to put your signature to that?" "Even with my blood if need be," and he forthwith subscribed his name.

It may be well here to point out the line taken by Father Ogilvie throughout the examinations, and during the trial. On all matters concerned with doctrine, or doctrinal points not yet defined by the Church, he refused to give his opinion. To do so would have been to admit the spiritual authority of his examiners. For, to demand an oath about this or that regarding the power of the Pope was obviously itself exceeding the limits of their jurisdiction. His silence was moreover a lawful rejection of the king's claim to search the inmost consciences of men. Thus to the question: "Can the Pope depose a king?" his answer was that "he could not depose a lawful king and obedient son of the Church as such, but that many doctors held he could depose an heretical king." "But what do you say?" "When I am judge of king and Pope I will say what that Pope can do," was the reply; "at the present time, till questioned juridically by the Pope, the judge of religious controversy, or by one having authority from him, I am not bound to give an opinion." During this examination he quoted the condemnation of regicides by the Council of Constance, and declared his abhorrence of them.* He then turned the tables on his opponents by reminding them how a few years before, at the instigation of some of the preachers, the Presbyterians in great numbers had attempted the murder of the king in council.

The Father tells us that during the whole examination he had felt in a burning fever. He had not tasted food for twenty-six hours. A shivering fit came on,—he was told he might warm himself. A brutal fellow threatened to push him into the fire. He parried such insults with the gayest banter: "Should you make up your mind to do so, you could not choose a fitter time; do you not see how cold I am?" The Lord Provost told him before the assembled company that he was no Ogilvie, and that

* It is well known that the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus expressly forbid anything to be either taught or printed which can possibly appear to countenance regicide.

his mother lived in the town. Before long the supposed mother was confronted with him: "However," writes the martyr, "she does not recognize me, saying I am not lucken-handed and not a halflin (half-witted), but very sharp! So I have my laugh at those who laughed at me." In his prison in the palace, he was now fastened with two rings to a lump of iron, 200 lbs. in weight, "shaped like a pole, so that I could only sit or lie on my back, but nothing more except a little standing."

It was about this time that Spottiswood pretended to discover the existence of twenty-seven Jesuits in Scotland. He communicated this piece of news to the chamberlain, and announced that he hoped to unravel their plots by the torture of the one already in his hands. Accordingly orders arrived from headquarters that Father Ogilvie should go to Edinburgh to be there examined by the Privy Council, but before he was allowed to leave Glasgow he was submitted to the torture of the "boots." This instrument is thus described by one who had seen it in use. "It is formed of four splints bound together, of the length of the leg, much like what is put round a young tree to protect it. A wedge of iron inserted between the splints, and driven in by sheer force with a hammer, crushes the limb as if to break it and often makes the marrow spirt out of the bones." Most touching details of his sufferings are given in some of the contemporary records. His unflinching spirit met torture with a smile or a joke. Once only was a cry wrung from him by extremity of pain. "We will not stop," said a bystander, "till the marrow comes out of your bones." He held out his leg and bade them do their worst. "I knew," writes one who had seen much of him, "that he bore all his sufferings for the love of God, not only patiently, but with the greatest fortitude and joy; and this I knew from the testimony of his enemies themselves." This invincible courage he drew from prayer. Often was he heard to whisper gently: "O Lord Jesus, in Whom I have trusted, grant that I may be found faithful to Thee, and forgive these men, who know not what they do." "In all Scotland," writes Father Mayne, O.S.B., "he was famed for his courage and gentleness,

as gentle in suffering as formidable in opposition. Many were so touched that they asked to be instructed in the Truth." Sealed though his lips had been as to his converts and those who harboured him, his persecutors spread the report he had betrayed his friends; so that on riding out of Glasgow to go to Edinburgh he was followed by the relations of the prisoners, who pelted and abused him as much as did his worst enemies. "I was greeted with showers of mud and snow," writes the Father in his account. "I rode on cheerfully as if I did not care, so that the people wondered at my coolness. I called out, 'It is past joking when the head is aff,' as the Scotch proverb has it. A woman in the crowd cursed my 'ill faur'd mug.' 'Christ's blessing on your bonnie face,' answered I, and the Protestants took notice that I blessed those who cursed me."

The move to Edinburgh took place on Dec. 8th. Spottiswood, who had preceded him thither, lodged him at first in his house, but before long he was taken to a dungeon strictly guarded in the castle. Any who liked might visit him; and numbers did so. Careless questions were put to them by other apparent visitors: where they had seen him before, and how they knew him; so that being off their guard many discovered themselves and others. Their names were then at once circulated as having been betrayed by him!

To those who out of curiosity questioned him about himself, the Father gave an account of his conversion, much to the disgust of the ministers, who had no intention of giving him any opportunity of the kind; but in all that concerned others his silence was impenetrable.

A special tribunal which included Spottiswood—the treasurer—the Advocate General, Lords Binning and Kilsyth, had now been commissioned by the king, and Father Ogilvie appeared before it on the 12th. He as usual refused to implicate others, "lest they should be in peril of perversion on account of persecution, which would be against God and my neighbour, and therefore a great sin, and some inconstant person might be persuaded from hope or terror, to pretend some conspiracy against the king and thus afford a cloak to your cruelty

in slaying me, whom from fear of infamy you do not now punish as you would wish." "All that is due to the king I will give him." "The king forbids Mass; but Christ has ordained it and commanded Masses to be celebrated; and whether Christ or the king is to be obeyed, judge you." Such were some of his memorable replies.

It was now determined, in order to extort information, that the Father should be tortured by deprivation of all sleep. For eight days and nine nights was their victim fiendishly kept awake, relays of tormentors relieving each other in their horrid work. These wretches thrust needles under his nails, pricked him with their daggers, twisted his arms and legs, raised him up and threw him down, and struck him repeatedly. On the ninth night a physician had to be called in, who declared the Father had not three hours to live. On this he was allowed some rest, but only to be dragged again, more dead than alive, before the court.

The report of his sufferings spread far and wide, and excited deep compassion. Many of the more important people urged him to save himself by giving up his faith. To some who, in the presence of many witnesses, threatened him with further tortures, the holy martyr replied: "I make no account of you—I can and will willingly suffer more for this cause than you and yours are able to inflict. Such threats cheer me; I mind them no more than the cackling of geese." He tells us in his narrative: "I was so weak from want of sleep, I scarce knew what I was saying, nor in what place and city I was; yet the preachers came to argue all the oftener."

For some while after he was captured, Fr. Ogilvie had been perpetually visited by the Calvinist ministers, who fondly hoped that they might succeed in perplexing him with their arguments, and even in inducing him to return to Calvinism. Their efforts were worse than useless, however; for many of those who came to shake him went away considerably shaken themselves, and filled with amazement at the erudition and power of reasoning which the Father displayed. The intense application with which he had given himself whilst abroad to his

philosophical and theological studies served him now in good stead; and with their help, and that of his ready Scotch wit, he utterly put to silence all who came to argue with him, so that at length they thought it prudent to leave him alone. The vigour with which he defended the Papal Supremacy in particular won for him the title of the Campion of Scotland, and the admiration which his controversial skill excited at the time may be gathered from the following words of the Menology of the Society of Jesus:—

"The 10th of March was the martyrdom of Fr. John Ogilvie in Glasgow: his glorious combats, his presence of mind, the readiness with which he answered his accusers, his calm and powerful reasoning, showed the spirit which animated him and revived in our own age the constancy of the ancient martyrs."

Now, however, that the Father's head was stupefied with want of sleep, the preachers took courage and returned to the charge, but they appear to have fared no better than before.

During his last examination in Edinburgh the "mercy" of the commissioners was thrown in his face. They might, they said, have ordered the "boots" for him—he should be grateful! "What further," answered he, "except to take my life, could you have done? Had I been tortured by the boots alone I might yet have been carried into the school, or the confessional, and exercised the duties of a priest; but you have almost killed the sensitive part of my brain, with which I serve Christ according to my vocation! Even if I had been ready before to tell you all, I would not now do so, lest it should seem I had been moved and led by feeling like a beast, and not by reason as a man. Try the boots, and with God's help I will show you, I care no more for my legs than you do for your leggings. I consider myself born for greater things than to be overcome by sense. Yet I do not trust to myself, but to God's grace. I hope for nothing from you; whatever, by God's permission, you are going to do, do quickly. I am not speaking from passion, but from my deliberate mind. I will preserve my life if I can, provided I am not obliged to

lose God for it. But as I cannot do both, I willingly sacrifice the lesser for the greater good."

Spottiswood is said by this time to have declared that he would have given any money not to have meddled with such a man. The commissioners refused to examine him again. "It is intolerable," said the archbishop to him, "that, but for the papers which were found, we should be unable to get any information from you." These words, in fact, summed up the result of all that had been done. Foiled in his ends, Spottiswood returned to Glasgow to spend the Christmas festival in his own see, and brought Father Ogilvie with him. He put him in his old quarters in the prison of the palace, but removed the gaoler, and appointed his own steward in his stead, a hard and relentless man, who forthwith added to the heavy chains, which fastened both the martyr's feet to the iron pole, by driving in iron wedges at the joinings of the rings. The martyr assured him that were his chains of wax he would not break them, and were his prison doors left open he would not desert so good a cause, but would leave it to God's providence to look after him some other way. His arguments at this time with various ministers, and with the pseudo-bishop of the Isles, were so excellent, that Spottiswood said that none like Ogilvie had ever come to these parts, and that if he got off he would himself be willing to hang for him, since he would surely "put saut in their kail for them," as the Scottish proverb is, if he escaped.

The drama, however, was now drawing to its close. King James drew up five questions, and sent them to Scotland for the martyr to answer. These were: whether the Pope have power over the king in matters spiritual and temporal;—whether he have power to excommunicate kings, and to depose them, especially his Majesty;—when so deposed, if it be allowable to murder them;—whether the Pope have power to release subjects from their oath of allegiance to his Majesty.

On all these points Father Ogilvie kept steadfastly to the lines he had laid down for himself throughout the examinations, the grounds of which we have already explained. He contented himself with asserting the Pope's

spiritual authority over any king that was a baptized Christian, and his power to excommunicate the same. This, his final rejection of the king's spiritual jurisdiction, and his silence with regard to any matter connected (or supposed to be connected) with religious teaching which had not been defined by the Church, were duly reported and grossly misrepresented to James by the archbishop. The latter betook himself again to Edinburgh, there to await instructions from the king. During his absence some relaxations were allowed to the prisoner by the prelate's wife, on occasions when, it is said, she had indulged too freely in wine. They were stopped as soon as Spottiswood heard of them; among them probably may have been the liberty to write letters. We cannot forbear to quote one at least which must have been written about this time, to Father Claude Acquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus, of whose recent death Father Ogilvie did not know.

"Very Rev. Father in Christ:—The peace of Christ. Most loving, venerable, and dear to my heart, and after Christ and the heavenly Court, my heart's tenderest love. My punishments are terrible and my tortures sharp. The charity of your paternity will make you pray for me, that I may lay down my life generously for Jesus, the invincible in suffering. May Christ long preserve you, the leader of His veteran soldiers, as a bulwark to His Church. Very Reverend Father, your humble servant in Christ and most unworthy little son,—JOHN OGILVIE."

After a couple of weeks the rumour spread abroad, and soon reached the martyr, that letters bearing the king's decision had arrived. The gaolers asked him how he fared. "Bound to the ground by an iron weight upon me!" said he. "What news have ye?" "None," quoth they. "Well," said the martyr, "I will tell you that a priest is going to die to-morrow or next day." And so it proved; Spottiswood returned from Edinburgh, with certain gentlemen of rank and various ill-disposed persons, and sent the provost and bailies to tell the Father that the following Tuesday had been fixed for his arraignment and trial. At the same time, he gave orders that the scaffold should be put up at the Cross the day previous

(on the Monday), thus testifying to the fact that Father Ogilvie had been judged and condemned beforehand.

From this moment all recorded of Father Ogilvie seems bathed in the surpassing light and strength and beauty of approaching martyrdom. With loving reverence let us follow him, hour by hour, and glean some refreshment for ourselves from the radiant sweetness with which he walked in the footsteps of his Lord. Six months of ignominy and torture were over, and the last struggle had come. The day before the end, while making what preparations he could, he brightly invited those present to his wedding feast on the morrow. That evening some of his friends were enabled to visit him; and we have evidence that, by what means we know not, they had made arrangements for his escape of which he might easily have availed himself. Among these visitors was Mr. J. Brown of Logh Hill, himself a confessor for the faith. His son, afterwards rector of Douay College, deposed to the following received from Mr. Brown's own lips. Mr. Brown told the martyr he had sure means of escape ready for that night. The latter, smiling sweetly, thanked him, and assured him he feared nothing more than that a death so precious, and more acceptable than any life, should be snatched from him. So consoling and so strengthening, even to the other, was this frame of mind, that the two men rushed to each other's arms, their eyes filled with tears, and the martyr begged Mr. Brown not to leave him, till God had completed in him the work he had begun. This was promised and faithfully performed.

The gaolers kept up a great uproar all night, while the martyr used the facilities afforded for his escape as only a martyr could have done. We know of this touching episode through the attestation of Father T. Rob, a Scottish Jesuit, to whom the Lady Margaret Hamilton, sister of the Earl of Abercorn, herself related what she had heard from an eye-witness. The latter, a woman who lived in Glasgow, looking out of her window that night* in the direction of the gallows, saw a man, in a

* The space between the episcopal palace and the Tolbooth was not in those days built over.

white linen garment, leave the episcopal palace and come down the open space between it and the Cross. His hands were joined together and a little raised. He went and knelt before the scaffold; and after praying a short time said distinctly in Latin: "Mary, Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, protect us from the enemy and receive us at the hour of our death." The woman was ignorant alike of books and Latin, but she swore to the words she had heard, and to the truth of her declarations.

On the morrow Father Ogilvie awaited his summons in prayer. To the magistrates who came for him, he said he had been longing for that hour. He was led through the streets half clad in a ragged garment, as his cloak had been taken from him, and was followed by crowds, amongst whom were those same relations of the other Catholic prisoners, who had formerly so misused him. These had now learnt the truth, and with tears asked his pardon and prayed for blessings on his head, and in doing so were joined by many Protestants.

At eleven o'clock, he was brought into the Town Hall, which formed part of the Tolbooth, and the proceedings began. On the bench were seated the archbishop, the provost, various nobles of high rank, and the bailies of the city. A lengthy and verbose indictment* was read, which in its essential parts may be reduced as follows. He was arraigned on the head of high treason, 1st, for affirming the spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope in His Majesty's dominions, to the detriment of the king's lawful authority in all things, whereby he offended against certain Acts of the Scottish Parliament; and 2ndly, for his refusal to answer the king's questions as to his opinions on matters concerning His Majesty's

* The utter emptiness of this document, trumped up in the vain hope that they could thereby "avoid making a martyr" of Fr. Ogilvie, has been well exposed by Arnot, a Protestant, in his *Criminal Trials*, who at the same time laments the Father's lack of "liberality." The Acts referred to had no reference to the case, and Fr. Ogilvie's refusal to reply could not have fallen within the scope of the law. To any one who would maintain the contrary he would reply that to oblige the accused to answer such questions as those when his life was at stake would be the "most monstrous legal iniquity possible to conceive."

sacred person, life, and crown; moreover, for freely, of his own accord, condemning the oaths of spiritual supremacy and allegiance demanded of Catholics. He is declared to have seduced the king's subjects from their said allegiance by saying of Masses, and by auricular confession, contrary to the statutes of the realm; though in the summing up of the charges by Maister W. Hay (substitute for the king's attorney) immediately afterwards, it is asserted that he is not brought to trial on the last head, but solely on the two former.

On being told that his silence would be taken as a confession of guilt: "Judge me by my words and works," answered he, "and leave the judgment of thoughts to God, to whom it appertains." He further stated: "In all things in which I ought to obey his Majesty, I will show myself most observant. I would willingly spend the last drop of my blood in fighting for him: but in the usurped claim of spiritual jurisdiction, I neither may, nor can, render him obedience." He was asked if he approved of regicides: "I detest them," was the reply.

While the jury were deliberating, after having been exhorted to "convict without scruple owing to the devilish disposition of the accused," Father Ogilvie spoke of the judgments of God. Spottiswood asked him whether, if he were now banished, he would endeavour to return to the country: "Most assuredly," replied he, "in so good a cause. Were I seeking anything unrighteous, I should fear to do so; but my only wish now is, that for every hair of my head I could convert a thousand souls and yourself, archbishop, first and foremost." * The jury unanimously found him guilty of high treason and he was sentenced to be "hanged by the neck on the gallows at the Cross, and when taken down, his head to be struck off and his body quartered and exposed in different parts of the city."

The martyr abounded with joy. He embraced the official who read out the sentence, thanked the arch-

* "I hope to come to Glasgow again and to do more good," adds another account. "If all the hairs of my head were priests, they should all come into the kingdom."

bishop and his other judges, and gave them his blessing as a Catholic priest; assuring them that as he wished God to be favourable to him in his agony, so did he forgive them all from his heart. He asked the prayers of all Catholics present, and began at once to commend his last struggle to God. He then turned to the executioner whom the Sheriff had brought in, and gently kissed his hand, entreating him joyously to do his duty without fear, and assuring him that he would thus in a very little time secure a faithful intercessor with the good God in heaven. The hangman, quite overcome, could hardly lead him out.

The sentence had been passed at one o'clock. Scarce three hours were to elapse between that time and the execution, but the whole city was gathering. The fame of his long struggle and heroic endurance had spread throughout the land, and had stirred the people deeply, and they now flocked in thousands to the place of execution.

While the martyr was crossing the short space between the Tolbooth and the scaffold, a minister came up to him, showed him much sympathy, and after a little conversation made a strange proposal, which is recorded, together with all that passed on the scaffold, by his faithful friend Mr. Brown and others who were close by. Mr. Brown tells us: "The minister urged him to save his life, whereupon the Father feigned fear, saying: 'Just as if my life hung on my own free will! I am accounted guilty of high treason, and for that am condemned.' 'Stuff and nonsense,' said the minister, 'as to this crime of yours. Give up the Pope and Papistry, and you shall be forgiven that crime and rewarded with gifts.' 'You mock me,' said the Father. 'I speak seriously and with certain authority,' subjoined the minister; 'my Lord Archbishop gave commission to me to promise you his daughter in marriage, and the richest prebend of the diocese as her dowry, provided I found you willing to step over from your religion to ours.' Whilst these things were being said they reached the scaffold. The minister urged the Father to be willing to live. The Father replied that he was willing, but

not with disgrace. 'I have said and repeat,' urged the minister, 'that you may live with honour.' 'Would you be willing to say that, so that the people could hear?' 'By all means,' he replied. 'Listen all present,' cried Father Ogilvie, 'to what the minister is going to say to us.' Then the minister gave out: 'I promise to Mr. Ogilvie life, the Lord Archbishop's daughter, and a very rich prebend, provided he be willing to come over to our side.' 'Do you hear this?' said the Father, 'and will you confirm it as witnesses when it shall be needed?' 'We have heard,' cried the people, 'and we will confirm it; go down, Mr. Ogilvie, go down.' Upon this the Catholics began to tremble and the Protestants to triumph. 'There is no fear then that I should be held hereafter as guilty of high treason?' 'By no means,' all the people from the street cried out together. 'I stand here therefore a criminal on the head of religion alone?' 'Of that alone,' they cry out. 'Very well,' triumphantly exclaimed the Father, 'that is plenty; on the head of religion alone I am condemned, and for that I would willingly and joyfully pour forth even a hundred lives. Snatch away that one which I have from me and make no delay about it, but my religion you will never snatch away from me.' At this the Catholics raised their heads once more; whilst the Protestants were in a fury, above all the minister, who harshly stopped the Father as he was preparing to say more, and commanded him to be led away to the gallows as quickly as possible."

The Sheriff, two ministers, and other officials were on the scaffold beside him; also a Catholic kinsman, John Abercrombie. The martyr was so worn out with cold, and want of rest and food, which Spottiswood had knowingly left him without, that he had hardly been able to mount the steps of the scaffold. A minister shouted out, "Ogilvie dies for treason;" he shook his head, being no longer allowed to address the people. "Don't mind their lies, John, the mair wrangs the better," said Abercrombie, who thereon was so violently pitched off the scaffold by the attendants that he would have been killed, but that he fell on the heads of the densely packed multitude. The martyr gently said to one who

accosted him as "traitor": "You wrong me, you forbid me to speak to the people, and then you misrepresent me. I have never said or done anything to prejudice the king. I have only declared the Pope has spiritual authority in the king's dominions, and in the whole world among Christians, and also that he can excommunicate an heretical king. I have signed the things I maintain, and am ready to die for them, but you have written falsely to the king about me I and another Scotchman have done more in the king's service among foreign nations than you, and all the ministers in Scotland, can do; and I would peril my life for him; but now I die for religion alone." Asked if he feared to die: "No more," he replied, "than you do to dine." His hands were now tied so tightly that the fingers all quivered. Just before this he had thrown down his rosary among the crowd. It struck a young Hungarian noble, a heretic, who was travelling in Scotland, and who afterwards deposed that, from the moment of that precious blow, his piece of mind was so destroyed, he could not rest until he had been instructed and received into the Catholic Church. He was not able to secure the rosary, as the Catholics rushed upon him to get it, and being nearly trampled down was obliged to give it up.

The martyr now said the Litany of Saints, as a profession of faith, in Latin and in broad Scotch, so that the people might hear him; he declared he placed all his hopes in the Precious Blood of Christ; he kissed the gallows, and absorbed in prayer, went up the ladder, repeating in Latin and English: "Mary, Mother of grace, pray for me; all ye holy Angels, pray for me: all ye Saints of God, pray for me." With difficulty the hangman was persuaded to throw him off the ladder. When he had done so, the martyr remained hanging till he was dead.

The people then gave a loud cry, and prayed God to visit his death on the real worker of it, and to hold them guiltless. The cord was cut and the body fell to the ground. Thus, at four in the afternoon, of March 10th, 1615, was the martyrdom consummated.

From the disposition of the people, it was not con-

sidered safe to quarter the body, which was put into a coffin, and at once buried outside the city, in the place usual for criminals, that is, on the north side of the cathedral. It was said at the time that a horseman had waited outside the city till the death was made known, after which he rode off in hot haste. That night, so it was also said, a party of forty horsemen, headed by the Catholic Earls of Abercorn and Semple, carried off the holy relics to some place which is still unknown. To test the truth of the report, the city authorities had the ground prodded with iron bars over the part where the coffin had been lowered; and, some hard substance having been struck, they declared themselves satisfied that all was right.

Efforts were made by the ministers to repress the regret everywhere expressed by the people at the martyr's death; they urged that he was a traitor to his king, but without avail, as the people kept bringing up the offer of life, etc., made him if he would renounce his religion. Spottiswood wrote a mixture of truth and falsehood which he was pleased to call "A true Relation" of the facts of Fr. Ogilvie's death; it does not appear to have deceived many then, but probably has done so since.

Calderwood could not understand why he should have been put to death, and Bishop Forbes has styled it a judicial murder. Every Scotch Catholic knew that the Church had added another to the catalogue of her martyrs for the Papal Supremacy.

If the reader would know what the learned theologian, Cornelius à Lapide, who received him into the Church, thought of our martyr, he may read it in his commentary on the Prophet Isaias, where he compares the constancy of his former catechumen with that of the greatest martyrs of the early Church, such as St. Romanus, St. Ignatius of Antioch, St. Laurence, and St. Vincent, adding "that he was a man who, to the amazement of the Calvinists, remained unconquered by tortures, and so keen in his answers to those who questioned him as to stop the mouths of all his assailants."

"It hardly seems credible," Dr. Oliver observes, "that the wanton barbarities which Fr. Ogilvie had to endure

could have been directed and sanctioned by the constituted authorities. They are scarcely to be paralleled by the refined cruelty of the persecutors of the Christians during the first three centuries of the Church, or of the Indian savages and cannibals, and could only be surpassed by the Father's meekness, patience, and alacrity."

With these two testimonies in praise of our martyr we must bring our story to a close. We have few more facts to relate, and we can but guess with regard to the rest. The veil has yet to be withdrawn which hides from our eyes the crown and the palm and the splendours of the glory which are now his—the just reward of his "faithfulness unto death" in the city of God. Our ears deserved not to hear the welcome, the "well done, good and faithful servant" wherewith the Prince of Pastors embraced his beloved friend; but we may be sure that a lofty throne in heaven has been awarded to one who was privileged to drink so deeply on earth of the chalice of his Master's Passion. Betrayed by a friend, his sufferings begin with a most unjust blow from the pseudo-archbishop's own hand,—his remonstrance goes for nothing; he is beaten, stripped naked, struck on the head, his beard is plucked out, he is bound, insulted, and tormented, put through a mock trial, charged with resistance to authority and sedition, and most unjustly condemned to a felon's death, just as his Divine Master had been before him. He dies blessing and forgiving his murderers, and at the same or nearly the same age, and hour of the day, as did his Lord, and as if to complete the resemblance the ordered quartering is not carried out, "they brake not a bone of him," but an effort is made to blacken "that seducer's" fair fame by "A true Relation." What then must be the glory in heaven, and consequently the power of intercession, of a disciple who has trod so closely in the blood-stained footsteps of his Master!

Even on earth his martyrdom has not been quite barren of visible fruit. A large number of the Catholics of Scotland were encouraged by his example to a firmer adherence to their Holy Faith. One who had been an eye-witness tells us how he and others, being

brought by a similar sentence to the very foot of the gallows, found themselves, through our martyr's example and the divine inspiration, prepared to suffer death with the greatest firmness; whilst another young Scotchman, Hippolytus Curle, owed his vocation to religion to hearing the account of Fr. Ogilvie's imprisonment and death read at the Scotch College, Douay. At the present day, too, we hear of several Catholics having received favours both temporal and spiritual, in answer to prayers addressed to our martyr, and of at least one conversion to the Catholic Faith.

A Scottish nobleman, whose name is not given, filled with great devotion to Fr. Ogilvie, spent £200, a few years after the martyrdom, in promoting the cause of his beatification in Rome. The usual process having been prepared and the true proofs of the martyrdom obtained and investigated, the cause was equivalently introduced, remissorial letters having been issued by the Congregation of Rites, on the 5th May, 1629. The cause was not then proceeded with for prudential reasons in connection with the persecution of the day. These have now happily ceased to exist, and an earnest desire is very naturally spreading amongst Scotch Catholics that the cause may now be pushed on speedily to its completion.* Scotland needs all her Saints. The impenetrability of men's minds on the subject of the Catholic Religion in this country will give way more and more at the prayer of her sons and recognized martyrs and confessors. Let us learn all we can about them therefore, so that we may know and love them; let us help in their great work in our own small way, by leaving no stone unturned to lead others to a knowledge of the Truth, and to preserve in ourselves and in our fellow-Catholics, the priceless gift of Faith.

* Our hopes and longings are justified, for the cause is now being pressed in Rome.

NOTE.

In so brief an account of the Martyr of Glasgow as that here presented to the public, it was thought unnecessary and undesirable to encumber our pages with the mention of the authorities from which the facts given have been drawn. We believe, however, that we have asserted nothing for which thoroughly good evidence cannot be adduced. The reader who would wish for a more intimate acquaintance with this noble Scotchman is referred to the account written by the martyr himself from his prison in Glasgow, a few days before his death, a translation of which has been given us by Fr. Kirkpatrick, S.J.: the interesting story of the martyr given by the Rev. Dan. Conway in *The Month* in 1878; the elaborate French Life of V. Ogilvie by Fr. Forbes Leith, S.J.; and to the authorities copiously cited by the same writers. From these sources it is that our little story has been chiefly compiled.

The happy discovery, made by Fr. Wm. Forbes Leith, S.J., of the process for the Beatification of the Ven. Martyr in the Archives at Rome, has also enriched us with many touching details which had not been previously known.

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Before and After GUNPOWDER PLOT.

BY E. HEALY THOMPSON, M.A.

THIS famous plot for blowing up the Parliament House together with the King, Lords, and Commons assembled therein, which was fraught with such woeful consequences to the Catholics of England, and which even at this day is used by their enemies as a polemical engine against them—as though it had been the work of the whole Catholic body, and had received the sanction of their ecclesiastical superiors—was, in fact, the secret conspiracy of a few individuals, mostly young men, whom the barbarous cruelties to which they and their families were subjected had driven to desperation, and, I may even say, goaded to madness.

Of the terrible penal laws which were designed to exterminate the ancient faith we may all have some idea, more or less definite. But it is only when we see them exemplified in individual cases, as recorded in the biographies of the sufferers or in the annals of the time, that we realize the true nature of the persecution which the Catholics of England had to endure on account of their religion: its bitterness, its brutality, its pitiless persistency, extending as it did to persons of both sexes of every rank and condition in life, young and old, rich and poor, the meanest equally with the noblest in the realm.

Many of the following particulars (supplemented from other sources) are taken from the *Life of Mary Ward*, which forms two volumes of the "Quarterly Series,"

published by Burns and Oates. Mary Ward was a member of one of the great Yorkshire families, of ancient lineage, and allied to many of the historic nobles of the land. Her history is extremely interesting, not only on account of her wonderful strength and energy of character, and the zeal she displayed in sustaining the faith and exciting the fervour of her oppressed and disheartened compatriots especially by devoting herself to the education and training of girls of English parentage. whether for social or religious life; but from the fact of her having been among the first to form, not without much obloquy and opposition, an active association of women, unenclosed, which in her day was a novelty, and indeed, it may be said, an anomaly, in the Church. The institute took its rise in Flanders, and its members were known as the English Virgins; but of this I am not concerned to speak. I shall confine myself to a brief account of the penal enactments alluded to in her Life, and to the instances which she incidentally gives of the sufferings which some of her nearest relatives and friends underwent, simply because they refused to conform to the new religion which Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth set up, and which they sought to maintain by laws of savage cruelty—laws which James I. determined to enforce with even greater rigour, in spite of the promises he had expressly made to his Catholic subjects on his accession to the throne of England. Viscount Montague, who, in 1604, stood up bravely in the House of Lords to oppose these persecuting enactments, was sent to prison for his speech.

For half a century the Catholics of England had been groaning under a tyranny to which the only parallel is to be found in the horrible treatment to which the early Christians were exposed under the heathen Emperors of Rome. The persecuting statutes had gone on increasing in severity, until the domestic misery they entailed was aggravated to a degree which no words can adequately describe. Some of the Catholic gentry, in despair of any mitigation of their sufferings, had gone to live abroad; but this mode of deliverance was not in the power of the far larger number even of the more opulent among them.

To these, therefore, nothing was left but the hard choice of violating their conscience by conforming to the laws, or incurring the loss of their whole property, imprisonment for life, or death: and, for what were esteemed minor offences, confinement for shorter periods and heavy fines, the frequent infliction of which reduced many to absolute beggary. Priests had no alternative. Death was the punishment assigned to them by law, although, as a matter of policy, this was in certain instances changed into imprisonment or banishment, while those who sheltered and assisted them were treated as felons: in other words, doomed to lifelong imprisonment or death. And what a death! In the *Middlesex County Records*, vol. i., under September 18, 30th Elizabeth, we read the following decree respecting one William Hartley, a priest: "That he be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and their be hung by the neck, whilst still alive be laid upon the ground, his members be amputated, his entrails be drawn out of his belly, *he being still alive*, and be burned, his head be cut off, and his body divided into four parts. and his head and quarters be placed where the Lady the Queen has been pleased to appoint."*

* In the record William Hartley is described as a "traitor," inasmuch as he had been "ordained a priest in parts beyond the sea by authority from the See of Rome, in contempt of the said Queen's crown and dignity, and also against the form of the statutes in this case published and provided." In fact, he was put to death simply and solely for being a priest and saying Mass. On this subject the historian Hallam, who cannot be suspected of unduly favouring Catholics, makes these just remarks: "Treason, by the law of England and according to the common use of language, is the crime of rebellion or conspiracy against the Government. If a statute is made by which the celebration of certain religious rites is subjected to the same penalties as rebellion, or conspiracy, would any man free from prejudice, and not designing to impose upon the uninformed, speak of persons convicted on such a statute as guilty of treason, without expressing in what sense he uses the words? . . . A man is punished for religion, when he incurs a penalty for its profession or exercise to which he was not liable on any other account. This is applicable to the great majority of capital convictions on this score under Elizabeth," and, it may be added, under James I. also. "The persons convicted could not be traitors in any fair sense of the word, because they were not chargeable with anything properly

Such was the punishment awarded to the priests and professors of the old religion. In 1596 and the two following years, the storm raged fiercely around York. Not only were the prisons crowded with recusants (as those were called who refused to acknowledge the Queen's spiritual supremacy), but eleven persons were executed for the faith, three being priests and eight laymen, both gentlemen and others. Two women, Anne Tesh and Bridget Maskew, were condemned to be burned "for persuading a minister to be a Catholic;" and, though reprieved, were left in prison until the accession of James I. Beside many others, Ralph Grimston, a connection of Mary Ward's, was condemned as a felon for assisting a priest, a native of Ripon, who was executed in 1598. Mary's father had to break up his household and leave the neighbourhood.

In the month of October, 1605, just before the discovery of the plot, two priests and a layman had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. They were executed together with sixteen thieves and eight other malefactors; and their heads were placed on London Bridge. Luisa de Carvajal, a Spanish lady of noble birth, who had come to England in the May of this same year with the heroic intention of succouring the persecuted Catholics even at the risk of martyrdom, and who became acquainted with Mary Ward during one of the frequent visits which the latter made to this country, writes; "We can hardly go out to walk without seeing the heads and limbs of some of our dear and holy ones stuck up on the gates that divide the streets, and the birds of the air perching upon them; which makes me think of the verse in the Psalms, 'They have given the dead bodies of Thy servants to be meat for the fowls of the air, the flesh of Thy saints to the beasts of the earth.'"*

It was death to reconcile any one to the Catholic Church. To hear Mass, receive the Sacraments, educate children as Catholics, even to wear or possess rosaries,

denominated treason" (*Constitutional History* chap. iii n. pp. 164 165, edit. 1850).

* *Life of Luisa de Carvajal*, by Lady G. Fullerton, p. 226.

crosses, an *Agnus Dei*, and such like things blessed by the Pope, was punishable with loss of property or perpetual imprisonment; sometimes with both. In these same *Middlesex County Records*, December 8, 20th Elizabeth, we read of a certain Elinore Brome, wife of Sir Christopher Brome, late of Islington, having received from her sister, Lady Pawlett, a certain token called an *Agnus Dei*, brought into this kingdom of England from the See of Rome, with the intention of using the said token, and that she actually wore it about her neck—showing that she must have been searched in order to its discovery. She was convicted of felony, and was awarded the penalty of the statute. But, oppressive and sanguinary as were these laws, the King and his counsellors were not satisfied; and in 1604 a proclamation had been issued admonishing all magistrates and judges to be more rigorous in enforcing them: courts were held every six weeks whereat recusants were presented and condemned; houses were broken into at night under the pretence of searching for ecclesiastics.* The life of a Catholic who was faithful to his conscience was one of daily and constant alarm and solicitude. He was at the mercy of every ill-wisher or designing person; a discontented tenant, an evil-disposed servant, had him in their power; he was liable to be incessantly watched, and at any moment hurried off before the tribunals and condemned to heavy fines, imprisonment—well if it were not to death—on the most insufficient testimony.

But there were other cleverly contrived engines of oppression, which in themselves utterly destroyed the peace and well-being of the Catholic family, either rich or poor, one of which was a powerful aid in rooting up the Catholic religion and turning England into a Protestant country. This was the law which enforced attendance, baptism, and communion in Protestant churches. The penalty for disobedience was at first 12d. for each Sunday, but, as this was found ineffectual, in 1586 it was increased to £20 a month. Afterwards men

* Lingard, *History of England*, vol. ix. chap. i.

were made to pay £10 extra for their Catholic wives, and the same for their children; £10 also for their servants, thirteen months being reckoned in the year. James, indeed, at the end of the first year of his reign, exacted payment in full of all the fines incurred since his accession. Those who were unable to pay were deprived of two thirds of their goods; and under this statute the poor suffered terribly. Many went to prison rather than pay. It was a fine opportunity for the pursuivants and their underlings to gratify both their cruelty and their cupidity. We read of "coverlets and blankets taken from the beds" in the cottages—nay, the very beds themselves, and other furniture, even "the cloth which had been spun to clothe the children for winter." Sometimes all their goods were seized, the cow driven away, and the owners forced to go begging. On one occasion—I am still quoting the *Life of Mary Ward*—the vestry of a Protestant church was almost filled with pots, pans, pewter, and household stuff which had been carried off. On another, the milk on the fire, begged by a starving man in a cottage all but stripped, was poured away and the pan taken. These are but instances out of thousands such. How deep the faith still lay (adds the writer) in the hearts of the English poor may be seen by their simple but brave answers before their judges. Thus, in depositions taken at York in 1576, a tailor's wife "sayeth she cometh not to the church because there is neither altar nor sacrifice;" a locksmith, "because it is not the Catholic Church, for there is neither priest, altar, nor sacraments;" his wife, that "her conscience will not serve her, because there is not the Sacrament hung up, nor other things as hath been aforetime."* How large were the numbers of sufferers among the poor and lower classes is shown by the fact that, in a list of recusants refusing to go to church in 1605, out of just 2,000 named only 50 are of the rank of gentlemen. "In the county and city of York alone there were indicted in this same year 1,000 recusants; in Lancashire, 600; in the western

* *Recusant Papers*, under the date in the Public Record Office.

counties of Devon, Dorset, Cornwall, Somerset, Wilts, and Hants, 924; in six other counties, 700; in seven others, 923; in eight others, 1,865; in five others 114; making together—and we have not enumerated all the counties of England, because we have not the statistics of all—the extraordinary total of 6,126. Can it be matter of wonder that, under the pressure of so severe and so universal a persecution, some among the proscribed should have had recourse to the most desperate remedies, even remedies involving the commission of great and grievous crimes?"*

"The recusants in the middle classes of life were ground to the dust by the repeated forfeiture of all their personal estates, with two-thirds of their lands and leases. These penalties were exacted with such rigour by the Bishops of Hereford and Llandaff, that in the county of Hereford alone 409 families suddenly found themselves reduced to a state of beggary. It required but little additional provocation to goad men in such extremity to acts of violence. To reduce the higher ranks to an equality with their more indigent brethren, the Bishops received orders, at the suggestion of the Chancellor, to excommunicate the opulent or more zealous Catholics within their dioceses, to certify the names into the Chancery, and to sue for writs, by which the delinquents would become liable to imprisonment and outlawry, incapable of recovering debts, or rents, or damages for injuries, of making sales or purchases, or of conveying their estates by deed or will. To add to their terrors, a report was spread that in the next Parliament measures would be adopted to ensure the total extirpation of the ancient faith; and the report seemed to be confirmed by the injurious epithets which the King in his daily conversation bestowed on the Catholics, by the menacing directions of the Chancellor in the Star-chamber, and by the hostile language of the Bishop

* *Clifton Tracts*, n. 50, p. 12; to which the reader is referred for fuller details of the persecution and of the causes which led to the Plot. He will there find the whole matter clearly and judiciously treated within the compass of a few pages.

of London in his sermon at St. Paul's Cross."* The State-bishops, it may be observed, were always foremost in the work of persecution.

Another ingenious plan King James devised for mulcting his Catholic subjects, which added insult to injury. In the year 1605, the very year of the Plot, but prior to its discovery, he began farming them out to his Scotch favourites, as greedy as they were needy. That is to say, making use of a power which had been given him, of refusing the £20 a month for recusancy and taking two-thirds of the whole property instead, he allowed these hungry dependants of his to choose for themselves a number of wealthy Catholics, and exact from them all the penalties to which they had become liable, or oblige them to make these Scotchmen an annuity for life in lieu of the immediate payment of the full sums which were due to the royal exchequer. Lists of the sufferers are still extant, as well as of the King's grasping followers to whom liberty was given "to make profit" of them. Among the former are the names of many well-known Catholic families, who have remained faithful to the cause of God and His church.

The value of the money being much greater than it is now,† few incomes would bear the penalty, the price of which the richer Catholics were to buy peace of conscience; and thus many of them were completely ruined. This was the case with Sir Ralph Babthorpe, whose daughter Barbara was the friend of Mary Ward's girlhood, and afterwards one of the first associates of her institute. Indeed, his house had been the shelter and chosen home of her youth. The Babthorpe family had become the objects of bitter persecution. In 1592 Grace Babthorpe, Sir Ralph's wife, had been sent to prison, after being examined before the Earl of Huntingdon, who was President of the North from 1572 to 1599. He first questioned her in private, and asked her when she had gone to the Protestant service? She answered him,

* Lingard, *History of England*, vol. ix., chap. i.

† Dr. Jessopp says, "roughly ten times" (*One Generation of a Norfolk House*, pp. 203, 305, 316).

"Never." He then demanded how many Masses she had heard? So many, she replied, that she could not reckon them. At this he began to stamp, and the next day had her brought up before the whole Council-table at York, where himself and the Archbishop presided. She was committed to prison, and remained there two years. Matthews, the Protestant Archbishop, was especially hostile to Sir Ralph, and had caused his children to be baptized by a Protestant minister, though they had already been baptized by a Catholic priest. Citations, couched in the most odious terms, were issued against him monthly, or were publicly read in Protestant churches. After levying exorbitant fines upon him, the Archbishop, at length, by virtue of the statutes enacted by James I., siezed on two-thirds of his estate; and, the one-third remaining being soon exhausted by further fines, he left the country and went to live at Louvain on the poor remnants of his fortune. Sir Ralph had been a man of very large property, possessing several mansions and a numerous body of retainers. It is said of him that he was "so well beloved for his bountiful and good disposition that he had not so much as one enemy;" but his fidelity to the faith reduced him to utter poverty, and he died with scarcely a servant to attend him in his old age.

But there was another intolerable outrage, to which I have as yet only incidentally alluded. In these evil days the home of a Catholic Englishman was certainly not his castle. At any hour of the day or night, his house might be suddenly invaded by a magistrate at the head of an armed mob, or still worse, by pursuivants with a gang of attendants, notorious for being a most degraded, mercenary, unscrupulous, and cruel set of men, many of them apostates from the faith who made a living by such means. The doors would be burst open, and the pursuivants would run up the stairs and into the chambers with drawn swords, "enough" (to use the words of a contemporary) "to drive the weaker sort of women and children out of their wits." Indeed, Mary Ward relates how on St. Luke's day, 1613, the constables

broke into the house of her friend, Luisa de Carvajal, and found the lady praying with her companion, one of whom lay dangerously ill of small-pox, and another was nursing her. Within twenty-four hours the sick lady died of fright, deprived (she adds) of all the holy sacraments of the Church. These men, invested as they were with the authority of the law, would ransack every room, and search and interrogate every person at their will; turning men, women, and children out of their beds, if it were night, under the plea that superstitious objects might be hidden there: the tapestry would be torn down, the walls pierced, the flooring torn up, locks forced, closets, drawers, coffers rifled. Remonstrances only made them more insolent. They recklessly wasted and destroyed whatever was in their way, and finally would carry off private letters, plate, and anything valuable they found, besides whatever else they fancied, even beds, tables, clothes, chests, trunks, and especially money. "If they find the master of the house, they thrust the infamous oath of supremacy upon him; and if he refuses to take it, they carry him off to the nearest gaol, there in poverty and chains, in darkness and squalor, in hunger and nakedness, to drag out his life or die. The times of Elizabeth" (concludes the writer), "although most cruel, were the mildest and happiest in comparison with those of James I."* "Not only in the shires and provinces" (writes another), "but in London itself, and under the eyes of the Court, the violence and insolency of continual searches grew to be intolerable; no night passing, commonly, but that soldiers and catchpoles broke into quiet men's houses when they were asleep, and not only carried their persons into prisons at their pleasure unless they would bribe excessively, but whatsoever liked them best."†

Sometimes these inroads were directed against single houses or individuals; at other times they were sudden organized attacks upon all the Catholics throughout

* *Stonyhurst Manuscripts, Anglia*, vol. iii. n. p. 103.
† Parsons, *Judgment of a Catholic Englishman*, p. 43.

whole districts, and that on the slightest pretexts. Thus the Protestant Bishop of Hereford—and the Protestant Bishops, to their shame be it recorded, were among the fiercest persecutors—writes to Cecil, James's Minister, in June, 1605: "On Wednesday last, at evening, Sir James Scudamore and other justices of the peace, with such aid as I could give them, went unto the Darren and other places adjoining to make search and apprehend Jesuits and priests . . . and did make diligent search all that night and day following, from village to village, from house to house, about thirty miles compass, near the confines of Monmouthshire, where they found altars, images, books of superstition, relics of idolatry, but left all desolate of men and women. Except here and there an aged woman or a child, all were fled into Wales, and but one man apprehended; all that circuit of rude barbarous people carried headlong into these desperate courses by priests (whereof there is great store) and principal gentlemen, lords of towns and manors there. They are all fled into woods, and there they will lurk until the assizes be past." Such is the language which this false prelate uses towards the adherents of the old religion, and the manner in which he hounds on the pursuivants to their destruction. Father Holtby, speaking of a similar hunt in search of Catholics all over Yorkshire and other neighbouring counties on February 1, 1593, relates how all the justices of the peace and others in authority, together with a host of Protestant ministers, entered the houses of the Catholics in so great numbers that it was hard to say how many were abroad that night in searching. "There came," he says, "to some houses above a hundred or seven score persons to search. Myself and my brother John escaped very narrowly. They got beads and books in divers places, and many were forced to forsake their homes to escape the danger; yet did they also seek the grounds and woods in many places. A few laymen were taken, and one only priest."* "This hunting for Catholics" (aptly observes the biographer of Mary Ward) "might be the description

* Father Holtby's Narrative, given by Father Morris in his *Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers*, vol. iii. p. 164.

of an unsuccessful *battue* for game when the country assembles for sport, and little results except the destruction of a few hares and pheasants. It was a continually renewed excitement, especially for the idle and ill-disposed portion of the population, of which the poor unoffending Catholic was the victim. To him the consequences were not trifling." The closest retirement, the most obscure position, did not suffice to protect him, and whichever way he looked there seemed no earthly hope. "Catholics" (writes Dona Luisa, p. 225) "never have a moment of peace and security, or hear a noise at the door without a beating of the heart, especially if they have a priest residing with them.* Numbers of people answer me when I speak to them of religion, 'We have not the least doubt that the Catholic religion is the true one, but how is it possible to exist in such continual fear and trembling; not to be able, whether in bed or at meals, in the house or out of it, to enjoy the least tranquillity?' And thus, driven to despair, they risk, or rather forfeit, their hopes of salvation."

In the *Life of Mary Ward* we have instances of the manner in which some of her own relatives were treated by the pursuivants. Thus, in 1586, or 1587, the Lord President Huntingdon went at night to the house of Mrs. Ardington, of Harewell, together with certain "bad companions of his household." Entering the room in which Dame Isabel Whitehead, a nun of the Benedictine Priory of Arthington—dissolved in 1540, and granted to Archbishop Cranmer for his youngest son—lay sick in bed, they stood over her with their naked swords and rapiers, and threatened to kill her unless she would tell them where David Ingleby and Mr. Winsour, Mrs.

* Many an old English mansion has enclosed within the thickness of its walls a low and narrow cell, which was once the hiding-place of some devoted priest, who carried his life in his hands, liable at any moment to be seized and hurried away to torture and to death; and many a thrilling story of sudden arrest or hairbreadth escape is to be found in Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, or in that marvel of labour and industry, *Jesuit Records*, collected from the archives of the Society and the annals of our old Catholic families, by Henry Foley, S.J., in 8 vols., demy 8vo, of 700 pages each.

Ardington's brother and son-in-law, were. They then searched, rifled, turned and tossed all things upside down, but found nothing to their purpose, except some doublets, hose, and silk and guernsey stockings, belonging to a gentleman, which they forthwith appropriated. After staying some days in the house, and living at free quarters, they carried off Mrs. Ardington, together with the sick nun and other women, and committed them close prisoners in York and other places.

Imprisonment in those days was a very different matter from what it is now. The condition of the prisons was horrible; numbers of Catholics died in them, some after a year or more, others lingering for periods of eight, ten, twelve, even twenty years, and finally sinking under their sufferings. It was not only the dungeons of the Tower, or the lower wards of the Gatehouse, Counter, Clink, and other London prisons, where criminals were thrust into a hole, with only straw for their bed, and no other light but a candle, and where the inmates died from the filth and infection, although they paid for ordinary lodging: the gaols in the country were as bad or even worse. We read of "filthy poisons full of vermin," and of "women remaining twenty weeks in a prison where they could not see at noonday to eat their meat without a candle, their beds loathsome with filth. In York Castle the prisoners became grievously diseased through the infectious air." The low Kidcote, Ousebridge, to which Mrs. Dorothy Vavasour, a lady of high family, was removed "after living virtuously many years in prison," is described as a "strait and pestilential place, where she and many others fell sick, and contracted such diseases as never left them until their dying day."* Out of fifty-eight persons who were incarcerated at York in the time of Archbishop Matthews, for refusing the "oath of allegiance,"† forty died in prison.

* "Notes by a prisoner in Ousebridge," quoted in the *Life of Mary Ward*, vol. i. p. 82.

† This oath, which was formulated by James I., in 1606, with the object of catching Catholics in its toils, and which, in fact, was the occasion of much dissension and prevarication among them,

A few extracts from the personal narratives of the sufferers will help us to realize the unspeakable horrors of these hells upon earth.

Richard Fulwood, who was servant to Father John Gerard, and helped him in effecting his wonderful escape from the Tower in 1597, writing to his master from the prison of Bridewell, in Holy Week, 1594, says that "he had hardly enough black bread to keep him from starving. His abode was a narrow, strongly-built cell, in which there was no bed, so that he had to sleep sitting on the window-sill, and was months without taking off his clothes. There was a little straw in the place, but it was so trodden down and swarming with vermin that he could not lie upon it. Besides all this, he was awaiting an examination by torture."* Father Gerard himself, speaking of the prison called the Counter, says, "I was thrust through a little narrow door into a cell under the roof, where there was nothing but a bed, and no room to stand upright, except just where the bed was. There was one window, open day and night, through which the foul air entered, and the rain fell on to my bed. The room door was so low that I had to enter, not on my feet, but on my knees, and even then I was forced to stoop. However, I reckoned this rather an advantage, inasmuch as it helped to keep out the strong and pestilential stench that came from the common place close to my door that was used by the prisoners in that part of the gaol. I was often kept awake by the bad smell, to say nothing of the injury to my health." Again, Father William Weston, describing his sufferings in Wisbeach Castle, says that "the terrible stench of the prison exceeded all its other miseries, and that he was so suffocated by its pestilential vapours that his natural feelings inclined him to wish for death. He could get no sleep unless his body, worn out by weakness, sank prostrate on the ground; and that, were he to reckon

was pressed upon all, men and women, above the age of eighteen. It was condemned by the Holy See, "as containing matters contrary to faith and salvation."

* *Jesuit Records*, vol. i. p. 494.

the time, he did not get more than ten hours' repose out of the fifty nights he spent there. He had only such wretched light as a narrow little window, like the loop-hole of a tower, afforded him; so that he esteemed it a blessing that he was not deprived of both sight and mind, although, as it was, his strength and head were so exhausted that he was unable either to write or read four lines consecutively. This castle was half in ruins, and had for a long time been abandoned and forgotten till it occurred to the ministers of Elizabeth to prepare it as a fitting place to despatch their victims by a lingering death in its pestilential atmosphere"—for it was situated in a fetid marshy place—"and so save themselves the odium entailed by the crying injustice of so many public executions."* And these, be it remembered, were holy servants of God, beloved and venerated for their piety and virtues, who, in the face of torments and death, were labouring for the salvation of souls; men, too, who, as Dr. Jessopp has said of Father Henry Walpole, executed at York, April 17, 1595, were "gentlemen of birth and fortune, men of exceptionally high culture, and of great intellectual gifts," who had sacrificed everything that the world most prizes in the interests of Divine truth.†

Further, the inmates of these loathsome prisons were dependent on the charity of the faithful for their food and sustenance; and even thus they were at the mercy of rapacious gaolors, who enriched themselves by starving their prisoners. More than this: in Wisbeach Castle they were chargeable with the diet and other necessaries of the Protestant minister appointed as chaplain to the

* *Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 178, 180, 593.

† "Letters of Henry Walpole," quoted in *Jesuit Records*, vol. ii. p. 270. Dr. Jessopp subsequently wrote the history of Father Walpole in the volume already alluded to. As a Protestant, he could not be expected to appreciate at their true value the exalted aims of a "missionary priest;" but his work is remarkable for its minute and accurate research, its fearless honesty of purpose, its generous sympathy with the persecuted and detestation of the cruelties to which they were subjected. Father Walpole was repeatedly tortured before his martyrdom.

gaol, whose preaching they were required to attend, at least, twice in the week; if they refused, they were to be fined at the pleasure of the Bishop of Ely.* An instance is recorded of a gaoler, in whose breast pity was not utterly extinct, going to Aylmer, Bishop of London, and representing to him the extreme hunger and starvation from which his prisoners were suffering. He was angrily answered, "It is enough to feed them with bread and water." "Yes," said the gaoler, "but who will pay me for the bread? the water I will give with pleasure on my own account, but not a scrap of bread." To which this pious and charitable prelate, in a still greater rage, replied, "Get away! what do I care? Let the Papists eat their own excrements if they will."† These are the Right Reverend Fathers in God who were forced upon the English people in place of the true Shepherds and Bishops of their souls; these are the men whom a newly-risen party in the Establishment would fain persuade us to recognise as the successors and representatives of the hierarchy of the old English Church—which certainly they themselves never affected to be, any more than the "ministers" under them pretended to be Mass-saying priests, commissioned to offer the Adorable Sacrifice: on the contrary, having thrown down the altars throughout the land, they blasphemously denounced and derided it as a Popish and idolatrous rite.

If the bare recital of these brutalities is enough to make one's blood boil with indignation, what must have been the feelings of high-spirited Englishmen, when they saw their dearest relatives—their mothers and wives, sisters and daughters—refined and cultured women, delivered into the hands of men so coarse and cruel, and consigned, it might be for years, to such dens of filth and misery? Mary Ward relates that her grandmother, while yet a young woman, had suffered imprisonment for the space of fourteen years together; and once, because in her examinations before the Lord President she had spoken in exaltation of the Catholic

* *Jesuits in Conflict*, p. 68. † *Jesuit Records*, vol. ii. p. 635.

religion and contempt of heresy, she was thrust into a common prison or dungeon amongst thieves and other malefactors. On her entrance, the criminals there confined, judging that she had been committed for theft or murder (for such were all that came into that cave) told her she must contribute sixpence, as was the custom, to the common purse, or else she should not eat of their common meat, which was what good people of charity would give: all sorts of meats put together and so given in at the prison door. To this her grandmother willingly consented, and gave her sixpence. However, she stayed not long in this horrible pit, as, the matter being much spoken of, her kindred were able to procure her removal to the Castle prison, where she was before.*

This same Lord President imprisoned all the gentlewomen he could lay hold of—many of them more or less nearly related to Mary Ward—some in one castle, some in another, and locked them up apart in several wide chambers, so that they could not see or speak with each other, nor have any maid to wait upon them save such as was deputed for them by their gaolers. It would take long to tell what shifts they were put to, and what miseries they endured. In York prison there were at one time no fewer than fifty prisoners, of whom almost thirty were condemned to lose all their temporal goods and be incarcerated for life, for refusing the oath of allegiance, and also to death. Their necessities were often so great, living all in common at a common table of that which in charity was sent them, that they had no more for everyone than was according to the rate of a penny a day.†

Susanna Rookwood, daughter of Edward Rookwood, of Euston Hall, in Suffolk—whom Queen Elizabeth, when she visited him, caused to be committed to the town prison at Norwich for recusancy, where he remained for more than twenty years—was five times in prison

* *Life of Mary Ward*, vol. i. pp. 12, 13.

† F. Pollard's *Recollections of the Yorkshire Missions*, quoted in the *Life of Mary Ward*.

for her religion. Being one of Mary Ward's associates, she encouraged and refreshed the other prisoners both by spiritual and temporal means. At last she was thrown into a horrible dungeon, or rather hole, where she had to defend and preserve herself with a stick from the mice, rats, and other vermin which infested it. Here she was kept for a considerable time, but was at last set free, and, nothing discouraged by her sufferings, continued her pious labours for many years.

Mary Ward herself was cast into prison more than once. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a fanatical persecutor of the Catholics, issued a mandate for her apprehension, and, in order that she might not escape, published a precise description of her person. This was in 1617, and, yielding to the urgent entreaties of her friends, she left the country for a while, but returned the following year. This year, 1618-19, was one of great activity in England against the professors of the old religion, and both sexes had to bear the brunt of the conflict. The firm and faithful persistence of the women in Catholic families had drawn down upon them the especial animosity of the persecutors, and became a new source of enriching the ever-needy Sovereign and his grasping courtiers. It was a year of heavy fines and exactions. All conforming husbands, that is, all who went occasionally to the Protestant church, were fined £220 a year—worth near upon £2,000 now—"till such time as they could persuade their wives to abjure their faith," and the wife had to go to prison if the husband did not pay. Mary Ward and her companions had made themselves particularly obnoxious by their labours and successes in reclaiming many to the faith, and were counted worthy of being strictly watched and hunted after; and here I may relate an instance of Mary's courage—I might even say audacity—which has a spice of humour in it. Learning that Abbot had a great curiosity to see her, she resolved to gratify it, in the hopes of softening his heart towards Catholics; attiring herself, accordingly, as a lady of quality (which in fact she was), she repaired, with some of her associates

similarly dressed, to his palace at Lambeth, but, not finding his Grace at home, she—did not leave her card, as she might have done in these our days, but—with a diamond, wrote her name on a glass window in the hall.

The Archbishop ungraciously responded by issuing stricter orders to his myrmidons, who at length succeeded in capturing her, owing to the vessel in which she was embarked being turned back by a contrary wind. The prison to which she was taken was probably that of the Gatehouse at Westminster, as the warrants for her arrest had been sent out by Abbot. Women had been hanged during the persecution for less offences than that of Mary, and many there were who had died in prison, or were even then lingering in the miseries of a long captivity. Sentence of death was, in fact, passed upon her, almost without trial or the evidence of witnesses, as was frequently the case. But, after lying sometime in durance vile, she regained her liberty with the help of a golden key; a heavy price being offered by her friends and accepted by her gaolers, including his Grace of Canterbury.

Mention has been made of torture, a practice in respect to Catholics which certain Protestants have had the hardihood to deny, but of which there cannot remain the smallest doubt.* I might cite the notorious case of Father Gerard, who was put to the rack in the Tower three times, being "thrice hanged up by the hands, every time until he was almost dead, and that in one day twice;"† but I will give other examples, which I have lighted upon in the early volumes of Brother Foley's work. On December 10, 1580, "the blessed martyr, Father Cottam, underwent the torture called by the name of the 'Scavenger's Daughter' for the space of upwards of one hour, which caused him to bleed profusely from the nostrils. This terrible engine of torture was of very common use in the Tower. It was a broad iron

* Hallam, *Constitutional History*, chap. iii. pp. 140–142, edit. 1850.

† Morris, *Life of Father John Gerard*, chap. xix.

hoop, consisting of two parts fastened to each other by a hinge. The sufferer was made to kneel on the pavement, and to contract himself into as small a compass as he could. Then the executioner, kneeling on his shoulders and having introduced the hoop under his legs, compressed the victim close together until he was able to fasten the extremities of the hoop over the small of the back. The time allotted to this kind of torture was one hour and a half, during which it commonly happened that, from excess of compression, the blood started from the nostrils, sometimes from the extremities of the hands and feet." On May 18, 1582, Father Cottam, in conjunction with three other priests, was executed at Tyburn under circumstances of peculiar cruelty and horror.

We left Father Gerard's servant, Richard Fulwood, "awaiting examination by torture." It was not long delayed. He suffered together with one called Little John, who had been taken to the Tower at the same time as Father Gerard himself. Unable either by coaxing or bribing to draw anything from them that could compromise others, the persecutors had recourse to threats and then to force. "They were both hung up for three hours together, having their arms fixed into iron rings and their bodies hanging in the air; a torture which causes frightful pain and intolerable extension of the sinews. It was all to no purpose; no disclosure could be wrested from them that was hurtful to others." This was in 1594; and in the same year, Father John Percy being seized by some English soldiers at Flushing, "they hung him up by the hands, and then tortured him by twisting a sail rope about his head. During the torture he fixed his mind on the eternity of either pain or joy, uttering no cry but 'O Eternity!' He was taken to London in custody and committed to Bridewell, where his cell consisted of an entirely unfurnished turret. His bed was the brick floor with a little straw over it." This act of torturing may be regarded

as a sort of amateur proceeding on the part of some brutal soldiers, but not so the following, which took place by due course of law. At Bewdley, near Worcester, in 1584, a priest named Bennett, together with four laymen whom he was suspected of having reconciled to the Church, were put to the torture by order of the Judges, Bromley and Townsend. "They were suspended by the arms, *with heavy chains attached*, until they swooned, upon which they were let down, and their temples were washed with brandy until consciousness returned, when they were again hung up; and this was continued for several days. About the same time, a priest named Henry Bell, seventy years of age, was put to death, together with Henry Finch, a layman, for denying that the Queen was head of the Church. As Finch was the younger and bolder of the two, and openly contemned their prayers and sermons, they dragged him, more than once, by the heels and with his head knocking against the ground, so that he was all covered with blood," to their Protestant preachings; after which they hanged and quartered them as traitors.*

Not content, however, with inflicting bodily tortures on their victims, these agents of Satan laid snares also against their souls. Brother Foley mentions three instances in which women of impure life were introduced into the cells of the prisoners in the hope of enticing them to sin, so as to have occasion of fresh charges against them; one being an aged prelate of Mary's reign, Dr. Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, who had been long incarcerated and cruelly tortured.†

But enough of these ghastly details. I have given them simply in order to exhibit the terrible nature of the persecution to which the Catholics of England were

* *Jesuit Records*, vol. i. pp. 495, 523, 636, 637; vol ii. pp. 159, 170 6. Father Bennett, "after an apostolical life of labour and suffering, died in London, a martyr of charity in attending the plague stricken, at the age of seventy-five, in the year 1625."

† *Jesuit Records*, vol. ii. p. 162.

subjected on account of their fidelity to their religion, and the state of intolerable wretchedness to which they were reduced prior to the Gunpowder Plot, which, but for these infamous atrocities, would never have been contrived.

On this subject I cannot do better than adopt the following observations of Lady G. Fullerton, in her *Life of Luisa de Carvajal*,* which are as forcible as they are just. After speaking of the "horrible persecution, the maddening oppression and refinements of cruelty, which drove a few men wild with despair to plan the sudden destruction of a King and of a Parliament which were heaping upon Catholics the direst sufferings, and imperilling the souls of their children by the prohibition of Catholic worship and education," this admirable writer thus proceeds: "The sight of continual outrages, perpetrated under the name of law, worked like madness in their minds, and, oblivious of the Divine command not to do evil that good may come, they deemed it justifiable to use any means, however terrible, to deliver their brethren from a King who publicly drank 'damnation to the Papists'—one whose mother had died on the scaffold, consoled and strengthened in her mortal agony by the Catholic Faith—and from law-givers who placed them and their co-religionists beyond the pale of the law,† tortured and slew their priests, seduced their

* Pp. 157, 158.

† Sir Edward Hoby, a Protestant gentleman then residing in London, writes to Sir Thomas Esmonde: "My Lord Salisbury showed me a paper in the King's own hand, under the name of his *Meditations* which you would have said was an Act of Parliament, the form only wanting: 'All recusants, convict, and not communicating [*i.e.* not taking the so-called sacrament in the Protestant Church] shall stand in the case of excommunicate persons, whereby they are clean out of the King's protection, subject to many dangers, and, upon any injury offered, not plead in any of the King's courts. The King to choose whether he will take £20 a month or two parts of their living. All women to be incapable of their dowers or jointures.'" Such were the godly "meditations" of "that sanctified person" (*Dedications of the Protestant Bible*) James I., which, as we shall see, he was subsequently able to put in execution.

children from the Faith, insulted and imprisoned their wives, invaded their homes, ruined their fortunes, confiscated their lands, and trod their rights under foot, and that for no other offence than worshipping God as every Christian had worshipped God for fifteen hundred years. No wonder that, yielding to human passion, they conceived the thought of swiftly and suddenly destroying the destroyers, forgetting Who has said, '*Vengeance is Mine, and I will repay!*' If extenuating circumstances can ever be pleaded for a great crime, the Gunpowder Plot may claim the benefit. Who shall dare to say that it exceeded the sin of the rulers who provoked it, or that the maddened victim does not deserve more mercy than the cold-blooded tyrant and ruthless oppressor? Be that as it may, they sinned, and they suffered, and all the Catholics of England suffered redoubled persecution through their guilty act. Fear made their enemies savage. The most sanguinary laws were passed, and all the fury of popular passion was let loose against them."

By these new enactments, says Lingard, "Catholic recusants were forbidden, under particular penalties, to appear at Court, to dwell within the boundaries, or ten miles of the boundaries, of the City of London, or to remove on any occasion more than five miles from their homes without a special license under the signatures of four neighbouring magistrates. 2. They were made incapable of practising in surgery or physic, or in the common or civil law; of acting as judges, clerks, or officers in any court or corporation; of presenting to the livings, schools, or hospitals in their gifts; or of performing the offices of administrators, executors, or guardians. 3. Husbands and wives, unless they had been married by a Protestant minister, were made to forfeit every benefit to which he or she might otherwise be entitled from the property of the other; unless their children were baptized by a Protestant minister within a month after the birth, each omission subjected them to a fine of £100; and, if after death they were not buried in a Protestant cemetery, their executors were liable to pay

for each corpse the sum of £20. 4. Every child sent for education beyond the sea was from that moment debarred from taking any benefit by devise, descent, or gift, until he should return and conform to the Established Church, all such benefit being assigned by law to the Protestant next of kin. 5. Every recusant was placed in the same situation as if he had been excommunicated by name; his house might be searched, his books and furniture having, or thought to have, any relation to his worship or religion, might be burned, and his horses and arms might be taken from him at any time by order of the neighbouring magistrates. 6. All the existing penalties for absence from church were continued, but with two amendments: it was made optional in the King whether he would take the fine of £20 per lunar month, or in lieu of it all the personal and two-thirds of the real estate; and every householder, of whatever religion, receiving Catholic visitors or keeping Catholic servants, was liable to pay for each individual £10 per lunar month. 7. A new oath was devised, all who refused to take it being subjected to perpetual imprisonment and the forfeiture of their personal property and of the rents of their lands during life: or, if they were married women, to imprisonment in the common gaol, until they should repent of their obstinacy and submit to take the oath." This is the oath still taken by the Anglican clergy.

DOES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SUPPRESS THE SECOND COMMANDMENT?

ONE of the charges most commonly made against the Catholic Church in Protestant countries—and that not by ignorant persons only, but often by writers who have some reputation for candour and learning,—is, that she encourages amongst her adherents an idolatrous use and "worship" of holy images, such as is plainly "forbidden in the Second Commandment"; and that, conscious of such image-worship being anti-Scriptural, she is guilty of "totally suppressing" that Commandment in most of her popular works of instruction; and—in order to preserve the number of the prohibitions in the Decalogue—of "splitting the Tenth into two separate commandments."

Before giving a direct answer to the Protestant charge that the Catholic Church "*suppresses the Second Commandment*,"—*i.e.*, the words "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," etc., it is necessary to call attention to the following facts:—

1. That in the original Old Testament Scriptures there is no mention of the "Ten Commandments" at all, but merely of the "*Ten Words*" delivered to Moses.

2. That the original Hebrew had *no division* of these "Ten Words," and that many eminent Jewish authorities—*e.g.*, Jonathan ben Uzziel, Maimonides, Aben Ezra, and Moses ben Nachman,—retain the *combination* of what Protestants call the First and Second Commandments (and so far sanction the Catholic division), but regard as the first "Word" the opening declaration: —"I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

3. That the reason why Catholics regard the Commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," as *distinct* from that which forbids the coveting of his goods, is simply this: —that as the Commandment against "stealing" and that against "coveting one's neighbour's goods" distinguish the outward act and the inward desire,—so the Commandments against "adultery" and "coveting one's neighour's wife" distinguish the outward act and the inward desire. Protestants themselves surely cannot maintain that the sin of coveting a man's ox or ass is similar in kind to the desire of seducing his wife! *

* It is objected that in the Hebrew of Exod. xx. 17, the words "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house" precede the prohibition against coveting his wife; but the LXX. version places "wife" first, as in Deut. v. 21. The order of several of the Commandments, as cited in St. Mark x. 19; St. Luke xviii. 20, differs from the Hebrew text. It should be added that in Deut. a different word is used in reference to wife ("Thou shalt not *desire*" —thakmod—"thy neighbonr's wife"), and in reference to the other objects ("neither shalt thou *covet*"—hithavveh—"thy neighbour's

The Speaker's Commentary, a standard Protestant work,—admits (vol. 1. p. 337) that the Catholic division of the Commandments was formally advocated by St. Augustine fifteen centuries ago, and "*universally adopted in the Western Church until the Reformation;*" also that "it is still retained by the *Lutheran* as well as by the Romish Church." Archdeacon PALEY, the well-known Protestant author of a work on the "*Evidences of Christianity*," in a sermon on *Exod.* xx. 5. (published in his collected Works) says:—"The First and Second Commandment may be considered as one, inasmuch as they relate to the same subject, or nearly so. *For many ages and by many Churches they were put together and considered as one Commandment.* The subject to which they both relate is false worship, or the worship of false gods.* This is the single subject to which the prohibition of both Commandments relates,—the single class of sins which is guarded against."

In Addis and Arnold's *Catholic Dictionary* (p. 196) it is remarked that the Catholic division has "the whole weight of Rabbinical tradition"

house," &c.). This affords an additional argument in favour of the Catholic division.

* In Scripture the two prohibitions—of the worship of false gods, and the worship of their images—usually appear as one Commandment. This is evident from such passages as Exod. xx. 23; 1 Kings (Prot. Vers.) xiv. 9; 2. Kings xvii. 35, 41; Isaiah xliv. 15, 17; and all those texts, in which to "serve images" and to "serve other gods" is considered as the same crime, and, of course, as a violation of the same Commandment.

on its side; and further, that it "is the only one consistent with the Hebrew text, as usually found in MSS. and printed editions. The text is divided into ten sections, which correspond precisely with our Catholic division. These sections are admitted to be very ancient, older even than the Masoretic text, and the Protestant scholar Kennicott found them so marked in 460 out of 694 MSS. which he collated."

Coming now to the Protestant charge of "*suppression*," I remark that every Catholic catechism or work of religious instruction which professes to give the commandments at length, contains, of course, the whole of what Protestants are pleased to call the "Second" Commandment. It is quite true, however, that in some small catechisms, intended for young children or very illiterate persons, the words referred to are wholly or partially omitted—and why? Simply because ALL the Commandments are given in the brief and concise form in which our Lord cited them. St. Matt. xix. 18, 19, St. Mark x. 19; and St. Paul in Rom. xiii. 9; and therefore the words about images—which are *only a part of the First Commandment*—are omitted; just in the same way and for the same reason that the sentences following "Honour thy father and mother," and "Remember to keep holy the seventh day," are also invariably omitted in the small Catechisms.

According to the *Speaker's Commentary* (i. p 336), EWALD, a learned German Protestant, "supposes that the original Ten Commandments

were *all* in the same terse and simple form of expression as appears in the [Prot.] 1st, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, such as would be most suitable for recollection, and that the passages in each copy [in Exod. and Deut.] in which the most important variations are found, were comments added when the books were written." Be this as it may, Protestants would find it difficult to produce, out of the whole Christian literature of the first 1,500 years, any work of instruction in which the Commandments are given at length, as in the Anglican Catechism. "In those copies of the Commandments," says the *Speaker's Commentary*, "which have been used in different branches of the Church for the instruction of its members, the form has almost always been more or less abbreviated of a part or the whole of those commandments which are the most expanded in Exodus and Deuteronomy."

Many eminent authorities—Protestant as well as Catholic—consider that the latter part of the First Commandment (the Protestant "Second") was, in the letter, intended only for the Jews. The late Dr. ARNOLD, of Rugby, says:—"The Second Commandment is in the letter *utterly done away with by the fact of the Incarnation.*"*

* "It is manifest to every thinking person that the fact of the Incarnation is a virtual repeal of the Second Commandment. For in the Person of Jesus Christ there was given us an image of God which we might and should represent to ourselves in our own mind; and what our thoughts and minds may lawfully and profitably dwell upon may clearly be no less lawfully and profitably be presented to our bodily senses." After arguing the point fully, Dr. Arnold continues thus: "The Bible Society and other

Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, vol. i. p. 315). And again (vol. ii. p. 405), he writes during his "Tour to Rome and Naples through France and Italy:" —"Now for Bourges a little more. In the crypt is a Calvary, and figures as large as life representing the burial of our Lord. The woman who showed us the crypt had her little girl with her; and she lifted up the child, about three years old, to kiss the feet of our Lord. Is this idolatry? Nay, verily it may be so; but it need not be; and assuredly it is in itself right and natural. I confess I rather envied the child. It is *not* idolatry to bend knee, lip, and heart to every thought and *image* of Him, our manifested God!"

It seems very evident that, according to the *letter*, what Protestants call the "Second" Commandment forbids not only the worshipping but even the "*making*" of "any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." "The Jews," says the *Speaker's Commentary* (p. 331), "have imagined Exod. xx. 4 to be a pohibition of the exercise of the arts of painting and sculpture. . . . Josephus charges Solomon with a breach of the law, on account of the oxen which supported the golden sea, and the lions which adorned his throne (*Antiq.* viii.

societies of the same kind can have circulated the Scriptures to little purpose, if the sight of the Cross and the Crucifix would indeed minister to superstition rather than to godliness" (Arnold's *Sermons*, vol. iii. p. 40, note. Quoted in the *Guardian*, Feb. 1, 1888).

7, §4), and in direct contradiction of Exod. xxxv. 31, he denies that the veil which concealed the most holy place was ornamented with living creatures" (*Antiq.* iii. 6, § 4). "From the time of the Maccabees," says another Protestant writer, "the Second Commandment was generally understood by the Jews to forbid not only the worship of the likeness of any living thing, but even the making of it. . . . Origen asserts that there was no maker of images among their citizens; neither painter nor sculptor was in their state" (*Adv. Celsum*, iv. 31. See Smith and Cheetham's *Dict. of Christ. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 813). It would seem also, from the writings of Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, and others, that some of the early Christian converts must have adopted this Jewish interpretation of the Commandment. "It appears that most of the Jewish converts would enter the church thoroughly imbued with a dislike of images; and it is probable that many of the heathens would be similarly affected towards them out of mere horror at the idolatry which they had forsaken."

No doubt the early converts from Judaism continued for some time to observe the Jewish *Sabbath*, or "*Seventh*" day of the week (see St. Matt. xxiv. 20); and for a much longer period did they regard as still in force the prohibition against "*eating blood and things strangled;*"—a prohibition which was actually re-enforced by the Apostles in the first Council of Jerusalem (Acts xv. 20). After a time, the Church, exercis-

ing that power of "loosing" which had been given to her by Christ (St. Matt. xvi. 19; xviii. 18), entirely released the faithful from the obligation of observing these ordinances; and, exercising the same power also in regard to the ceremonial part of the First Commandment, she declared that the prohibition of the arts of sculpture and painting was no longer binding on Christians. From the numerous paintings, sarcophagi, &c., discovered in the Catacombs at Rome, it is evident that these arts were exercised by the Christians, under certain necessary restrictions, from a very early period.* Representations of our Lord as "the Good Shepherd, on the Eucharistic chalices, are mentioned by TERTULLIAN, who wrote at the end of the second century (*De Pudicitiâ*). It was not, however, until the fourth century,—when heathen persecutions had ceased, and the Christians were at liberty to erect everywhere large and stately churches in honour of God and His Saints,—that pictures and images began to be commonly employed as religious ornaments, and as aids and incentives to Christian piety and devotion.

* See Northcote and Brownlow's *Roma Sotterranea.*

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Faith and Reason.

By the Rev. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J.*

The subject of my address to you this evening is "Faith and Reason; or, the reasonableness of believing in Revelation."

And if you ask me why, among the many burning questions of the hour, I have selected this particular topic for discussion before you, in whom Faith and Reason have never, as yet, quarrelled, my answer is this:—I have been led to make choice of this theme not so much from a sense that of all others it is the most suited to yourselves, as in the hope that through you it may be helpful to others, who are groping through the mists of doubt for the light of Faith. It seems to me that whilst the Rationalists are making it their business to try to persuade their fellows not only that Faith is contrary to reason, but that it leads to mental slavery, it becomes a sacred duty for Christians to point out to their fellow-countrymen that not only is Faith not incompatible with reason, but, on the contrary, most helpful to it, and especially conducive to mental freedom.

With your kind permission, then, we will see whether we cannot carry out the bidding of the Apostle, and justify what he terms "our reasonable service," by a well-reasoned account of that Faith in which it is our privilege to live, for which it was the glory of our English martyrs to die.

At the outset, the first thing we have to do is to determine what we mean by Faith. By Faith, then, I mean, believing on the authority of another; that is to

*This lecture was given at Nottingham at a Reunion of the congregations of the Diocese.

say, believing some proposition uttered by a witness upon whose knowledge and veracity it is safe to rely.

If the witness to whose word the assent is given be invested with nothing more than human authority, then Faith also will not rise above human or natural Faith. Whereas, if the witness to whose word adherence is given be clothed with divine authority, then Faith also will be supernatural and divine. And, let us observe, that—the formal motive of Faith in either case being not the evidency of the proposition enunciated, but the authority of the witness who propounds it,—it follows that the character of the assent given will in each case be determined not by the evident truth of the proposition in itself, but by the authority attached to the character of the witness. If the witness be merely human, the assent will in most cases be conditional and revocable; if divine, it will be always absolute and irrevocable.

Respecting the difference between human and divine Faith, hear what Cardinal Newman says: "Divine Faith," writes his Eminence, "is assenting to a doctrine as true, because God says it is true, Who cannot lie. And further than this; since God says it is true, not with His own voice, but by the voice of His messengers, it is assenting to what man says, not simply viewed as a man, but to what he is commissioned to declare, as a messenger, prophet, or ambassador from God. In the ordinary course of this world, we account things true, either because we see them, or because we can perceive that they follow and are deducible from what we do see; that is, we gain truth by sight or by reason, not by faith. You will say, indeed, that we accept a number of things which we cannot prove or see on the word of others. Certainly; but then we accept what they say, only as the word of man; and we have not commonly that absolute and unreserved confidence in them, which nothing can shake. We know that man is open to mistake, and we are always glad to find some confirmation of what he says, from other quarters, in any important

matter: or we receive his information with negligence and unconcern, as something of little consequence, as a matter of opinion, or, if we act upon it, it is as a matter of prudence, thinking it best and safest to do so. We take his word for what it is worth, and we use it either according to our necessity, or its probability. We keep the decision in our own hands, and reserve to ourselves the right of reopening the question whenever we please. This is very different from divine Faith: he who believes that God is true, and that this is His word, which He has committed to man, has no doubt at all. He is as certain that the doctrine taught is true, as that God is true; and he is certain *because* God is true, *because* God has spoken, not because he sees its truth, or can prove its truth. That is, Faith has two peculiarities; it is most certain, decided, positive, and immovable in its assent; and it gives this assent, not because it sees with eye, or sees with reason, but because it receives the tidings from one that comes from God."

From what you have now heard, you will easily understand why it is that the assent given upon the sole authority of man to unrevealed truth is not usually absolute and final; and why, on the other hand, it is, that the assent given upon the authority of God, using man as His ambassador, is absolute and irrevocable. Man is liable to deceive and be deceived, not so God.

And here, at this stage of our inquiry into the reasonableness of Faith, it may not be uninteresting to be reminded of the process by which the mind of man arrives at an act of Faith. Take, for instance, a convert to the Catholic Church. By what process does he come to believe that this is the Church set up by God, and is the only one that can give salvation to his soul? Well, I suppose he will start by examining the Church's credentials; he weighs what are called "the motives of credibility." But supposing that having investigated the Church's claims, he becomes satisfied that she and she alone is the true Church, what is it that then prevails upon him to join her

communion? What persuades him to act on his conviction, and to say: "Credo," "I believe?" Certainly, not the bare fact that the arguments in her favour are cogent and convincing: for, did he so will it, he might quarrel with the conclusion, or suspend his judgment, or invite difficulties, or entertain doubts, or complain that, clear though their proofs are, they are not clearer still. The question, then, I want to have answered, is this:—What superhuman power is it that then comes to his rescue, when, after having met with many obstacles on the way, he finds himself standing before the gates of the Temple of Faith, halting between conviction and persuasion? What is the name of that magic power which seems to take him by the hand, and to enable him, with the word upon his lips, "Credo," "I *do* believe," to cross the threshold, and to enter the Church?

I will tell you the name of the magic power which comes to his assistance, and enables him to believe. It is the grace of God. "To believe," says St. Thomas, the Angel of the Schools, "is an act of the understanding adhering to divine truth by command of the will, which is moved by the grace of God."

With this explanation before us, it is clear that God, as well as man, takes part in every act of Faith; and that Faith is not the natural outcome of a mere process of reasoning, but the supernatural result of man's co-operation with the grace of God. Consequently, before the neophyte can bring his mind to elicit an act of Faith —say in the Catholic Church—something over and above the mere conviction of the Church's royal descent and imperial power is needed for the mind. It must be enlightened by grace; and then the will, informed and fortified by grace, must exert its ruling power over man, and command the understanding to give its assent and to swear eternal fealty to the truth revealed. "In order that an act of Faith be duly elicited," says Cardinal Franzelin, "it is absolutely necessary that divine grace should enlighten the understanding, and excite and strengthen the will." This, then, we must

carefully bear in mind, that the understanding, enlightened by grace, can then only elicit an act of Faith when it is positively moved to do so by the will under the influence of grace. Accordingly, the moral cause of every act of Faith is the will, and hence St. Augustine says: *Fides consistit in credentium voluntate*: Faith depends upon the will of those who believe. In other words, Faith is in the understanding as its immediate subject and eliciting principle, but in the will, as its moral as well as its efficient cause. The merit of Faith consists in *firmly* but *freely* accepting, in obedience to God's word, what we cannot ourselves conclusively prove.

If, then, I am asked how it comes to pass that one man finds it quite easy to believe, and another quite impossible, I reply by asking: "How does it happen that one man feels it easy, and another difficult, to obey?" The cause of the difficulty or impossibility is to be traced in both instances to man's will. In neither case can God command what is impossible; in either case—in believing as in obeying—the difficulty can be overcome by willing, and praying for the necessary grace. Of course, without God's assisting grace, nothing in the supernatural order can be achieved by us. We have it from His own gracious lips: "Without Me, you can do nothing;" but. given that divine help and strength, what is there a man cannot do? Do not imagine that the expression: "I can do all things in Him that strengthens me," has been monopolised by St. Paul. It is the right of every man, no matter what his native weakness, to reproduce it, and with equal certainty of its being true in his individual case. Observe: I do not pretend to say that there are no intellectual difficulties in believing or in obeying: presently, we shall see there are plenty. It would be strange, indeed, if there were none such, in a communion which claims the submission of man to a teaching that embraces all spiritual and moral truth. But these difficulties do not commonly avail with such as have a real desire to know the truth, and to obey God's laws, and

who have honestly and faithfully weighed the notes and evidences of the Church. The difficulties which rise up before minds of this sort, and which to them appear impossible to overcome, are in reality *moral* difficulties which have their root in a disordered will; at least, in a will, which, whatever its other excellences, is lacking in that confiding, clinging, child-like docility to the word of God which is the very condition of the grant of the gift of Faith. Never had the world so much need, as now, of studying the full import of the words: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of God." Yes: let us be men with men, but with our Father, God, we must ever be as children, ready to listen, to learn, to believe, and to obey.

These words will, I fear, give pain to some of my friends who are as yet outside the Church; for among them are those who are persuaded that their one wish in life is to do God's will. Like St. Peter, they protest that they are ready to lay down their very lives for Him. Yet wait a little. When, like Peter's, this confident assertion is put to the test, when God points out to them, in some moment of prayer, what they must suffer for His Name's sake, if they would receive that grandest gift out of heaven—the gift of Faith—are they not wont to grow sad, to be heavy, and to fear? Does there not rise almost unbidden to their lips the prayer: "If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me? I cannot drink it, it is too full, too bitter. The sacrifice asked of me is too costly; I cannot ignore the past; I cannot break with my surroundings; I cannot begin my life again! I am too poor, or too weak, or too busy, or too old. If I were alone in the world, ah! then I could drink the chalice to the dregs; but there is my wife, there are my children. O if it be possible, let it all pass from me! O send me Thy angel of comfort, to strengthen me with Thy grace, to breathe into my soul Thy love, and let all things be as they were before?" Fatal mistake, for men to lay down the conditions upon which they will serve God! O miserable delusion of men to fancy they are pleasing Him, where they are

only pleasing themselves! Alas for the cowardice of the human heart, which entices away the will from struggling with the flesh in prayer, after the pattern of Gethsemani, till the blessed words, "Not my will but Thine be done," leap from the heart to the lips, and resignation, peace, joy, and strength enter in and take possession of the soul! It was because Peter did not struggle in prayer with temptation that he came, in spite of his protestations, to deny his Master, for Whom he had protested he was ready to die; and it is to be feared that there are many men and women in England at this day who, in spite of their natural fondness for our Lord's character, beauty and holiness, may never come to acknowledge Him, just as Peter came to deny Him, unless they continue in prayer to struggle for light, not only to know Him, but to know His law, His personal will; and for grace not only to love Him, but to love and obey His Church. Yes, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," and it is the flesh, and not the reason, the things of the flesh and not the things of the spirit, which are detaining them where they are—in the outer darkness, where the light of Faith is neither seen nor understood. "Watch," then, "and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

Listen to what St. Augustine has to say upon this point. In his "Confessions," he tells us that it was not his reason that kept him back from joining the Catholic Church, but his will that would not struggle with temptation, nor implore the grace and courage he needed from God.

"Nor had I any excuse, such as I formerly pretended to when I delayed to forsake the world to serve Thee, as not having yet certainly discovered the truth: for now I was indeed certain of the truth, and yet my will was still fettered, and refused to fight under Thy banner: being as much afraid of being disengaged from all impediments as I ought to have feared being entangled in them. The burden of the world, as is the case in sleep, pleasingly kept me down; and the thoughts that prompted me to arise to Thee were but like the

struggling of such as would awake, yet are still overcome with drowsiness and fall back into their former slumber. And as there is no man who would always sleep, but everyone's sound judgment chooses to be awake, yet oftentimes he delays to shake off sleep, while the weight of indolence benumbs his limbs, and he prefers to entertain it, though his reason tells him it is wrong, it being now high time to get up: so was it with me. For I was convinced that it was better for me to give myself up to Thy love than to yield to my own desires: but though I was pleasurably convinced by the one, I was still strongly affected and captivated by the other; I had nothing now to answer to Thee, when Thou didst say to me: 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee.' And when on every side Thou showedst me that Thou didst speak the truth, I had nothing at all to reply, being now convinced by the truth, except some lazy, indolent and drowsy words, 'presently,' 'by and by,' 'stay a little;' but that 'presently' did not come presently, and this 'stay a little' ran out to a long time. In vain did I delight in Thy law according to my inward man, while another law in my members resisted that law of my mind, and led me captive to the law of sin which was in my members. For the law of sin is the force of habit, with which the mind is dragged along and held against its will, yet by its deserving, because it willingly fell into it. Who, then, should deliver me, wretched man that I was, from the body of that death, but Thy grace, through Jesus Christ our Lord?"

In this passage, St. Augustine professes to give the true account of what it was that kept him from following the example of his newly-converted friend Victorinus, and being, like him, admitted into the Catholic Church. Would that others could have the courage to look into themselves, and recognise the true reason which holds them where they are. Observe, "God commands nothing that is impossible."

I must repeat it, the will is at the root of their

obstacles to Faith. Surely, "he who runs may read" the truth, that there cannot really be opposition between truth and truth, though they be truths belonging to orders so different from each other as the Natural and Supernatural. No:—as we shall presently see more clearly still, it is not the opposition between Faith and reason that is the cause of the unbelief, but the opposition between Grace and will. In other words, which I now repeat, men do not believe for the same reason that they do not obey. And they do not obey because they have not the *wish*, or rather, the *will*, to obey. Their will is languid or indolent, or indifferent, insincere, or inordinate. *Vult et non vult piger:* "the slothful man willeth and willeth not." Consequently, my advice to one, who, having become convinced of the claims of the Catholic Church, cannot see his way to submitting to them, and entering, would be much the same as yours would be to a friend who should say to you that he could not keep some commandment of the moral law. Your advice, I imagine, would be this: you would say: You *must* keep the commandment; there is no way out of it. And if you say you cannot, you must remember that obedience is the consequence of the *will* to obey. Your will is weak: pray for grace: pray humbly, pray earnestly, pray constantly, and you will one day make the wonderful discovery that what seemed impossible, so long as God's grace was wanting, is now made easy by the assistance of that grace. In like manner should I speak to him who argued about the impossibility of submitting to Faith. I should say: But you *must* submit to it; it is a commandment pressing quite as close upon you as those of the Decalogue. Do you not know that Faith is the consequence of the *will* to believe? It is your will that is at fault, you must pray humbly, earnestly, constantly for the grace to will to believe, and if you continue to do so, sooner or later you will be delightedly surprised to find that not only you wish to believe, but that you do in fact believe. Note well: "the *just* man *lives* by Faith."

This then ever bear in mind, that Faith is not a

matter of strict mathematical demonstration, but a supernatural virtue by which we unhesitatingly accept whatever God has revealed, because He has revealed it Who cannot err. It is a virtue, because there is merit in believing; it is a supernatural virtue, and consequently the free gift of God; and it is a theological virtue, because its immediate object is God, and its formal motive a divine perfection, the infinite veracity of God. If Faith made demands upon the intellect only, if it were the result of a mere process of reasoning, there would be no more merit in accepting the truths of revelation than there is in arriving at the conclusion of a proposition in Euclid. No man considers he is doing anything meritorious in assenting to a demonstrated proposition: but in assenting to an evidently credible proposition of Faith there is merit, because it is a test of the moral character of a man's whole being, as well as the make and temper of his mental capacity. The reason why our Lord makes so much of Faith is precisely this: because it is the unerring test of our good will and docility. For the same reason St. Paul in his Epistles writes at such length about the necessity of Faith, because as it is the first of virtues, so it is the parent of them all. "*Nulla est vera virtus*," writes St. Thomas, "*sine fide*"—there is no true virtue without faith. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." "It is the substance of things hoped for, and the argument of things that appear not."

And now, having told you what Faith is, and how men come to believe, we will let our adversaries speak, and tell you how it is (so they say) they *do not* come to believe.

They say, then, they cannot believe in the truths of revelation, because to believe, on the word of another, what we cannot ourselves prove, is to put reason in fetters—it is mental slavery. This objection against Faith, which in one form or another is so often made to do duty against Catholic Doctrine, may sound plausible at first, but I undertake to show it is very shallow, and as cowardly as it is unfair.

In the first place, ought not a moment's reflection to suggest to our adversaries this question? If it is so very unreasonable to submit to the word of authority, how comes it that hundreds of millions of our fellow-beings, quite as intellectually gifted as we are, and quite as devoted to truth and liberty, find no such opposition between Faith and reason as we fancy we have discovered? Surely these Rationalists who pride themselves on their unbelief, can scarcely delude themselves into imagining that they have the monopoly of reason and freedom. They can hardly venture to persuade themselves that their forefathers, who formed their language, framed their laws, founded their universities, faced their enemies and fought their battles, were of so mean an intellectual make, that for more than a thousand years they bowed before the tyrannical rule of Faith, and meekly submitted to have its fetters placed upon their reason?

Do not tell me that lovers of freedom, such as they, who wrested from a despotic king the Magna Charta, that great charter of our liberties, who established trial by jury, who created our representative system, who were up and ready at Poictiers, Harfleur, Crecy, and Agincourt to defend our real or imagined rights, were made of such poor stuff that they were ready, on the offer of a bribe, to barter away freedom for slavery! To these intellectual giants who have made the stupendous discovery that submission to authority in matters of religion is the annihilation of reason and the destruction of freedom, I should like to put one question. I would fain ask them how, if this be so, do they save their own reason and freedom from meeting with a similar fate? For I charge them, one and all, with doing themselves precisely what they condemn so scornfully in others. From the cradle to the grave, are they not being anxiously guided throughout their secular life by the leading strings of authority? I put it to them. When they were yet children, was it not on the authority of their mother's word that they believed some things were good for them and others

would do them harm; that one line of conduct was right and another wrong? And when they grew to be of an age to leave the nursery and go to school, was it not still on the word of authority that they learned there was a right and a wrong way of parsing their sentences or construing the author set before them? Was it not to the authority of their teacher that they looked for the truth of all the multitude of miscellaneous facts which came before them in the course of their studies? And did they innovate upon this time-honoured practice, when from school they passed on to the university? Nay, I will ask them further: does the period in life *ever* arrive, when they can afford to fling away the crutches lent them by authority, and walk by their own strength? When they are sick, is it their practice to dictate to the physician in attendance upon them the line of treatment he must prescribe in their case; or do they leave themselves to be guided by his authority? If they find themselves entangled in a law-suit, do they quarrel with their solicitor because they cannot understand all the intricacies of the law; or do they submit to be ruled by his judgment? Such instances might be multiplied; but surely these are enough to make it clear, that if Catholics are to be condemned as nothing better than slaves because they elect to be guided in their spiritual life by authority, then worldly men are under the same condemnation for submitting to be led by authority in their secular lives.

They may traverse the assertion, and deny that they are so led. Let me then quote in support of the charge what Mr. Gladstone has to say upon this point. He says: "The fact to which we ought all to be alive, but for the most part are not, is that the whole human family, and the best and the highest races of it, and the best and highest minds of those races, are to a great extent upon the crutches which authority has lent them."

If, then, the majority of the human race,—the working class, the middle class, as well as the professional class, are so hard pressed in the race of life, that they

must be satisfied with book-knowledge in place of source-knowledge, and with what accredited authorities say or write, or are reported to say or write, upon special subjects, if they would have knowledge of these matters, surely it is nothing less than mockery to tell these same men that they are slaves, if in the more difficult subject of religion they accept any point of doctrine which they have not themselves proved by processes of conclusive reasoning. "Inquiry is a way to Truth, and Authority is a way to Truth—identical in aim diverse in means." What say our objectors to this? They say: "Ah, but your religion is involved in mystery; and with mystery, as men of light and leading, we refuse to have anything to do." Faith, then, it seems, must be thrust aside and sent to the wall, because it involves mystery. If so, upon what plea, I ask, do they retain the sciences in their service? For by scientific men I am told that, as Religion without mystery is absurd, so science without mystery is unknown. And, as a matter of fact, can these paragons of learning, who are so sweeping in their condemnation of men of Faith, tell me what they themselves are able to know about the ultimate component parts of matter? Or can they give me any reliable information about the origin, nature, or cause, say of gravitation, magnetism, or electricity? Or have they as yet unravelled that mysterious something we call life? Or can they explain why it is that a human being unconsciously inhales and exhales breath 23,000 times a day, or why the heart goes on beating and never breaks down like other engines, for a whole life time? Or why there are more than 800,000,000 of air cells in a pair of lungs? Or why some of the plants called fungi are so small that 200,000,000, of them, set side by side, would not cover one square inch of ground; and yet that each of them possesses an inherent vitality which under favourable circumstances will burst into life and reproduce the parent plant? To these questions the leaders of modern thought and science can give no answer. What then are achievements of

science, and whither has the march of time brought them? What have you gained by all your toil in the laboratory, dissecting-room, and observatory, with your telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes, test tubes and scalpels? In the words of Moignô I will answer for you: "*La multiplication des inconnues et des mystères.*" You have but added to the catalogue of mysteries which surround you. For our forefathers, the material world was a quadruple mystery made up of four elements—earth, water, air, fire. For us, it is a mystery involving not four but sixty-four other mysteries; a mystery changing what was the simple mystery of water into the complex mystery of hydrogen and oxygen, converting what was known as air into the mysteries of nitrogen, oxygen, carbonic acid, ammonia, carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, hydrochloric acid, carbonic oxyde, sulphurous and sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and most probably iodine. With an array of mysteries such as these facing the rationalist, what possible right has he to inveigh against the mysteries of religion? Would it not be more candid, more generous, in him to acknowledge, with Leibnitz: "What is contrary to mysteries in us is not reason or natural light: it is corruption, it is error, it is prejudice, it is darkness." "In science," wrote Jules Simon, "as often as we make a step forward, we find an abyss; it is only weak minds that believe they can explain all and understand all." "My life," said Bayle, "is passed at the bottom of an abyss, in the midst of mysteries." And is it not from the lips of a scientific man that has been forced the declaration that "from the region of disorderly mystery, which is the domain of ignorance, another vast province has been added to science, the region of orderly mystery?" "Time," "Space," "Causation," "Matter," "Spirit," "Light," "Sound," "Ether"—behold here some samples of your orderly mysteries!

There is an axiom of the schools which says: *Qui nimium probat, nihil probat:* "he who proves too much, proves nothing." I recommend our adversaries to emblazon this motto upon the walls of

their lecture halls; it might serve to remind them to proceed cautiously in their assertions against the reasonableness of Faith. Perhaps it might even suggest to them the propriety of consulting some authority—say St. Thomas of Aquin—as to what men of faith have to say for themselves about the truths they hold so tenaciously. Our scientists might then find that St. Thomas has this to say in the first instance, that infidelity as well as faith is in the understanding in its immediate subject, but in the will as in its first mover; that it is the contemptuousness of the will which causes the dissent of the understanding, and that in this dissent it is that infidelity essentially consists. Hence the cause of infidelity is in the will, although infidelity itself is in the understanding. Infidelity having its cause in the will, is, like Faith, a free act. Therefore, it is imputable. Faith is a virtue, and infidelity a vice. Yes: unbelief now, as always, is the outcome of some vice of character. But we must remember that vice is not always gross. It may be very subtle and refined in its character, and be allied with many most estimable natural virtues. The vice from which unbelief issues is always pride, intellectual pride—and this vice is the fatal barrier which hinders Faith from making its way in the soul. "Pride is the beginning of all sin;" and "the beginning of the pride of man is, to fall off from God," *i.e.*, Apostasy. The proper attitude of man towards God is that of intense humility. It is not for him to lay down conditions to God, without the fulfilment of which he will not submit himself to divine teaching. He ought, on the contrary, even if God to him is as yet only a hypothetical God, to be ever saying in his heart: "O, God, I accept Thy conditions; only make Thyself known to me, by such evidences as in Thy estimation are sufficient, and dispose my mind and heart to rest upon them with satisfaction and contentment. *Domine, quid vis me facere?* "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" *Domine ut videam:* "Lord, that I may see." When this disposition is joined with equally intense

earnestness to know the Truth, then the light of Faith, sooner or later, will shed abroad its beams within his soul, and become "a lamp to his feet and light to his paths."

I think we may now say that we have satisfied our own minds, at least, that in taking the authority of Faith for our guide in religion, we are no more putting fetters on our reason than the rest of men, who claim to be mentally free; that in acting as we do, we are not out of joint but in harmony with all around us. In a word, if we believe in a personal God at all, we are fully justified in concluding that as He has provided us, upon our entrance into this world, with masters to teach and guide us through the days of our infancy and youth, with physicians to treat and heal us when sick, with lawyers to advise and help us when perplexed, with scientists to instruct and warn us when inquisitive, so, too, that He has provided, no less, for the wants of our souls. We are justified in concluding that He has made ready for us teachers to guide us through the days of our spiritual life, physicians to cure us of our spiritual sickness, moralists to solve our difficulties and doubts, directors to guide us on the narrow way to life, and to allay our scruples and our fears. Men who neglect the authoritative voice of their teachers, who give no heed to the advice of their physicians, who are deaf to the warnings of science, come in the end to fill our hospitals, crowd our gaols, or they sicken and die prematurely from one disease or another, to which they might have been strangers had they been less headstrong, less self-willed, more prudent and docile. In like manner, men who neglect the warnings of religion, who despise the admonitions and teachings of faith, come at last to fall a prey to sicknesses from which there is no cure, and to fill a prison from which there is no egress; they sicken and die from the effects of a moral disease to which they, too, might have been strangers had they been less proud and self-willed, and more humble and docile. The fault is their own. "You *will not* come to Me," said our Lord to the Jews who neglected His

warnings and His teachings. Why did they hold aloof? Because they "love darkness rather than light, for their works are evil." "Thou hast appointed darkness, and it is night; in it shall all the beasts of the woods go about."

We have thus satisfied ourselves that Faith, rightly understood, can never quarrel with reason, and that there are *a priori* reasons for coming to the conclusion that Faith was meant by God not to be a sentinel arresting the march of reason, but a divine guide leading it onwards and upwards, to a land where no more shall we "see through a glass in a dark manner, but then face to face." Yes, "now we know in part, and prophecy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away" "The God of Gods shall be seen in Sion;" we shall look upon the face of Him Whom we had pierced; we shall gaze upon the face of the Triune God, and shall be pierced through and through, like a glittering gem of loveliness, with the life, the light, and the love of the living and loving God. We shall partake of His nature—of His glory there, as of His grace here—of the eternity of His duration, of the spotlessness of His sanctity, of the tenderness of His mercy, of the might of His power, of the wealth of His knowledge, of the charms of His beauty, of the bliss of His love for ever and for ever—for there, in Heaven, "the former things are passed away."

It now only remains for us to inquire what the voice of history has to say about Faith. What part has Faith played in the history of the human Family? Well, when I interrogate history, it tells me that, under the Old Dispensation, the followers of Monotheism took the word of the patriarchs and prophets, who from time to time, rose up amongst them, to be the authoritative voice of the living God. They followed it: and in so doing were persuaded they were obeying the Divine Will. I contemplate the faith and obedience of Noe, who during many years toiled at the Ark of Divine command in the presence of infidel scoffers. I find recorded the faith that led Abraham out from country and kindred into a

land which he knew not. I then arrive at the distinct Mosaic revelation. There I find multiplied obediences, attending every department of the faithful Israelite's existence, at the guidance and bidding of a priesthood representing the Deity. I find penalties, even to death, denounced upon "those who believed not," and therefore would not obey. The earth, which our men of science would have obedient only to material cosmic laws, opens her mouth opportunely, to swallow up the unbeliever and the rebel against God's appointed teachers and vicegerents. The astronomic laws seem to be reversed, that daylight may be lengthened for the defeat and slaughter of infidel hosts.

And when the Old Dispensation made way for the New, and Jesus of Nazareth, Who by the fulfilment of prophecy and the seal of His miracles proved He was Divine as well as human, when He came down and dwelt among us, did He innovate upon this system established for the acquisition of religious truths? Did the Son of Man at any time or anywhere give out: "Accept nothing which you cannot yourselves prove; believe nothing which transcends your powers of imagination; hold nothing which involves mystery?" Did He declare that His followers were to be distinguished from such as had gone before, by substituting private judgment for the judgment of those who claimed to teach in His Name and with His voice? The very reverse. Emphatically, peremptorily, uniformly, He commissioned His ambassadors, promising to be with them by His power and grace till time was swallowed up in eternity. He bade them teach all religious truth, to teach the nations, to teach every creature, and to make disciples of all. His Church was to be composed of two parts, each responding to the other, each the complement of the other—the Church teaching and the Church taught. His representatives were to be teachers, like Himself, "with authority, and not as the Scribes;" not theorists, nor "guessers at truth," but witnesses, ministers, ambassadors, clothed with His authority, speaking with His voice: "As the Father has

sent Me, so I send you." "Ye shall be My witnesses in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth," "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." "And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." As He commissioned some to teach, He commanded others to learn. Nay, He went further. He bade His witnesses to regard such as would not hear the Church, in the light of heathens and publicans. And yet more: against those who obstinately refused to receive and hear His witnesses, our Lord pronounced an awful condemnation: "Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words: going forth out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet." Then He added those words which have echoed through the ages: "Amen, I say to you it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." Surely, if there is any meaning in the words at all, if language is the expression of thought and the symbol of will, no one who believes in the Bible can say that the Son of Man has left the acceptance of authority in matters of religion an open question. On the contrary, He has made it a test, and an unerring test, of discipleship, and the very condition of man's escape from the fate of those who were destroyed in the wicked cities of the plain. The words are unmistakable, the language emphatic, the tone imperative. And in this sense have they always been understood by the Church. St. Paul, for example, in none of his Epistles bases his teachings on processes of reasoning. On the contrary, he distinctly declares: "To us God hath revealed them by His Spirit. For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of a man that is in him? So the things also that are of God no man knoweth, but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit that is of God: that we may know the things that are given us from God. Which things also we speak, not in the learned words of human wisdom, but in the doctrine of the Spirit."

No; "the Apostles," as Cardinal Newman observes, "did not rest their cause on argument; they did not rely on eloquence, wisdom, or reputation, they did not resolve Faith into sight and reason; they contrasted it with both, and bade their hearers believe, sometimes in spite, sometimes in default, sometimes in aid, of sight and reason. They came as commissioned from Him 'Whom they [their hearers] ignorantly worshipped,' and declared that mankind was a guilty and outcast race; that sin was misery; that the world was a snare, that life was a shadow; that God was everlasting, and that His law was holy and true, and its sanction certain and terrible; that He also was all-merciful; that He had appointed a Mediator between Him and them, Who had removed all obstacles, and was desirous to restore them; and that He had sent themselves to explain how. They said that that Mediator had come and gone; but had left behind Him what was to be His representative till the end of all things, His mystical body, the Church, in joining which lay the salvation of the world."

Even such words as I have uttered ought to satisfy our adversaries that in submitting to the authority of Faith in matters of religion, Catholics are not necessarily more slavish, or childish, or irrational than the rest of the human family; that in concluding from their belief in a Personal God, from the immortality of the soul, and a life hereafter in the sight of God, to the necessity of some such spiritual guidance being provided for them, they are but extending to the spiritual world a law which is recognised to exist in the natural; and that in submitting, by virtue of their belief in the Divinity of Christ and the Inspiration of the Scriptures, to the word of the Catholic Church as the voice of God, they are but doing that which conscience no less than reason points out to be their bounden duty as logically-minded Christian men. Indeed it is hard to discover any *locus standi* between a revealed religion and no religion at all; nor can one imagine what may be that process of reasoning by which a man contrives to justify himself in the extremely perilous

experiment of balancing himself equidistant between Catholicity and infidelity. Between these two, what is there but a well-worn, well-polished inclined plane, upon which he who is not struggling upwards must be gliding downwards? Unless he be possessed of quite exceptional powers as a mental acrobat, he shall hardly find a standpoint between them. How shall he brave such imminent risk to the life of his soul? Nor am I alone in this view of his situation. Cardinal Newman, whom Mr. Gladstone speaks of as "one of the world's greatest minds," has thus recorded of himself: "I came to the conclusion that there was no medium in true philosophy between atheism and catholicity, and that a perfectly consistent mind under these circumstances in which it finds itself here below must embrace either one or the other: and I hold this still: I am a Catholic by virtue of my believing in One God." In this remarkable passage you have the candid confession of "one of the world's greatest minds," that he can discover no medium between the Catholic religion and no religion at all. He has embraced the Catholic Faith, and with what result? Does the Cardinal feel his great intellect to be in fetters, or has he discovered that he exchanged freedom for slavery, or faith for reason? Hear him speak again: "From the day I became a Catholic," he writes in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, "now close upon thirty years, I have never had a moment's misgiving that the communion of Rome is that Church which the Apostles set up at Pentecost, which alone has the adoption of sons, and the glory and the covenant, and the promises, and in which the Anglican communion, whatever its merits and demerits, whatever the excellence of individuals in it, has, as such, no part. Nor have I ever for a moment hesitated in my conviction since 1845, that it was my clear duty to join that Catholic Church, as I did then join it, which in my conscience I felt to be divine. Never for a moment have I wished myself back; never have I ceased to thank my Maker for His mercy in enabling me to make the great change, and never has He let me feel forsaken by Him, or in distress, or in any kind of religious trouble."

I might cite other authorities by hundreds in confirmation of the Cardinal's words, but I will not detain you. There is however one, just one more, whose testimony I will seek, and he is one who tried the *via media*. He was, if I may say so, like a traveller who, beguiled away from the beaten track along a treacherous coast-line, finds himself suddenly clinging instinctively to some chance ledge of a steep and slippery cliff. Below, he could hear the multitudinous noise of waters; and, as he watched the long line of waves sweeping and breaking with savage glee against the granite cliff, he thought to himself: "There is needed no assault of demon from the awful deep to make it possible for me to be plunged at any moment into that yawning fathomless abyss." But as he looked upwards to the city seated on the hill, and drank in the music of its vesper bells, he thought to himself: "Ah me! besides a mighty will and a steady brain, aid must come to me from above, if ever I am to be safely landed in that 'City of Peace.'" That supernatural aid did come; the struggling man seized it, and was drawn out of the very jaws of death, and safely landed in the Catholic Church. And, now, what has this voice from beyond the Atlantic to say about his experience of the years he has passed as a child of the Catholic Church? I will give you his own words: "I have been, during thirteen years of my Catholic life, constantly engaged in the study of the Church, and her doctrine, and especially in relation to philosophy and natural reason. I have had occasion to examine and defend Catholicity precisely under those points of view which are most odious to my non-Catholic countryman, and to the Protestant mind generally; but I have never, in a single instance, found a single article, dogma, proposition, or definition of Faith which embarassed me as a logician, and which I could, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed, or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt myself restrained, or

found myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom, which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic." After such testimony, who will not say: "It is worth a man's while to storm Heaven and batter at its Gates for the gift of Divine Faith?"

To Protestants generally, dissatisfied with an institution concerning which a modern writer has said: "not only has experience proved the practical incoherency of its superstructure, but criticism has washed away like sand every vestige of its supernatural foundation," I earnestly recommend the careful perusal of these words of Cardinal Newman and Dr. Brownson. To others, still lower down the inclined plane, I would say: "If, from bitter experience, you have come to learn that something more and better than free schools, free museums, free lectures, free entertainments, free land, and free love together with freedom of thought, and of speech, and of writing, and of doing, is needed to satisfy the mind's hunger for truth, and to slake the heart's thirst for happiness; and if upon trial you have found that the religion of Humanity and Science is powerless to restrain evil passion, and to assuage wearing sorrow, then in mercy to yourselves I ask you to try what the Christian religion can do for your restless souls. And as you cast about in search of the most consistent form of Christianity, I ask you to choose the principle laid down by that very intelligent statesman, Sir George Cornwall Lewis: 'As a rule, the professors of any science are trustworthy in proportion as the points of agreement among them are numerous and important, and the points of difference few and unimportant.'"

Apply this general principle to the science of religion. Take your mental balance and place in one scale of it the 71 millions of Protestants, along with their 183 different sects, and ascertain, if you can, in what points of doctrine they agree with one another, and in what points they mutually differ. Next take the other scale and place in it the 250 millions of Catholics alive at this very moment on earth. Find out in what

points of doctrine *they* agree with one another, and in what points they, too, differ. Having thus fairly instituted a comparison between the Faith in the one scale, and the so-called Faith in the other, you will of necessity arrive at a conclusion. You will say: As we find by experience that the points of agreement among Protestants are few, and the points of difference are numerous and important, whereas the points of agreement among Catholics are numerous and important, and the points of difference among them are few and unimportant we have no alternative but to turn our backs now and for ever upon the so-called National Religion and embrace once and for ever the grand old Tradition of the world-wide Church the Catholic Faith.

We are all of us, by nature, and in the circumstances in which we find ourselves here below, like blind men in an unknown region. We are in urgent need of a guide in whose hand we may safely place our own, with confidence that we shall not be misled; a guide that will safely conduct us to a land where Faith shall pass into vision, and Hope be more than realized in the possession of God, in "the city of perfect beauty," in "the kingdom of perpetual peace."

When, out of the many guides who press their services upon us, we make choice of the Catholic Church, we are but choosing one who, while she claims to be the only guide that knows the way to the "Better Land" has made good that claim by the safe conduct of souls, "of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues," to its golden gates for more than eighteen hundred years.

"Be ye more staid, O Christians! Not like feathers, by each wind removable; nor think to cleanse yourselves in every water. Either Testament, the Old or New, is yours; and for your Guide the Shepherd of the Church. Let this suffice to save you."—(Dante, *Paradiso*, Canto v.)

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